FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

OUI

DECEMBER 1974 $1.25

THE FIDELITY TWO-STEP—EVERYBODY'S DOIN' IT, DOIN' IT

THE BRITISH BOOGIE—EVEN DOLLIES AND DANDIES DO IT

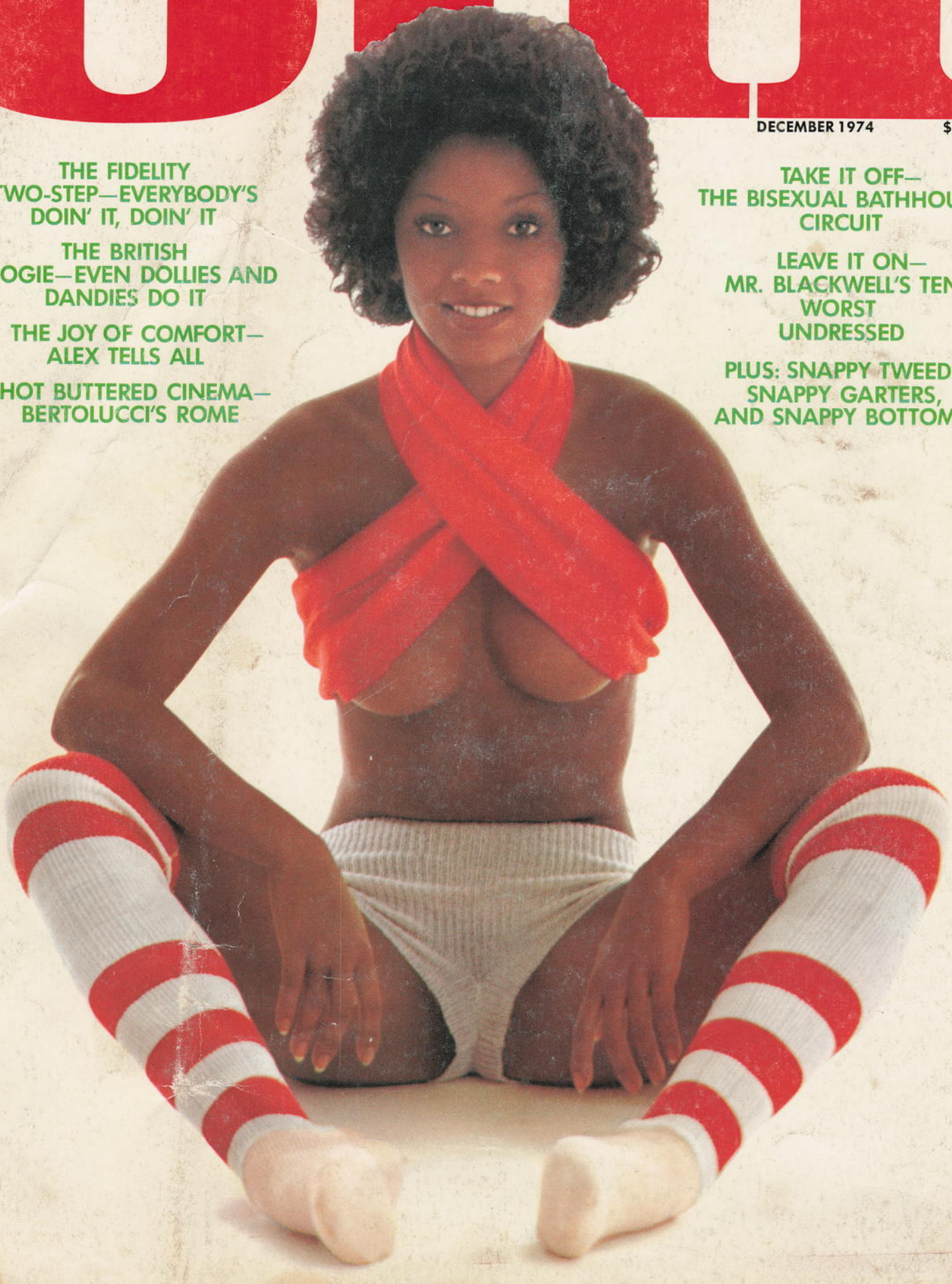
THE JOY OF COMFORT—ALEX TELLS ALL

HOT BUTTERED CINEMA—BERTOLUCCI'S ROME

TAKE IT OFF—THE BISEXUAL BATHHOUSE CIRCUIT

LEAVE IT ON—MR. BLACKWELL'S TEN WORST UNDRESSED

PLUS: SNAPPY TWEEDS, SNAPPY GARTERS, AND SNAPPY BOTTOMS



He's just won $25,000, poured a bucket of champagne over his head. He's not going to follow all that with a boring cigarette.

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Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74

What's the best sound you can get in car stereo?
In its February 1974 issue, Road & Track Magazine gave the answer.
Of 20 units tested they said the Craig Model 3139 Powerplay delivered

"Easily the best sound of any tape unit tested."

Road & Track reported it right—an independent test of 20 tape and radio-tape models from 16 leading manufacturers. Here's what they said about the Craig.

"...with lots of power (more than twice the nearest set among the others) and the corresponding ability to play loudly and clearly. A rather theatrical red light indicates high-volume sound. Tone control linear and effective; full treble doesn't eliminate bass but just seems to let everything out. Easily the best sound of any tape unit tested. Controls are extensive too, with radio pushbuttons, repeat and fast-forward plus the 8-track controls taken for granted."

For test results of all 20 units write to Powerplay Test, Craig Corporation, 921 W. Artesia Blvd., Compton, California 90220.

Hear the Light

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POWERPLAY®

CAR STEREO

Craig Corporation, 921 W. Artesia Blvd., Compton, California 90220
In Canada: Craig Sales Agent—Withers Evans, Ltd., 2736 S.E. Marine Dr., Vancouver 16, Canada.

Andy Warhol's unfinished symphony.

We asked Andy Warhol to paint a picture of a Pioneer high fidelity receiver. He can't seem to finish. He says he gets so wrapped up in the beautiful sound of the subject that he can't concentrate on the way it looks.

Andy is a great artist, film-maker and journalist. And he's a man who appreciates great music. He knows you can't have great music unless you have great equipment.

That's why he owns Pioneer.

As far as the portrait goes, he has our unfinished sympathy.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074.
West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles 90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007
Canada: S. H. Parker Co.

PIONEER
when you want something better

FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

oui

VOL. 3 NO. 12 DECEMBER 1974

7
MAIL

13
OPENERS

28
PREVUE

30
REVUE

35
SATELLITE

38

AFTER DARK ON THE GLITTER CIRCUIT
by Lucian Truscott IV
A skeptic probes the limp and the bent.

42
GERTIE'S GARTERS
The new sound around is snap, crackle, and pop.

51

PRESENTS WITH FUTURES
by David Stevens
Make your gifts count.

58
THE TEN WORST UNDRESSED
by Mr. Blackwell
The awful truth, laid bare.

60

BERNARDO BERTOLUCCI
by Pietro Di Donato
We do *not* butter him up.

63

AFTERNOON NAP
What else can we say? Clancy's bushed!

70
CONVERSATION WITH ALEX COMFORT
First he gave you permission to try *everything*. Now he says you can just sit back and *watch*.

73

FEELING THE PINCH
Europeans have been doing it with aplomb. Americans thought it was silly. Now here's *detente*.

78

THE GREAT BRITISH BOOGIE
William McWhirter, Steven Fuller, Martin Amis, Carol Troy, and Anna Motson on the stiff upper lip.

87
SEEDY TWEEDY
Fashions to keep you well groomed and warm, plus a game you, too, can play.

90

PERFECTLY SERENA
Let her be a bridge over your troubled waters.

98

FIDELITY CHIC
by John Roemer
Howling through the streets is out.

101
LITTLE VAMPIRES
Silent night is full of the sound of slurping.

105
FATHER OF GLITTER
by Glenn O'Brien

IF YOU BUY A NEW CAMERA FIVE YEARS FROM NOW, THIS IS THE KIND YOU WILL BUY.

Eventually, all fine 35mm cameras will offer the innovations that have caused every major photographic magazine to acclaim the Minolta XK.

Today the XK is the *only* camera that combines the versatility of a total system with the advantages of electronics. The result is unprecedented creative freedom and handling ease for the involved photographer.

An electronically controlled titanium shutter is at the heart of the Minolta XK. It will operate manually or automatically. In automatic mode, it sets itself for correct exposure, depending on the lens opening you select. The built-in metering system is activated automatically as you hold the camera. Since the Auto-Electro viewfinder shows shutter speeds and lens opening, you need never lose sight of your subject as you focus and compose. And if light is insufficient for correct exposure, a signal in the finder tells you *not* to shoot.

The XK's shutter is unique in other respects, as well. Its range of speeds is wider than on any camera in the world: from 16 full seconds to 1/2000th second. And it is amazingly quiet, vibration-free and accurate.

Because your camera needs will almost certainly change, the XK is designed to change with them. You may switch to any of four interchangeable viewfinders or nine focusing screens. A full system of interchangeable Rokkor-X lenses, ranging from fisheye to super-telephoto, provides still more versatility.

If you are thinking seriously about the purchase of a fine 35mm reflex camera, consider one that reflects the technology of the future, not the past: the Minolta XK. For an illustrated brochure and the name of your nearest retailer, write to Minolta Corporation, Advanced Systems Division, 101 Williams Dr., Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto, Ltd., P.Q.

THE ELECTRONIC MINOLTA XK

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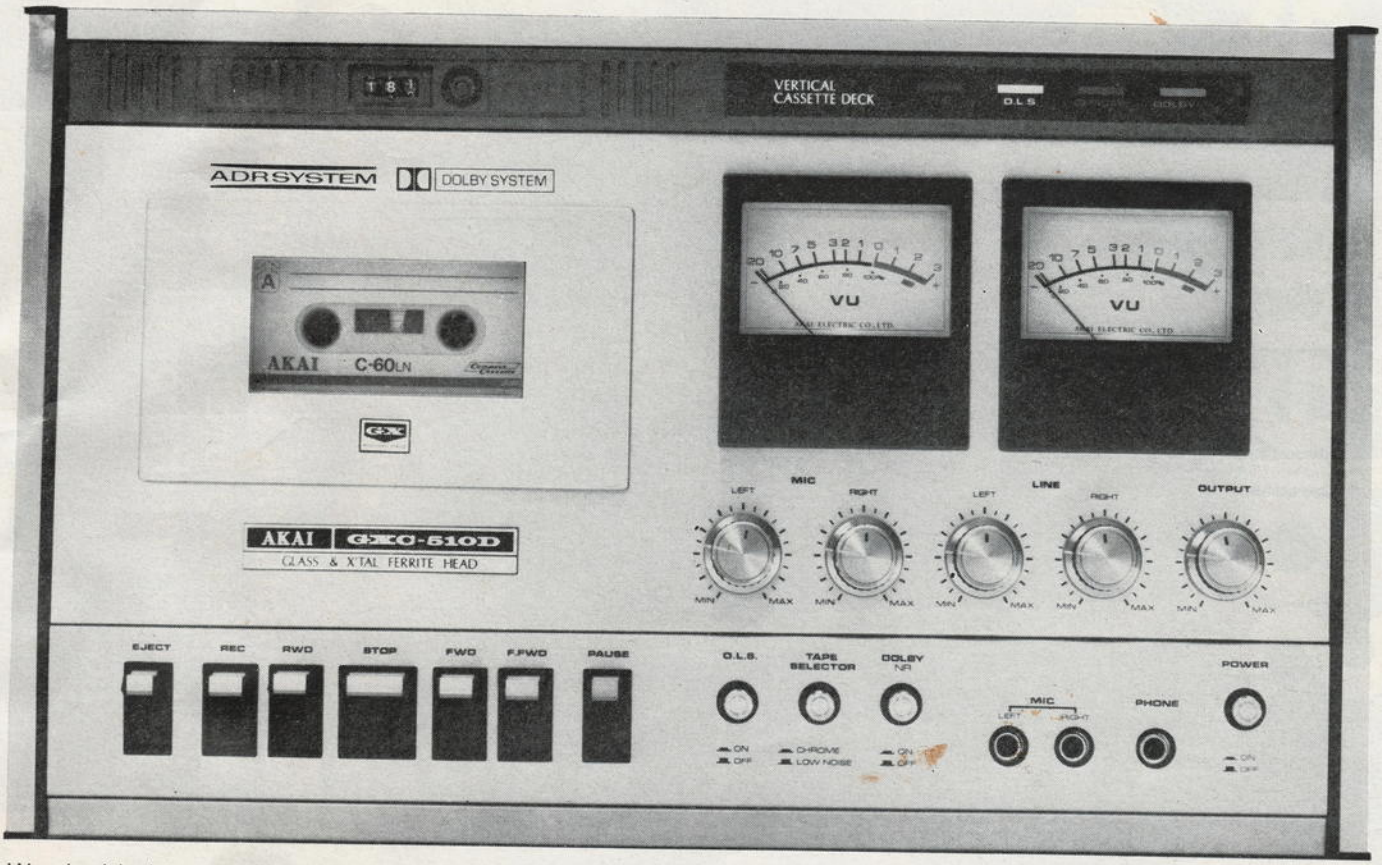
AKAI's new cassette deck stands up for itself



We decided to stand up and cheer! And AKAI's radically new cassette deck format is something to cheer about. The front-loading vertical design—with vertical head block assembly—combines the quality of open-reel and the convenience of cassette. We call the newest member of our cassette line the GXC-510D. You'll call it supreme, with features like Dolby* noise reduction circuit plus AKAI's automatic distortion reduction system (ADRS), which eliminates distortion in the critical cassette range of 8 KHz and up; GX heads, one of them a glass and crystal head for recording/playback; 0.08 percent wow and flutter; microphone and line mixing; full direct functions controls; output level control to match amplifier input; automatic stop and pause control; and many others. Step over to your nearest AKAI dealer and see how the GXC-510D stands up for itself. We think you will stand up and cheer right along with us. AKAI America, Ltd., 2139 East Del Amo Boulevard, Compton, Cailfornia 90220.

From AKAI™ The Innovators

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KING: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine.
SUPER KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.
BOX: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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MAIL

Home grown

Recently in a subscription advertisement, you asked the question, "What do European men know that you don't know?" European men don't know shit that we don't know! I'm 20 and have made it with women from Great Britain, Spain, West Germany, Sweden, Thailand, Japan, and the Philippines. Most women in these countries would rather go to bed with an American man than someone from their own country. Check it out.

Young American males catch shit here all the time even when they show expertise in a field like sex.

Young American men are idolized overseas not because they know any more about sex but because they show twice the respect toward women than men from other countries. American women don't realize what a good thing they've got going.

They better wise up, and your advertisement shouldn't encourage them to think foreign guys got something we don't. OUI should be the magazine that will bring *détente* between the sexes.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Ripley, Oklahoma

Spanky and our gang

I've read letters in your magazine on spanking. When I was young I remember my pants being pulled down and my mother giving me a sound spanking. It was a very common childhood punishment. So what is the big thing about it? Can it really turn someone on, or can only special techniques make the difference? C'mon, fellas, clue me in.

TOM BROWN
Passaic, New Jersey

Beats us, Tom. Read on.

I loved the picture in your *Mail* column of that poor female getting her ass spanked. So now why not a picture of a man getting spanked on his masculine buttocks by some chick? You owe it to us. Also, why don't you devote a special section in your magazine on spanking every month?

CINDY, PEGGY, ANNE, AND JANICE
Whitehall, Pennsylvania

I'm a 19-year-old girl who loves spanking. One day I got Tony, my boyfriend, so mad at me that he drove into the forest preserve, parked the car, and told me to get out. We walked deep into the woods until we reached a stump lying across the path. Not saying a word, Tony sat down and pulled me close to him and unfastened my pants. He pulled my panties down, threw me across his knees and said he was going to spank me for being so crabby. I tried to break free but couldn't. He gave me 45 hard slaps across the fanny until my rear was apple-red and sore. I was crying, but he was turned on. He wanted to fuck right there and I said no. He threw me across his lap again and started to spank me some more, so I gave in. It was the best sex ever! I have Tony spank me whenever I can, at least two or three times a week. The harder he does it the better. My red ass turns both of us on, and when we have sex afterward, all hell breaks loose.

CINDY THOMAS
Fort Worth, Texas

I'm a 19-year-old guy and what would give me the most pleasure is to have my pants pulled down and have some older woman spank the daylights out of me. I don't know who to ask for this, because I'm afraid some girl will just laugh at me. Could you please give me some more information and publish it in your next issue? Maybe there are other people who have the same problem. I've tried to spank myself, but it doesn't measure up to my expectations.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Los Angeles, California

Putting the finger on Aunt Nancy

Congratulations on *The Return of Aunt Nancy* (September). I love her.

Aunt Nancy and Xondra, sweet memories.

She triggers the best fantasies I have had in ages. Make her a regular. I am starting an Aunt Nancy fan club.

JEFF WHEELWRIGHT
Tucson, Arizona

Aunt Nancy has left me unsatisfied. I'm sure Xondra will agree that though you have shown us some high points of what was, I'm sure, a wonder-filled reunion, *you*, Editor, were so carried away that you carried them away from the September issue. Now I'm sure you wouldn't attempt to bring us to believe

For additional order forms: Long Joy, P.O. Box 2263, La Jolla, CA 92037

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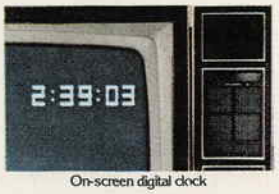
The whole neighborhood wondered what Charlie Harris was up to in his workshop.

Word had it he was up to something mighty peculiar. And when he didn't show up for bowling practice one Wednesday night, the Wabash Cannonballs (that was the name of his neighborhood team) began to wonder, too.

So it was that a bunch of the boys decided to pay their star a visit and to talk him out of his workshop and back into action.

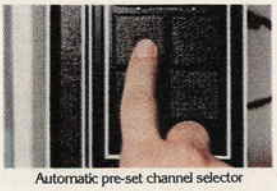
It didn't happen that way, though.

Matter of fact, it was Charlie Harris who talked the Wabash Cannonballs out of their bowling night and down into his workshop! What was it ...what could be exciting enough to keep a bunch of ten-pin tigers from their favorite pastime? One of the most fascinating learn-at-home programs in the world, that's what!



On-screen digital clock

Channel numbers that flash on the screen


Automatic pre-set channel selector

Actually build and experiment with the new generation color TV in Bell & Howell Schools' fascinating learn-at-home program. It will help you develop new occupational skills as an electronics troubleshooter.

With the introduction of this program, Bell & Howell Schools has transformed learning into an adventure that Charlie Harris just couldn't resist. And you're going to feel the same once you set eyes on the remarkable educational tools you'll work with as you explore new advances in electronics.

Like your own electronics laboratory for learning, first-hand, the technology behind such dynamic consumer products as digital-display wristwatches and tiny pocket calculators. Like finding out how cumbersome circuitboards the size of a business envelope can now be reduced to a chip the size of a postage stamp!

You're going to be stimulated for hours on end as you experiment with these and other new electronic techniques. In fact, as part of the program, you'll actually build and experiment with a 25" diagonal color TV incorporating digital features that are likely to appear on all TV's of the future. Features made possible by applications of digital electronics to home entertainment.

But your most important discovery in this program will be the new skills you'll develop all along the way...the kind of skills that could lead you in exciting new directions:

1. Use your training to seek out a job in the electronics industry.
2. Use your training to upgrade your current job.
3. Use your training as a foundation for advanced programs in electronics.
4. Use your training in a business of your own—a few of our graduates are even doing this now!

Go exploring at home, in your spare time. No traveling to class. No lectures. No one looking over your shoulder.

You can forget the way "learning" used to be. Bell & Howell Schools wants to introduce you to the modern way to learn. First of all, you'll be able to develop your new skills in your own home—on whatever days and whatever hours you choose. That means you don't have to give up your present job or paycheck just because you want to learn new occupational skills (it also means you don't really have to give up your bowling night if you don't want to).

Secondly, we believe that when you're exploring a field as fascinating as electronics, reading about it is just not enough.

That's why throughout this learning adventure you'll get lots of "hands on" experience with some of the most impressive electronic training tools you've ever seen. And at Bell & Howell Schools we think the best tools make the best 'teachers'.

No electronics background necessary.

That's one of the advantages of this program. We start you off with the basics and help you work your way up, one step at a time. In fact, with your very first lesson you receive a special Lab Starter Kit to give you immediate working experience on equipment—and a taste of things to come.

You build and perform exciting experiments with Bell & Howell's Electro-Lab®. An exclusive electronics training system.

You build the Electro-Lab step-by-step, too. First the design console. After you assemble it, you'll be able to set up and examine circuits without having to solder them in place.

Next, you'll put together a digital multimeter. This important instrument measures voltage, current and resistance and displays its findings in big, clear numbers like on a digital clock. Far more readable than "needle pointer" meters.

Then comes the solid-state "triggered sweep" oscilloscope. An instrument similar in principle to the kind used in hospital operating rooms to monitor heartbeats. You'll use it to analyze the "heartbeats" of tiny integrated circuits. The "triggered sweep" feature locks in signals for easier observation.

You'll build and work with Bell & Howell's new generation color TV... investigating digital features you've probably never seen before!

This 25" diagonal color TV has digital features that are likely to appear on all TV's of the future. Features made possible by the applications of digital electronics to home entertainment.

You'll probe into the technology behind all-electronic tuning and into the digital circuitry of channel numbers that appear, big and clear, right on the screen! You'll also build-in a remarkable on-the-screen digital clock that will flash the time in hours, minutes and seconds. Your new skills will enable you to program a special automatic channel selector to skip over "dead" channels and go directly to the channels of your choice.

You'll also gain a better understanding of the exceptional color clarity of the Black Matrix picture tube, as well as working knowledge of "state of the art" integrated circuitry and the 100% solid-state chassis.

And having actually built and experimented with this TV, you'll come away equipped with the kinds of skills that could put you ahead of the field in electronics know-how.

We try to give more personal attention than any other learn-at-home program.

1. Toll-free phone-in assistance. The program is designed so that you can proceed through it smoothly, step-by-step. However, should you ever run into a rough spot, we'll be there to help. Many schools make you mail in all your questions. We have a toll-free line you can call when you have a question that can't wait.

2. In-person "help sessions". These are held in 50 major cities at various times throughout the year where you can talk shop with your instructors and fellow students.

So take a tip from Charlie Harris. Find out more about the first learn-at-home program that could easily stir up your neighborhood, too! Mail the postage-paid card today for full details, free!

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that two wonderful women like Aunt Nancy and Xondra could have a reunion and not exchange even a single kiss. Either the ladies are dishonored by your not sharing their joy with us, or we are dishonored by that same lack. Come now, don't be shy.

ALBERT KNIGHT
Hollywood, California

Your pictorial concerning Aunt Nancy's lesbian activity was disgusting! With the exception of an occasional perversion, your magazine is in good taste. Let's cut the queers and keep up the fine work elsewhere.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Hendersonville, North Carolina

I loved the Aunt Nancy pictorial. Everyone should have an aunt like her, because she epitomizes the kind of civilized sexuality I'm sure we all want for our nieces and nephews. There is one aspect of her that I especially admire: her underwear. The lacy garter belts and her silk stockings are exquisite. I do have one suggestion, however. Why not have niece Xondra pick up where Auntie left off? I'm sure she would prove to be an effective seductress of older people.

ELLIOT WILCOW
Madison, Wisconsin

The good, the bad, and the pong

As an Atari employee I was beyond anger with your article on Nolan Bushnell (*A Fistful of Quarters*, September 1974). At the time the article was written there were some dramatic managerial changes going on. The Atari philosophy made the company unique; it emphasized individual work, provided an informal atmosphere, and played down individual competitiveness. When this philosophy began to be publicized, others flocked to the company because they wanted to work as few hours as possible, get as much pay as possible, show up stoned, and steal both company and individual property. Robert Wieder stepped into our offices at the height of this situation. He wanted to make a name for himself at the expense of our misfortunes. He observed the company through eyes dripping with jaundice. Bushnell is not, as Wieder depicted him, the Pancho Villa of video games. The article was a gross picture of Atari.

KEVIN JACKSON
Los Gatos, California

I read with interest the article *A Fistful of Quarters,* by Robert Wieder. Not only would Bally take issue with the general tone of the article, which we believe denigrates an industry that is significant and legitimate and employs tens of thousands of law-abiding citizens, but we specifically object to statements in the article that single out Bally for disparaging comment. I am sure that you are aware that Bally Manufacturing Corporation is a publicly held company,

employing in excess of 3700 people world-wide and doing approximately $140,000,000 in business annually. It is a matter of record that Bally complies with all applicable SEC regulations and sells its slot machines only where they are legal. Our board-of-directors meetings are held in accordance with sound business and legal principles and not by seance, as inferred in the passage objected to.

WILLIAM J. TOMLINSON
Bally Manufacturing Corporation
Chicago, Illinois

That Robert Wieder is one fine writer. I've enjoyed all his pieces in your magazine, most especially his report on Pong. One thing I don't understand: When you get the little blippies flipped across the line, and the blurp on the other side is trying to chase it down like a high Ken Rosewall lob, do you center your furp (maximum range at the center), or do you anticipate the electron dash and swing the furp top or bottom, allowing for backspin? Or not?

ARTHUR ADAMS
Kent, Connecticut

Yes.

There's the rub

This is a message for all the girls who read OUI. If you're really an advocate of women's rights, you should have the nerve to demand full satisfaction in terms of your orgasm potential. This means your men have to wear condoms. This may sound harsh, but the reward will be yours. Listen to me, I've been screwing now for 30 years; you younger girls might learn something. A woman has the right to experience multiple orgasms if she is able. It is her responsibility to demand that her boyfriend give them to her. Otherwise, she's just a slave to a guy who couldn't care less if she comes or not. A good-quality rubber makes a guy really work for his orgasm; and while he's puffing away, a woman can just relax and have a bunch of orgasms all in a row. You owe it to yourselves to go over that edge. Rubbers cost very little when weighed against the benefits. They make all the difference between true ecstasy and just another boring roll in the hay.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Lexington, Kentucky

Deep powder

Congratulations on your pictorial *The Killys at Ease* (September). Although it had shortcomings, it is the best photographic idea I've seen in OUI or any of its competitors in the past few months. I hope OUI features some more famous couples in the nude in future issues.

MARY WESTON
East St. Louis, Missouri

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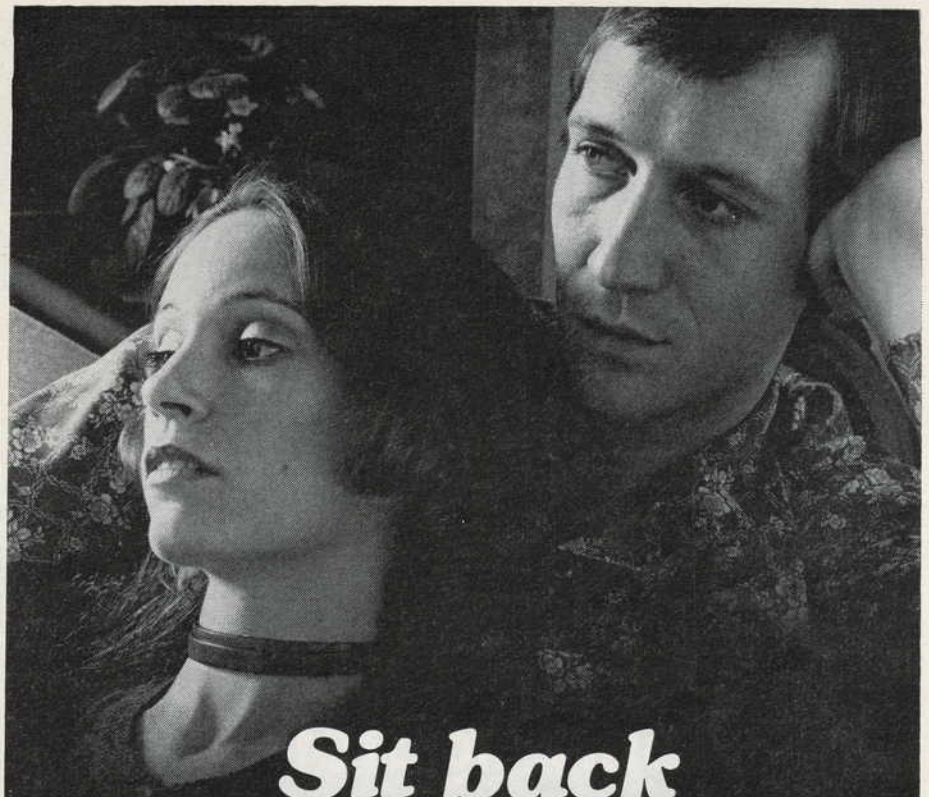
Chicago, Illinois 60611



Sit back and believe

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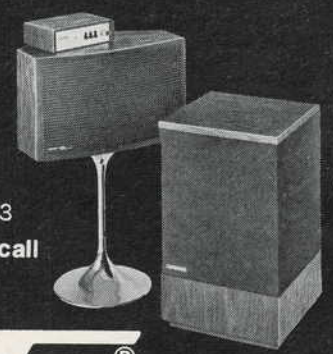
To locate your nearest Bose dealer, call toll free, 800-447-4700. In Illinois, call 800-322-4400.



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Milds, 13 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine; Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74

OPENERS

Tea with Cherrie and Balls the Bat

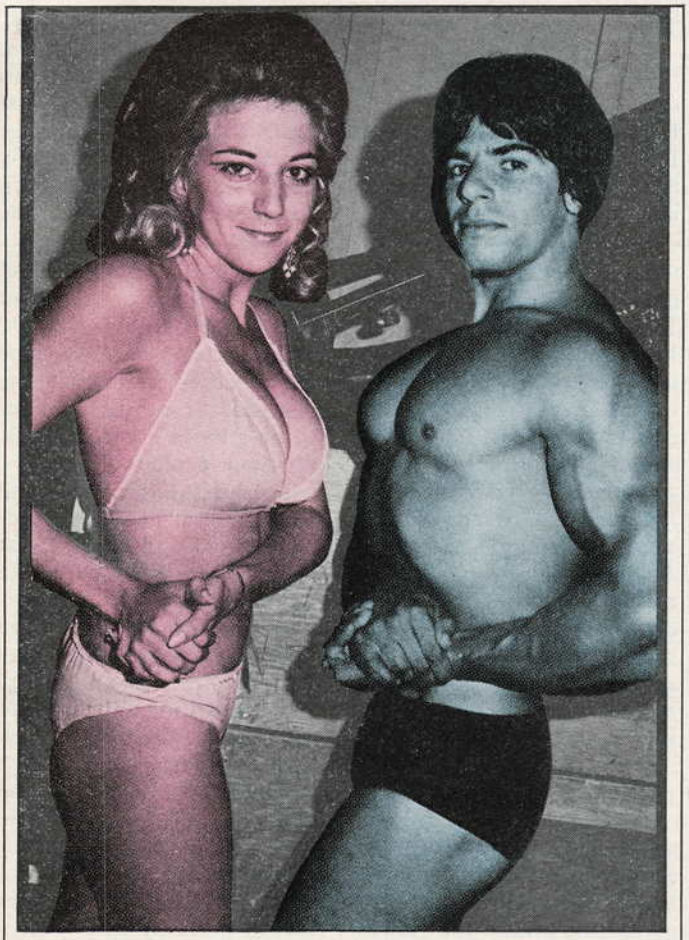
The lady has a bat hanging from her neck, a live pet fruit bat named Balls, and the bat has just masturbated. It is four P.M. "It's got so I can almost set the clock by him," the lady says of the bat's "little performance." "Poor little chap, I think he's frustrated."

The lady is Cherrie Bramwell. She is a paleontologist studying at England's University of Reading, and she first brought a fruit bat to live with her to help in her studies. Now she has become quite enamored of Balls and, as she stands talking of paleontology, genetics, and other scientific subjects, she is liable to toy idly with the translucent wing membrane of the bat suspended by two horny pincer-claws from her neck.

"You're getting fat," Cherrie says to Balls. "That's not good, luv, is it?" Balls is licking come from his apparently chubby belly. "They mate hanging by their feet, you know. Quite clever, isn't it?"

Cherrie Bramwell makes tea and offers a sip to Balls. He pokes at her right eye. "It's not very sweet or warm," she explains. "Balls likes warm, sweet tea. Isn't that right, Balls? Oooooh, he's so *funny*." She tickles his chest. Balls laps up some more come. We say we have to leave. —GORDON BURN

What's happening in Togoland? "Our country has gone very far in the way of economic progress," reports the *Togoland Press*. "There are too many examples to be listed here, but the most recent is the renunciation by our head of state, General Gnassingbe Eyadema, of his Jewish first name, Stephen. This is a significant turning point in our economic development, because this very wise decision is in fact a radical divorce from imperialism in all of its manifestations." You've come a long way, Gnassingbe, baby.



Here they are, our favorite couple in the Miss (*not* Ms.) Body Beautiful and Mr. Teenage America contests. They didn't win, but who wants to quibble when they have a photo like this? Aren't they adorable? Just like the boy and girl next door, if you happen to live next door to a meat market. One last comment: How come the one on the right isn't wearing a bra, too?

Ask not what Sal can do for your country...

You want news? You *really* want news? Want to have a bad taste in your mouth for the next two or three minutes? Care to participate in a nationwide involuntary shudder? Can your sinuses stand the pressure? Very well: Sal Mineo has been signed to play

the title role in *The Sirhan Sirhan Story*.

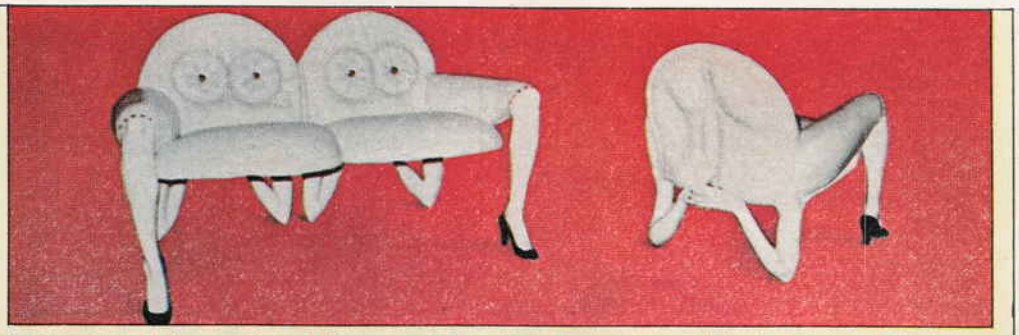
Right. And after this, no doubt, will come the inevitable musical *Sirhan!* The inevitable TV situation comedy *The Nutty A-rab*. And Robert Redford will undoubtedly announce plans to portray Lee Harvey Oswald, with Paul Newman as Jack Ruby, scored by Marvin Hammlish who rips off W. C. Handy and wins 17 Oscars, as Sal Mineo announces plans to portray Mary Jo Kopechne in *P.T. V-8* . . . don't start.

Texas at table

For your dining pleasure in the Dallas–Fort Worth area . . . Mr. Hershel Matthews invites you to Big Nigger's Bar-B-Q. Your genial host is an elderly black gentleman who calls himself "The Head Nigger in Charge," and hopes that his establishment—a converted Roy Rogers fast-food outlet—will provide an

ambience of psychic therapy. "Everyone uses obscenities," says Mr. Matthews, "but they won't come right out and use the word *nigger*. I help to liberate their psyches by giving them an outlet for saying the word." And how. The local chamber of commerce was aghast at Mr. Matthews's choice of a name, but the black community thought it a delightful put-on. Big Nigger's is prospering, and Hershel Matthews has plans to open two more outlets. *Openers* gives Mr. Matthews four stars on balls alone.

Good idea: A special course for illiterate adults in Staffordshire, England. Poor follow-through: Illiterate adults could not read advertisements for the course.



If sofas and chairs are to look like something other than sofas and chairs, why not like human legs, torsos, breasts, and arms? This is a question that leading British pop designer Anthony Redmile must have asked himself, as he created the pieces above. Redmile says, "One has an affinity with the macabre, the grotesquely beautiful, the extraordinary. One feels deep sympathy with large statements and mathematical shapes." Are these objects a put-on? No, a sit-on.

Amazon lovely

Kathy Lyra is the name, and Brazil's top TV actress/model is the fame. When she sidles up to a guy on a cracker commercial and whispers "*Otimo, muito otimo*," ("The best, really the best"), we hear that the men of Brazil go nuts. Funny thing is, though, Kathy Lyra is an American, born and raised in Arizona. She met Brazilian bossa nova king Carlos Lyra while working in Mexico in 1970, and went flying down to Rio. Since then she has modeled for commercials and fashion magazines, acted in television and films,

and generally become so much a part of Brazil's pop culture that none but the *cognoscenti* suspect her alien origins. "I'm not known as an actress or a model," Kathy told OUI. "What I really am is a personality." *Otimo.*

Stalking the wild mechanical white shark

This little story, like a lot of things in life, started off as another dumb gag for *Openers*: Go up to Cape Cod where some Hollywood bunch was shooting this movie called *Jaws* and interview the star—this big, mechanical white killer shark who terrorizes a beach resort in the picture. Exclusive: straight from the shark's mouth.

And that was *it*. I was only to be a fun-seeking journalist trying to shake down a smile in this troubled old world. How was I to know I was stumbling headlong into a bizarre movieland mystery?

But the setup looked, uh, *fishy* right off. First thing the *Jaws* PR man did when I asked about the shark was . . . *flinch*. He dropped a dead silence between us, then sputtered something like: "We don't talk about the shark. The shark's off limits, y'hear. No stories. Look, we're making a movie about *terror*—a bloodthirsty, raging, two-ton, out-of-control, people-chomping monster! We want moviegoers *terrified*! We're *not* spending over a million bucks so people watching *Jaws* can nudge each other in the ribs and say, 'Heh-heh, it's only rubber, y'know.' So no rubber-shark stories, understand?" I understood, and all the time one thought kept getting harder and harder in my head: *Find that silly goddamn rubber shark!*

It wasn't easy. The rubber-shark coverup was just about airtight. But every coverup has its John Dean; you just gotta drift toward the fringes and soak up the chatter. I drifted and I soaked. Local bars were full of young *Jaws* "assistants-to" impressing movie groupies with all the movieland mysteries they could muster ("Know what? Paul Newman packs his face in ice every morning to keep it from falling apart"), and for two long nights I scavenged through this nonsense for bits of rubber-shark lore:

Jaws spent $400,000 developing a 25-foot, pneumatic-driven, rubberized shark, with a mouthful of knifelike retractable teeth that squirt blood when they bite down; Academy Award–winning special-effects master William Matty (he built the giant squid for Disney's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*) came out of retirement to make the monster; it's currently secreted on a barge about one mile off Cape Cod.

I drove to the shore and looked out at the barge holding my $400,000 scoop. Next night I'd get somebody to take me to it.

Next morning after coffee I found my room locked, my luggage at the front desk, and a driver waiting to take me to the airport. My rubber-shark hunt was over.

Almost. On the way to the airport I took one last stab, spitballing a couple of shark questions at my driver, a $300-per-week Teamsters Union good-ol'-boy with a markedly scornful attitude toward the world of movie make-believe. We made a few shark jokes, then I asked why everybody was so uptight about the *Jaws* rubber shark.

DRIVER: Uptight? They oughta be. Damn thing don't work.

ME: The $400,000 rubber shark *does not work*?

DRIVER: Nope. They brought it here from California, dumped it in the ocean—nothing. Aw, they'll fix it. Another $100,000 or so. You ask me, all the people who make movies are crazier'n a sackfulla assholes.

—L.M. KIT CARSON

England is bullish on sperm

Let's say, for the sheer hell of it, that you own a sperm bank of your very own. And let's say that you, in the interest of greater profits, approach a

Written on the records of girls forced to leave San Francisco public schools because they are pregnant is this mysterious notification: *"PWOP."* And what does *PWOP* mean? It means that the girl in question was "Pregnant Without Official Permission."

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Woman was made from the rib of man
she was not created
from his head - to top him
nor from his feet -
to be stepped upon.
She was made from his
side - to be equal to him
from beneath his arm -
to be protected by him.
from near his heart -
to be loved by him.
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I'm a PET POSTER
I don't EAT MUCH
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while you're away
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134 "DAWN" unretouched full color photograph on photo paper 23x35 $2.00

110 VULTURES "Patience My Ass I'm going to kill something!" 23x35 blacklite color $2.00

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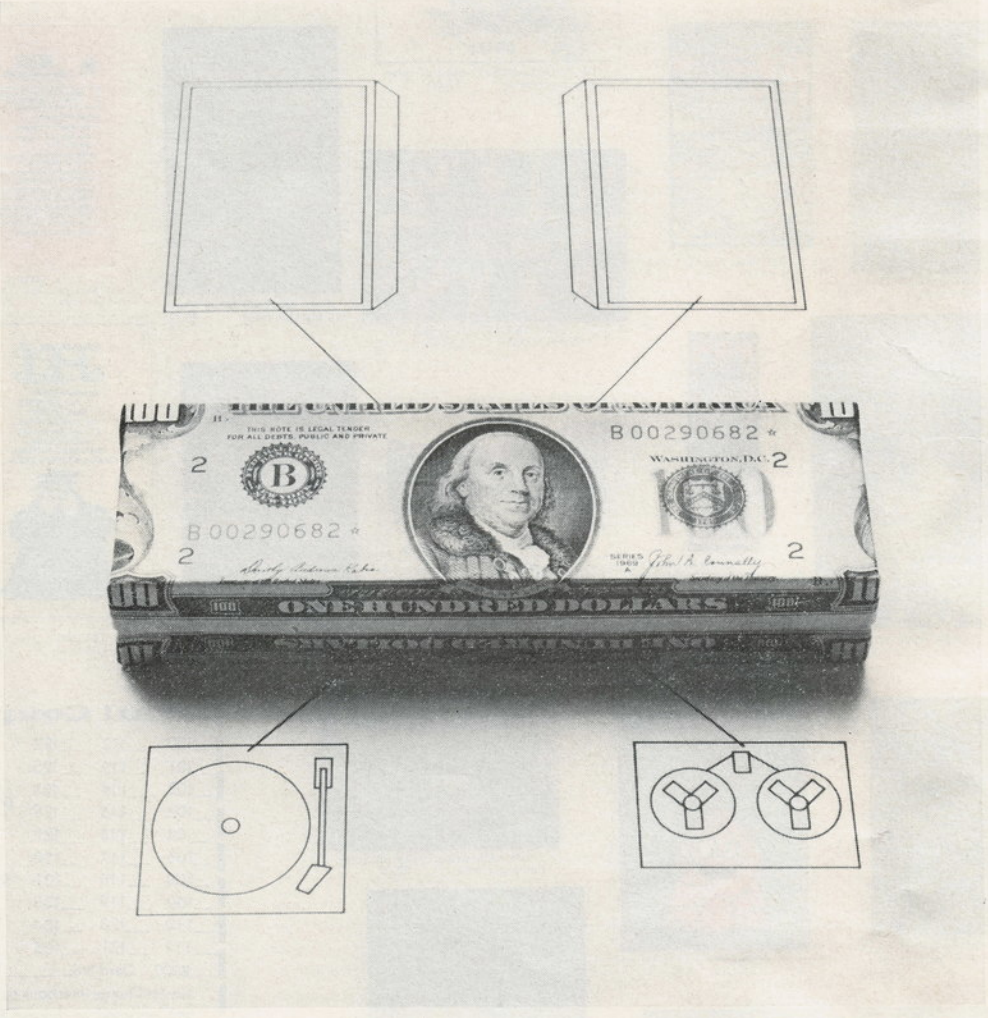


You're going to do it. You're going to get into a real stereo system. Three, five, maybe seven hundred bucks. Now what? Where do you start?

You start with a receiver.

Not a very romantic beginning when you figure that everything else in the system does something really exciting.

A receiver just seems to sit there. Nice enough looking. But won't any receiver do the job? Can't you start with the sexy stuff?

No.

The receiver is the heart, the guts, the brains of the whole operation. It defines the limits of everything else in your system.

Start here. harman/kardon's 330B. Except for the fact that we make it better every year, it's the same receiver we've been making for five years. And in this new-product-of-the-week, whiz-bang business, that's more than leadership. It's a dynasty.

Start with the 330B. It has everything you need, nothing you don't: pre-amp, amp and a superb, drift-free AM/FM tuner. 20 watts per channel continuous power from 50Hz to 20,000Hz. Anything less is Pretend Stereo.

Start with the 330B. (The only thing preventing it from being the best $250, $260, $270 receiver on the market is its price: $200.) Then take the extra money you'd spend trying to match it and buy more speaker, more record changer, more tape deck.

The 330B has one more built-in feature you ought to know about: a promise.

A year from now, three years from now, when you've upgraded everything else in that stereo system, the 330B will still be there—right in the middle of things.

harman/kardon's 330B. The first $200 is the easiest.

The harman/kardon 330B

Power output: 2 x 20 watts RMS per channel, both channels driven into 8 ohms from 50Hz to 20,000Hz

Harmonic Distortion: Less than 0.5% THD

Frequency Response: 20-20,000Hz

S/N Ratio: Better than 75 dB (unweighted)

harman/kardon

High fidelity component systems from $200 to $1300.

55 Ames Court, Plainview, New York 11803 A subsidiary of Harman International.

male pop celebrity, persuade him to give you exclusive rights to his supersperm, and that you then advertise the sperm's availability to idolatrous teeny-boppers (a big *come*-on, so to speak).

Precisely this prospect has horrified the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Its members express the fear that, as private sperm banks proliferate in England, they will compete for the services of pop stars (Mick Jagger and David Bowie have been mentioned), and thousands of women will come flocking—women who would welcome a Jagger child, but would never take the groupie route for fear of winding up in bed with the road manager's second cousin.

It is not the prospect of thousands of junior Jaggers populating England that alarms the association, oh-no, but rather the fact that these sperm-banked people would be, genetically, half-brothers and half-sisters. And might, unknowingly, intermarry. That, says the association, would be incest.

This same prospect, we feel, would find Mick Jagger laughing all the way to the sperm bank.

Why Irish eyes are smiling (at last)

Ireland has finally taken one giant step forward and entered the ranks of the nations where erotic men's magazines are published. *Man Alive* is the name of the new Irish magazine, and the first issue shows an actual nude woman —a whole two pages of her.

Creation Publications brings out *Man Alive*. Creation is also the publisher of *Irish Householder & Gardener*, *New Spotlight* (a teens' magazine), and *Women's Way* (Ireland's best-selling magazine). *Man Alive* was put together by editor John Coughlan and a tiny staff during the evening hours at the Creation offices in Dublin.

Before *Man Alive* came out, there were no men's magazines in Ireland. They were banned by the Catholic Church and stopped at the border by customs officials;

Irish executives who jetted to London on business would sneak back copies of *Playboy* and OUI, placing them on the coffee table back home as international badges of courage.

Gossip around Dublin was that police would raid the Creation offices and kill *Man Alive*. Perhaps that fear explains why no editors were listed on the masthead of the first issue. But, after the first month in circulation, *Man Alive* had attracted no official complaints, and an editor told us that public reaction had been "very favorable."

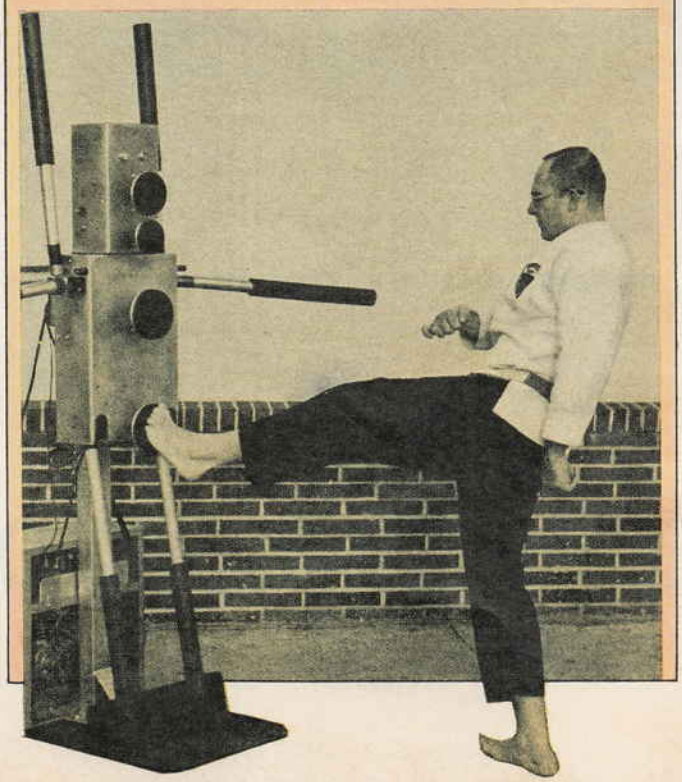
For the record, Ireland's first-ever nude Girl of the Month was Ms. Sinead Lonergan, 22, from Enniskerry, County Wicklow.

—CAROL TROY

If we had a Metaphor of the Month department—and we have no intention of having one—our winner for December would be this passage from the *San Francisco Phoenix*: "Vacaville is one of those little California towns that look as conventionally pretty as a brand-new starlet just getting the taste of producer's semen out of her mouth and flouncing merrily through a screen test."

Say, isn't that Moshe Dayan, Fidel Castro, Mao Tse-tung, and Dick Nixon behind those bottles of Ramazzotti digestive water? No, but at first glance at the Italian advertisement you're supposed to *think* it is. And then you're supposed to read the text, which hastens to satisfy the Italian law against misleading advertising by noting that the men are "doubles of noted political personalities." But "who knows," the copy coyly adds, "maybe even the 'real one' takes a tipple of it now and then." That's one way to have your cake and drink it, too.

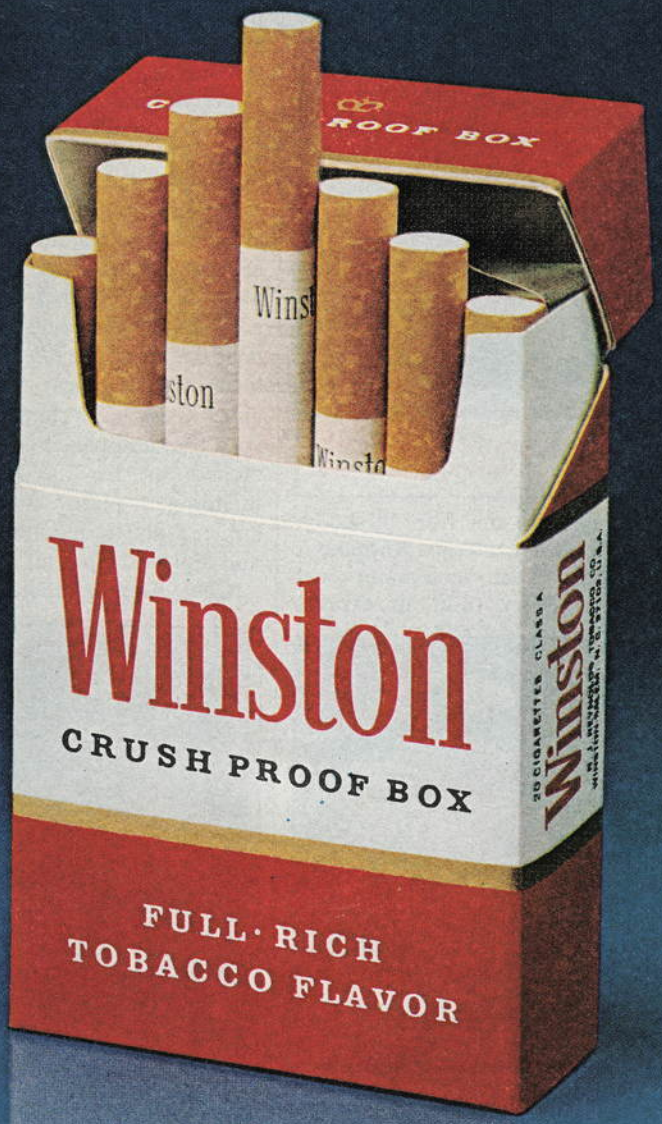
"Hel-lo, my name is Mad Char-les. I am a ro-bot. I am a ka-ra-te ro-bot. You can prac-tice with me. My two pairs of arms and one pair of legs go up-and-down and left-and-right so that it is not ea-sy to hit me. When you do hit me in the face, throat, stom-ach, or balls, my eyes light up and go blink-blink-blink. Wouldn't yours?"



Paris artists up against the wall

One reason France needs more government support of the arts is so that a struggling young painter like Jean Doumont can get himself some decent models instead of . . . of doing what he *did* do. And what Jean Doumont did do was bore holes in the walls of Parisian hotels, hoping against hope to espy some frenzied, passionate couple in the room next door. He bored 87 holes in the summer of 1973 alone, he told police when they made the inevitable grab (which incident occurred when M. Doumont's peeping drill bit into the ass of a woman leaning against the wall as she undressed). Doumont tried to explain that he only wanted "to see how people acted when they thought they were alone," but the police were having naught to do with pleas bargained in the interest of artistic

THE BOX



Tough enough to take good taste wherever you go.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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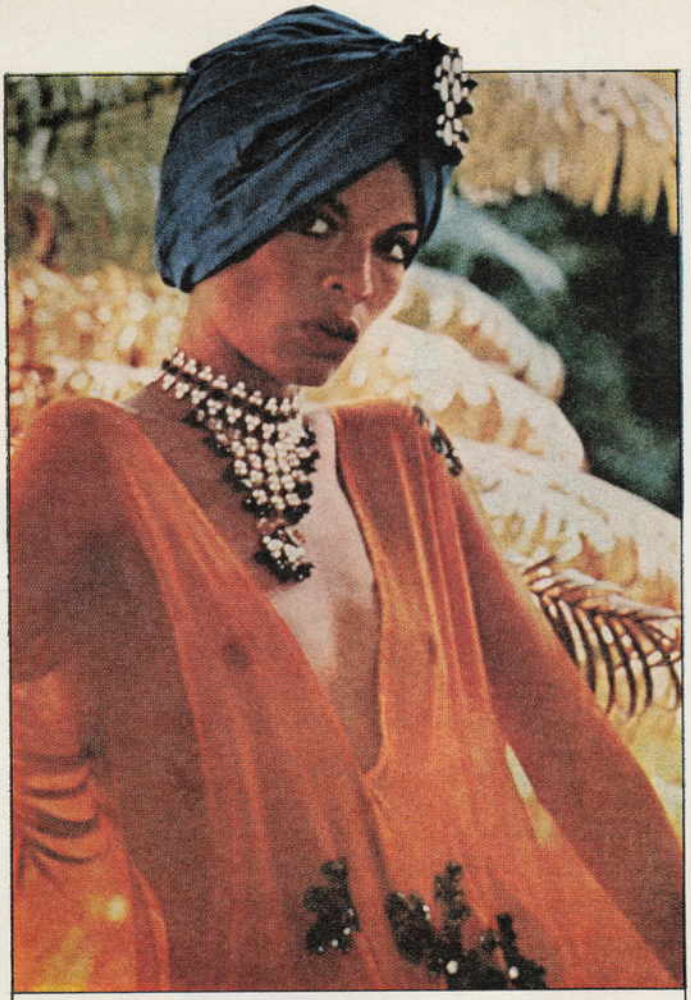
20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.



MS. MICK: Bianca and her body show you just what it was that turned a Street-Fighting Man Into a Mincin' Jack Flash.

expression—they put Doumont in *le prison* for nine months on charges of committing a public outrage. Time for the French government to act, we say, before struggling young artists throughout the country start purchasing their creative tools at *le hardware* instead of *le art supply shoppe*. For how can an artist paint what he sees, if he cannot see it to paint it?

—OLLIE STEWART

Dial "M" for *Merde*

On some matters Orientals are as scrutable as the rest of us. So it was that when eight Japanese railroad workers said they weren't going to take any more shit from anybody, they went to court to make it stick. Their complaint was that every time an express

train passed while they worked along the right-of-way, they were sprayed by waste discharged from the train's toilets. The men said they could not stand clear of the tracks because the trains passed so frequently, and it was, therefore, up to the Japanese National Railways to find a more agreeable method of discharging wastes—either that or pay the men $100 extra per month in "danger pay." Or, as Patrick Henry might have put it, "No defecation without remuneration." Nothing inscrutable about that.

—DEREK LYONS

The Goodyear (not Good*rich*) Aerospace Corporation announces that it has developed a parachute weighing one ton. One *ton*. How does it work? Like a rock. Which is perfectly all right, when it is used to waft an 80-ton rocket casing back to earth. Thud.

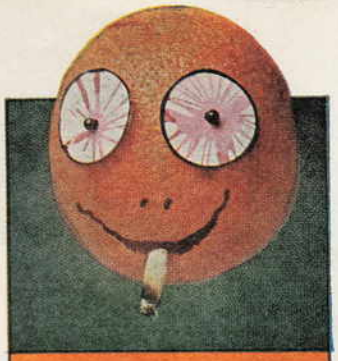
Give her a finger for Xmas

In the spirit of the season, *Openers* modestly proposes the perfect gift idea for the man or woman without a past: a skeleton for the closet.

The place to go is a New Jersey medical supply house called Clay Adams, which sells hundreds of human-bone skeletons each year, at $466 for the premier model, $425 for one that "may have some imperfections."

Clay Adams is very nice about allowing customers to practice selective shopping. Although most of its skeletons are male, for instance, it will accept "special orders" for female bones. And for those who don't want to go whole hog, the company offers a full line of "biological training aids," such as a human leg with foot and pelvic bones attached, or, for the less demanding, a plastic foot with ankle, a plastic female pelvis, and a plastic hip joint.

Clay Adams officials will not say where the firm obtains its skeletons, but do insist that they do not violate strict state laws prohibiting private persons from marketing human skeletons. "We get



The state of Queensland is Australia's Florida, a land where orange trees grow in profusion. But other things grow well in Queensland, too, things like Cannabis resin, and a 20-year-old horticulturist named Brian Murphy wondered whether there wasn't a higher order of oranges waiting to be developed. Stoned oranges! Health-giving pot! High C! But just when Brian had perfected a method for grafting marijuana plants onto young citrus trees, the Queensland authorities got wind of the project and had him busted. Now we will never know what mutant would have resulted from Murphy's hybridization or whether the end product would have been sucked or puffed.

This is Luchino Visconti's most recent discovery, most recent movie-nude-scene *child-star* discovery: Claudia Marsani, age 15. But it's all right, pedophile poachers. Ms. Marsani's mother came to the set each day to watch and knit while Visconti (who previously discovered Romy Schneider) directed her daughter in a film tentatively entitled *Conversation Piece*. Visconti had first spotted Ms. Marsani when she won Italy's Miss Teenager title in 1973, when she was only *14*. Do girls ripen fast in Italy? Does His Holiness adhere to the Roman Catholic faith?

if they think you're crazy you can get away with anything

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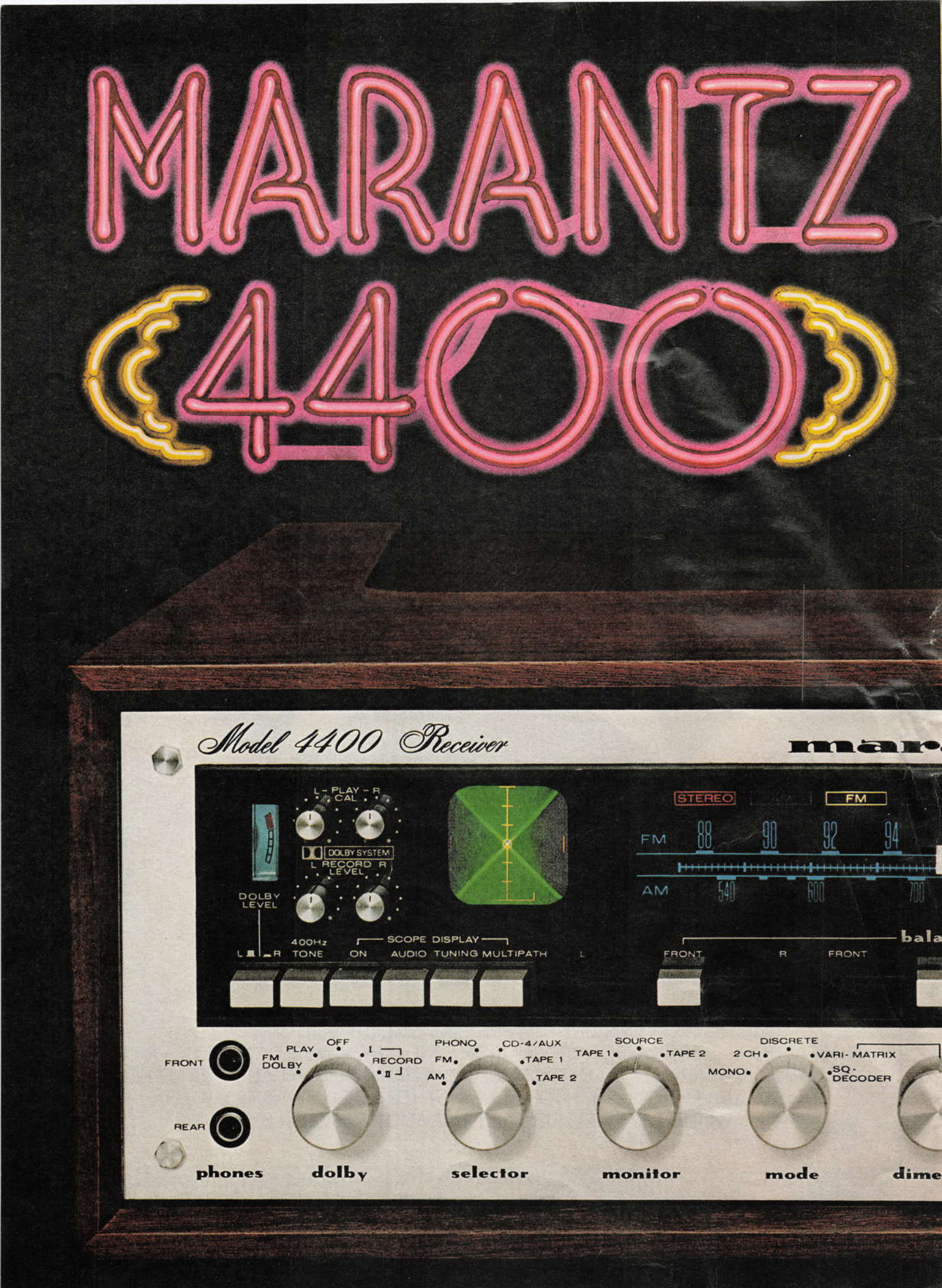
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If you happen to get hungry and horny at the same time in Spain, our Madrid correspondent proposes this menu: First, a gin and tonic, using Fockink gin; next, an appetizer of *criadillas*, or fried bull's testicles; suckling pig would be the logical main course, followed by a slice of *queso de teta*, a soft cheese shaped into an ample breast; try the *tarta de amor* (love cake) for dessert, and finish the meal with a glass of absinthe. And if you are in Madrid's Almunecar neighborhood and want a nightcap, stop off at the Hotel Sexi. However, if you don't get off on food. . . .

calls from people who want to sell us skeletons brought in from Europe," says a company spokesman, by way of defense, "but we refuse to buy them."

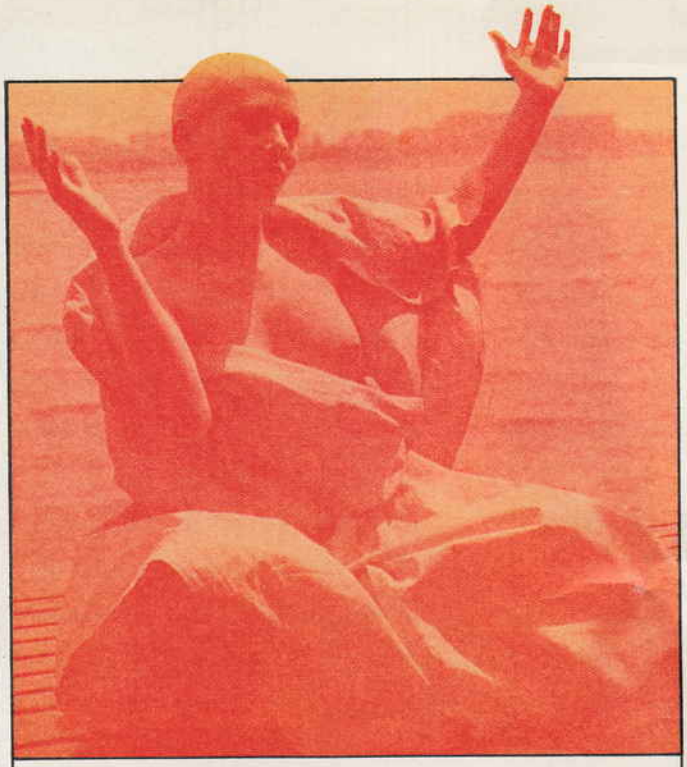
We did not press the point, and instead asked who made up the Clay Adams clientele —besides the inevitable medical educators and researchers. A company representative answered that other customers had included Walt Disney Studios, Broadway and TV prop buyers, and just plain folks, such as the Tennessee woman who ordered a skeleton for the coffin her hobbyist hubby had built in the basement. "Then there are people who want them as birthday presents for students," she added, "and as Christmas presents." Ho-ho-ho.

—Don Abood

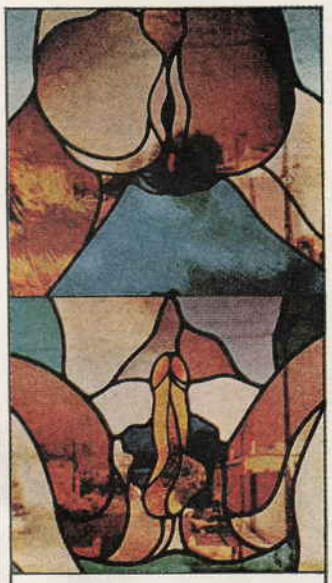
Ciao time on the Roman road

All roads lead to Rome, especially in Italy. Now, 23-year-old Biagio di Crescenzo was not *headed* toward Rome. He was going to work in his hometown of Latina, Italy. But his car skidded on the slippery road and Biagio crashed into a tree. A passing motorist extracted the seriously injured driver from the wreckage and drove him to a nearby hospital. After examining the victim, the doctors decided Biagio might have a concussion and should be sent to Rome for special treatment. Now we're getting closer. On the way to the capital city, however, the ambulance carrying Di Crescenzo smashed into an oncoming car. *Another* passing motorist *again* extracted Biagio from a wreck, drove him *back* to Latina, and commandeered a *second* ambulance. Off to Rome once more. This time the ambulance made it to the outskirts of the capital city, where it skidded and rammed into a pickup truck. Biagio di Crescenzo was killed. Just because the roads *lead* to Rome doesn't mean you always *get* there.

—Don Dewey



"Tell us again, miss—how big was the fish that ate your wig?"



Yes, that's exactly what it is, friends: an erotic stained-glass window designed by Inara Speeth and produced by her husband Jeffrey John Speeth. Any fool can catch the sunbeams; only the genius can make them sing.

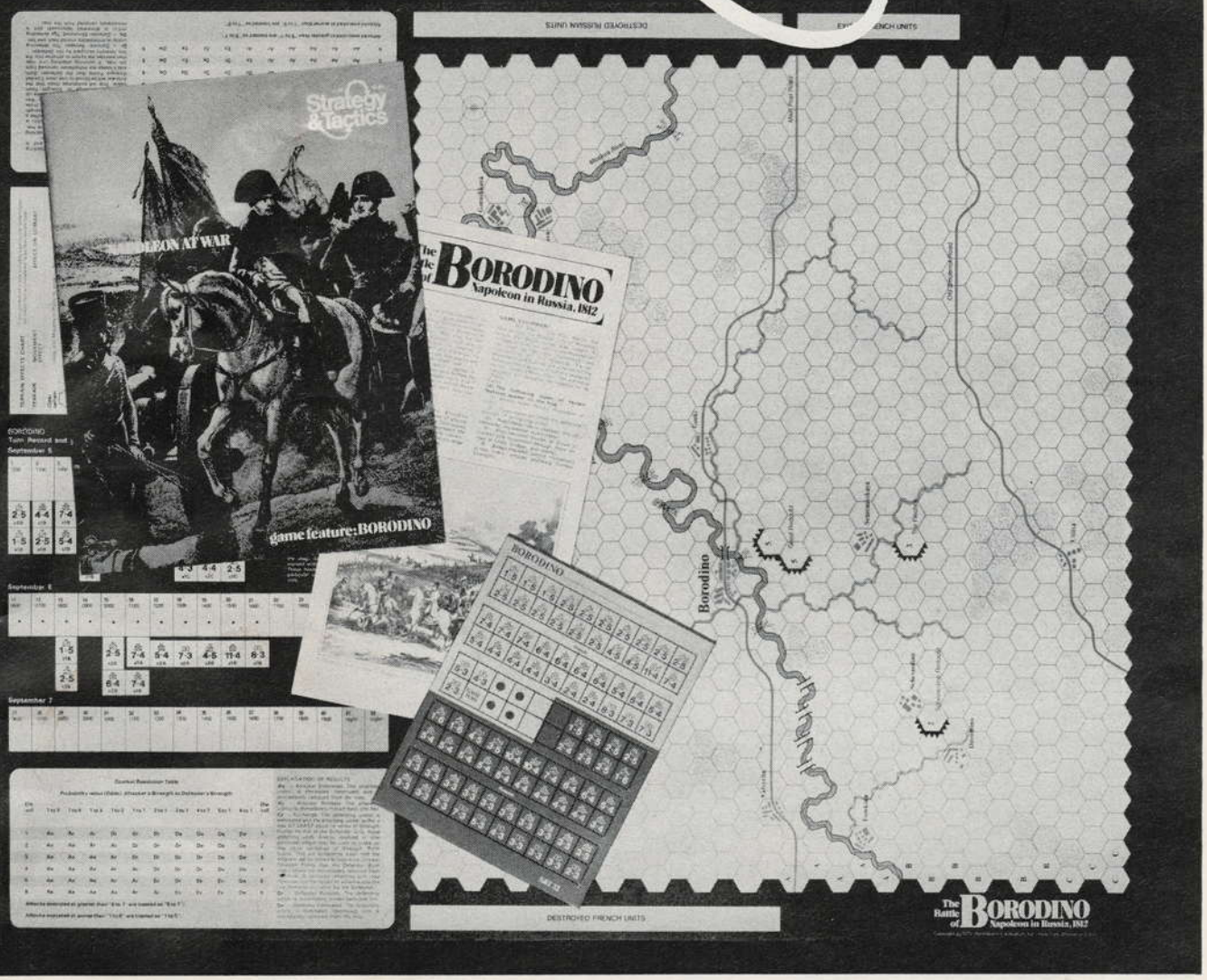
"I am the world's first naked magician," asserts Malcolm Vadell. No word from Malcolm on whether perky Sue Richards is the world's first naked magician's assistant. Something for historians tc ponder. Malcolm and Sue performed recently at London's Casino de Paris. They came onstage fully clothed and then—*shazam!*—their clothes disappeared. The trick "took six months' work to perfect," says Malcolm. The rest of the act saw naked Malcolm performing more routine illusions, with appearing rabbits, disappearing doves, and assistant Sue being sliced in three. "Now we are in demand by top night clubs all over the world," says talkative Malcolm. "Practice and ice-cold nerve are the secrets of our success." Maybe *your* success, Malcolm. Perky Sue's secret lies eleswhere.

Oh, yeah? So that's a matador

The major hazard in bullfighting is not death in the afternoon, Ernest Hemingway notwithstanding, but the vicious dry-cleaning bills the bullfighter must face the next morning. Do you have any *idea* of how much it costs to clean all that blood, sweat, and tears off a delicately

Shopping at Helmut Schnelz's supermarket in Vienna was not at all like shopping in your neighborhood 7-11. Neither was shoplifting. Whenever Herr Schnelz caught a woman shopper slipping a little something extra into her purse, he offered to slip a little something to her in his office, or else call the police. Some 50 sticky-fingered women accepted the offer before one tipped off Viennese authorities and had Herr Schnelz put away for blackmail. Oh, thank heaven for 7-11.

Strategy & Tactics



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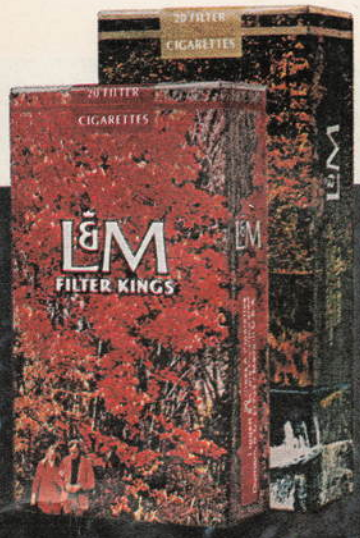
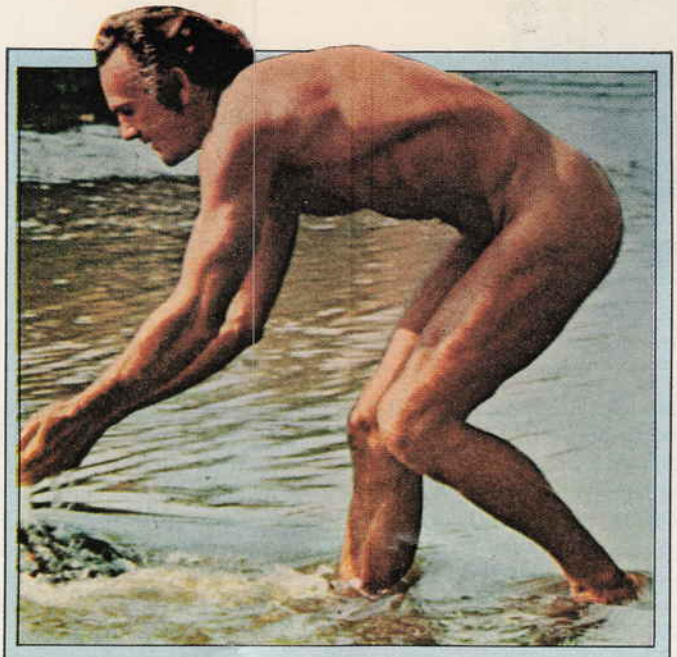


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine;
Super King: 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Mar. '74).



Life begins at 40, the poets sing, but for Richard Bacon of Milwaukee, life began at 41. In that postnatal year, Richard Bacon became Mr. Nude America, so deemed by 5000 citizens of Naked City, Indiana. In some places, age is still respected.

embroidered silken suit of lights? *Mucho* pesos, *amigo*, *muy mucho* pesos. But now the matador has been given a reprieve—been given the alternative of a wash-'n'-wear *traje de luces*, which can be cleaned quickly with a sponge and warm water. Designed by American matador John Fulton, the new suit is made of terylene instead of silk, the sequins are plastic, not tin,

and the traditional gold thread is synthetic. Although the wash-'n'-wear garments cost about the same as the old-style suits ($500), they are, says top bullfight tailor Fermin, "going to revolutionize the business." What makes him think so? "Because the ladies like them," says Fermin, "and I've never met a matador who didn't notice what the ladies say." Award that man four hooves, two ears, and a can of Woolite.

—PATRICIA JOHNSON

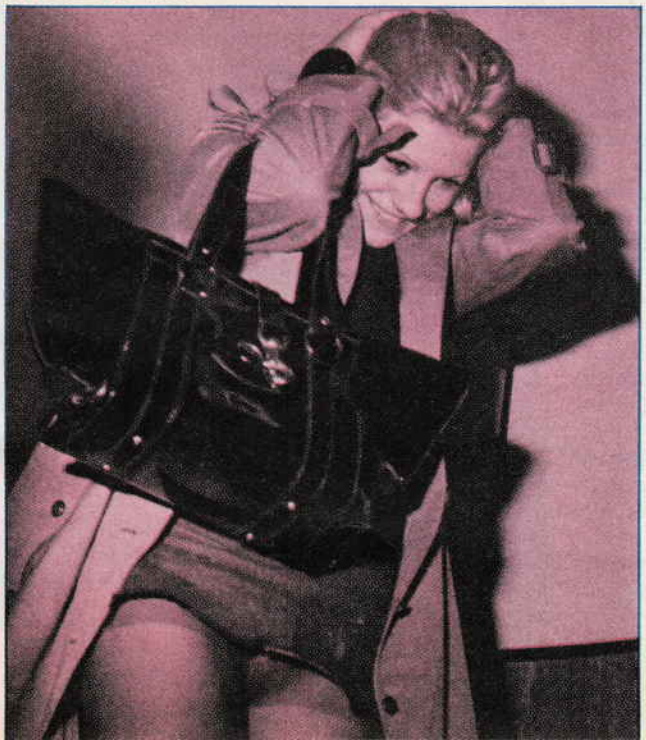
Oh say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave? No, not in U.S. Army movie-houses in Europe anyway, not since our boys in uniform discovered sex films. These films, say army spokesmen, "defeat the purpose" of the national anthem and base theaters have been ordered to stop showing the anthem film trailer. Sex and violence don't mix.

Flavia Sulfaro is wise beyond her years, which are 17. Her wisdom concerns the desires and fears of Italian men. What they desire, she knows, is sex with one as young and as fresh as herself. What they fear, she knows, is arrest for having sex with one as young and as fresh as herself.

So Flavia, daughter of a rich Genoese lawyer, and friend Armanda Moretti, age 15 and the daughter of a rich Genoese oil executive, had a nice little racket going: First make older men pay to satisfy their desires, then make them pay again to allay their fears. The men thought it was blackmail; Flavia Sulfaro thought it was a fun way to earn up to $3400 per month, which is what the nice little racket was pulling in at its peak.

But, as P. T. Barnum ought to have said, there is a nonsucker born every hour or so, and one of these chose to tip off Genoa police instead of pay off Flavia and Armanda. The nice little racket came unstrung.

Flavia Sulfaro was not exactly broken up over her arrest and exposure as a teenage blackmailer. "Do you know of another job, perhaps, in which one can earn so much so easily?" she asked a curious cop, and as she left the police station, she flashed a most unrepentant pose for waiting photographers. As one can plainly see, Flavia Sulfaro is wise to the desires of *paparazzi* as well.



VEGETABLE OF THE MONTH

"We think that we shall never see a poem as well-hung as this tree."

MERCI

Our deepest thanks and a colorful, full-sized, mint-condition reproduction of this very issue to: Andrea Adam, Lew Arthur, Pamela Bettison, Sean Callahan, Jon Carroll, E. B. Carter, Herbert Gold, Loral Graham, Paul House, Chantal Monterastelli, Tim Nater, Jeff Nightbyrd (honest!), Jerome Tepper, Brian Van der Horst, and the elusive Erla Zwingle. Photo credits: Muscle twins, Bruce Weber; Big Nig, Tom Keller; Kathy Lyra, *O. Cruziero*; Drink ad, Paul House; Mad Robot, Robert Fitzgerald; Bald chippy, Keystone; Stained glass, Sandra Brown Wyethe; Naked magic, Features International; Ms. Mick, Ian Bradshaw; Teen queen, Dr. Graziani; Matador, Robert Vavra; Flashing tart, Dino Nazzaro; Penis tree, Robert Godfrey. Art credits: Openers box, Fred Nelson; Sal, Wayne Borucki; Shark, Brian Miller; Little Jaggers, Don Wilson; Roma sign, Cathleen Davis; Tokin' orange, George Kenton, photo by Tom Keller; Toilet train, Pat Dypold; Tin soldier, John Davis. Bye-bye. Have a nice time. Don't forget to write.

PREVUE

OUI *sees it first: our exclusive monthly report on the latest and greatest stirrings on the silver screens of the world.*

Le Trio Infernal. It's the Christmas season and Michel Piccoli shoots a man in the eye—straight through a newspaper he's reading—while downstairs, Romy Schneider is finishing off Andrea Ferreol with similar dispatch. The bodies

Michel Piccoli and Romy Schneider finish off Andrea Ferreol in time for Christmas.

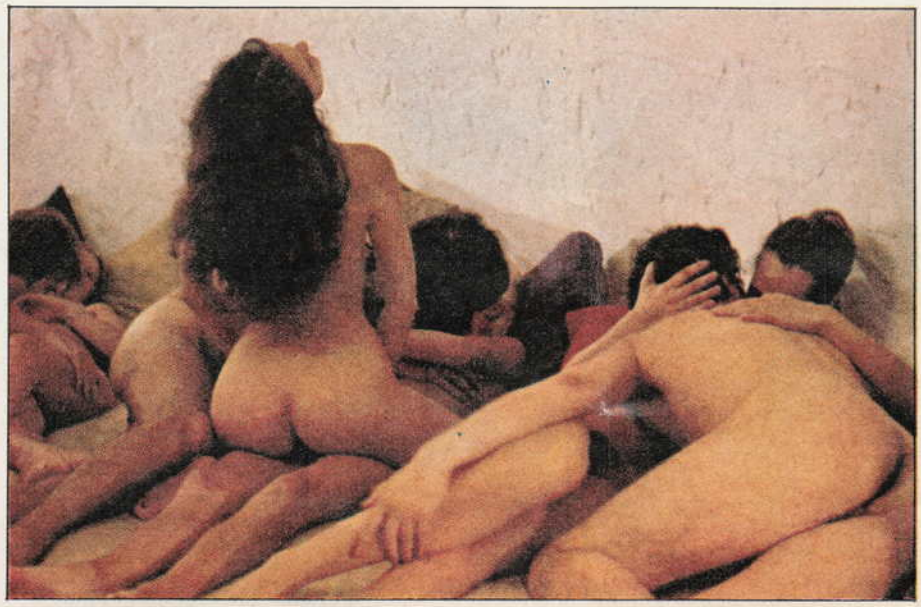
are stripped clean and plunked into adjacent bathtubs, which Piccoli promptly fills with sulfuric acid. Mascha Gomska, Schneider's sister—who completes the infernal trio of murderers who slaughter people for their life insurance—barfs on the living-room carpet, while offscreen, excited by all these gay and yummy events, Schneider is giving Piccoli an impromptu blowjob in the bathroom. Later on, after the bodies have decomposed, Piccoli dons a gas mask, ladles the slop into pails, then empties the heady stew outdoors while one of the girls is shown eating spaghetti. Excessive? This Grand Guignol comedy is nothing but, as it chronicles the exploits of three glamorous monsters butchering their way to wealth, with lots of kinky sex on the way. Francis Girod, a producer-turned-director, exhibits an unusual amount of expertise in his first film. But most of the show belongs to Piccoli, who dances through all of the Thirties decor performing a veritable concerto of comic inventions. And for sound-effects freaks, the bathtub glop is recorded so lovingly as it gurgles into a pit that you can almost taste it. —JONATHAN ROSENBAUM

Les Couples du Bois de Boulogne. Don't expect every tree to be a Murphy bed in disguise. Though one lady earns her keep by getting her back rubbed raw against the bark of an evergreen, the real couples in the woods—or so director Bernard Legrand leads us to believe—use the park for parking, and a shaggy-rug underground grotto for fucking. Alas, Legrand does not bother to give directions to the grotto or even to explain whether it is in the park at all. It is well worth finding, though, supplied as it is with lots of tanned, lithe bodies and a glass-walled swimming pool. Our hero falls right into the whole sex-and-water scene around the pool and in various friends' showers, boats, and cars (a Rolls in a car wash, no less). Wet-core porn, if that turns you on. In the French-chauvinist way, the hero's vigor is not shown at genital level, but his wife reveals all once she realizes she prefers women to men. The hero also has a robust mistress who lacks all inhibition and has a go with another woman's right large toe. The plot completely disappears in places, but it all ends up back at the Bois in Paris with a familiar Bois de Boulogne face and a familiar case of mistaken identity. The missing cousin for whom the hero searched has merely sex-changed into a woman.

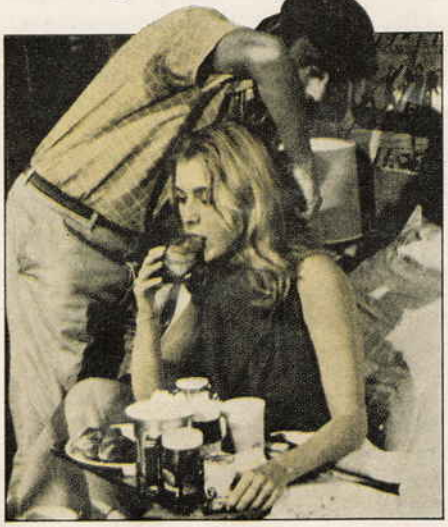
—FRANK LIPSIUS

Bof! The phenomenal success of *Themroc* in London has sent distributors scurrying back to their vaults to have another look at Claude Faraldo's earlier pictures. They came up with *Bof!*, a charmingly outrageous sex-fantasy. The film opens with a graphic depiction of the cripplingly heavy work and murderously boring routine that is the lot of a quiet young delivery boy. His father, fed up with a life of clocking in and out at the factory, leaves his job. After discreetly and compassionately murdering his withered, melancholic wife, the middle-aged father moves in with his newlywed son. The father shyly asks if he can share his son's wife. Son and daughter-in-law readily agree. When dad confesses to the murder, the son gives him an understanding pat on the back. On one of his ramblings through the city, dad meets a beautiful shoplifter and takes her home, enlarging the *ménage-à-trois* to a *ménage-à-quatre*. Life in the extended family is peaceful, happy, and carefree. They extend their hospitality to a black worker-friend of the son, and all together they set off to go and live in an idyllic, mythical country in the south. What makes this utopian fantasy so endearing is Faraldo's total lack of interest in any form of morality. He depicts a world without jealousy, shame, or guilt, a world in which "share and share

This tender scene describes the goings on beneath the famous Bois de Boulogne.



alike" takes on a new dimension. The most memorable scenes, characteristic of the tone of the whole film, are the joyous mornings of the family: father in bed with daughter-in-law, the son kissing them both goodbye as he leaves for work; wife bringing breakfast to husband in bed with the shoplifter, gently waking him up with tender kisses; everybody tiptoeing in order not to wake whichever couple happens to be sleeping together. Director Faraldo, who himself was a delivery boy before turning to filmmaking, has brazenly invented



Bof! *is a happy vision of a future where an extended family provides a lot of sex.*

a new type of sci-fi, portraying a sexual utopia based on the elimination of the Oedipus complex. *Bof!* is a most welcome antidote to the more conventional *1984*-variety of societies of the future.

—PAUL WILLEMAN

Un Homme Qui Dort. "A man who sleeps," the title calls him. For Georges Perec and Bernard Queysanne, the writer and director who have co-authored this curious film, it's a man alone—in Wordsworth's phrase, *A mind forever/ Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone.* Word and image conspire to create the stream-of-consciousness of a French student (Jacques Spiesser) who, after taking his final exams, shuts himself up in his one-room flat and freaks on himself. What we see are mainly images of Paris outside, and what we hear—apart from electronic music with voices—is the voice of a woman rhythmically chanting the thoughts that pass through his mind. In the beautifully composed black-and-white photography of Bernard Zitsermann, the whole thing looks a lot like what the French cinema was offering us ten or fifteen years ago in films like *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* and *Life Upside Down*—long walks down deserted streets that look like lunar landscapes, sudden surrealistic flashes (a flaming sink in a junkyard), and stray objects turned into luminous and unsettling

Jacques Spiesser sleepwalks his way around Paris in one of the strangest of new movies.

presences. It's no surprise that this film copped France's Jean Vigo Prize this year, or that director Georges Franju has called it "a triumph of dreamlike cinema." The only wonder is how Perec and Queysanne were able to squeeze so much hypnotic mileage out of so damn little.

—J.R.

Steppenwolf. We're in a decadent-looking German night club in the 1920s where Pierre Clémenti, the bandleader, plays saxophone and sings bouncy tunes to the guests. Seated at one of the tables are Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda. "I don't know how to dance," Von Sydow remarks ruefully. "How *triste*!" says Sanda sympathetically. Believe it or not, we're back in the world of Hermann Hesse's famous novel. Fred Haines, who copped an Oscar nomination for the adaptation of James Joyce's *Ulysses* that he co-authored and helped to produce, has been trying to get this one together for a long time. He shot most of it in Basel with a cast and crew drawn from a dozen countries, then got down to perfecting all the complicated trick photography involved in the Magic Theater sequence—a central part of the Hesse novel—which utilizes paintings by Mati Klarwein and a video-electronic-mixing contraption known as a Blue

The screen provides a Classics Illustrated *version of Hermann Hesse's* Steppenwolf.

Box. What comes out of all this heavy labor? Lots of flash, anyway. If you liked the pious *Classics Illustrated* job done on *Ulysses*, you just might dig this one. It has the same kind of reverence for the original source and the same sort of crazy-quilt mixture of mainstream styles. Sanda and Clémenti both seem to have a bit of trouble with their English, but Von Sydow has his down pat and with his usual mastery gives the movie whatever continuity it has. But if you want to understand the story, check out Hesse.

—J.R.

La Bonzesse. A *bonze* is a monk and a *bonzesse* is a girl—and Sylvie Meyer plays the sexy bald-headed *bonzesse* in question. The head shaving in this French porno-gone-spiritual is reserved for the finale, however, and Sylvie, a well-brought-up young lady in search of a solution, spends most of the film trying out life as a prostitute. Dissatisfied with an uneventful—and impoverished—existence with two female flatmates, Sylvie signs up for fun and profit with a fashionable Parisian bordello. She soon moves in with one of her clients (Bernard Verley) and, between seances at the brothel, finds time for a whole new series of extracurricular sexual high-jinks. Oral sex, group sex, lesbianism, voyeurism, sadomasochism, it's all

Sylvie Meyer is all painted for sex. Soon she will give it all up to become a monk.

there—as well as a fistful of frustrations. For all of their scene setting, for all of their puffing and panting, few of the film's characters ever seem to get off, including Sylvie herself. When she finally decides to chuck this unfulfilling Western society for the life of a "monkess" in Ceylon, there's little room left for surprise. *La Bonzesse* is François Jouffa's first film as a director. Better known as a journalist, he has tried to unite art and erotic movies. In his attempts to elevate the porno film, he dutifully avoids hard-core porn, but his intellectual pretensions remain superficial at best: some moments of cinéma verité (conversations in the whorehouse kitchen), some overly obvious social jabs (at the bourgeoisie, racism, women's lib), and, of course, Sylvie's spiritual pirouette at the end. *La Bonzesse* is best viewed with a sense of humor, rather than as a film with a message. Despite its weaknesses, it still is porno with a French flair, far surpassing the majority of American porn.

—KAREN THORSEN

REVUE

Sex in hardcover—make books, not bodies

In the sexual revolution, common sense is a jammed rifle. It doesn't help to go on about the Inventory of Masculine Values, the Inventory of Feminine Values, the Family Decision-Making Survey, Man's Ideal Woman, Woman's Ideal Man, etc., as Anne Steinmann and David J. Fox do in **The Male Dilemma: How to Survive the Sexual Revolution.** After 20 years of research (as the authors claim) and interviews with 24,000 women and 7000 men, Steinmann and Fox concluded that (1) the man *men* think women want is somewhere to the left of Woody Allen in terms of traditional masculinity; (2) the man *women* say they want is somewhere to the right of Sam Peckinpah; and (3) the closer men come to what they believe is wanted of them, the farther they get from the truth.

To their credit, the authors seem to recognize that everyone is lying. People never tell the truth in formal interviews. Even in informal interviews, which Steinmann, Fox, and various collaborators conducted as follow-ups in an effort to suss out what those little sweethearts in middle America are *really* thinking, the authors admit there was a lot of dreaming. Yet they press on, as if self-delusion can be scrubbed out with the Ajax of reason. By restating familiar explanations the authors think they're clearing the way for sound advice.

Male children of the Thirties, Forties, and Fifties, they tell us, were raised in a favored but ultimately doomed context. This accounts for their intellectual acceptance of feminism and their gut rejection of it. Females of the Thirties, Forties, and Fifties were resentful of the favored male position because they sensed that superior strength, the penis and so on, were already excess baggage. The desexualizing effect of the assembly line is a fact, we are told, so we shouldn't worry about it. What we *should* do is let little Joey know it's OK to play with dolls and make sure little Marcia feels all right about her combat booties: "What we would hope to eliminate are the behaviors and responses which have nothing to do with sexual attraction and interaction, but which over the years have culturally been tied to gender . . . if this were accomplished . . . those sexually relevant characteristics which remained would be immensely heightened in their importance and thus in their impact and effectiveness."

Right. Except for fantasy, which is where the mind goes on its lunch break, and which never *could* be sensible.

•

In their way Lige Clarke and Jack Nichols, authors of **Roommates Can't Always Be Lovers: An Intimate Look at Male-Male Relationships** make the same mistake as Steinmann and Fox. As coeditors of *Gay*, a defunct newspaper, Clarke and Nichols specialized in reader advice. In this book they collect a lot of old letters and answers, intersperse them with brief essays on matters of general interest like coming out and sadomasochism, and try to define a sensibility for sexually liberated people.

Unfortunately Clarke and Nichols sound like Dear Abby and Erma Bombeck. A 19-year-old looking for pen pals who mentions that he's "well endowed" is told that he should be endowed with "brains," "charm," "kindness," and "the ability to give, give, give!" A man confused about the value of the LSD experience is warned that drugs are "a furtive crutch." Narcissism itself becomes a matter of physical therapy: "Those who . . . strut arrogantly . . . show only that they've missed the essence of posture."

Homosexuals, lesbians, and bi's are expected to be well adjusted. No more cheap thrills, hustlers, drag, jealousy, screaming, or loathing. At one point a gay couple invites them to dinner via the mail column, and Clarke and Nichols use the occasion to preach against meat diets and carbonated beverages. Oscar Wilde would have found gay lib tacky.

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Happily, Carolyn See gets right down to it. The only thing wrong with pornography, she tells us in **Blue Money**, is that people don't use its fantasy value enough. This certainly includes the businessmen who control it. Marvin Miller, the millionaire who rose to prominence by legally pirating most of the porn inventory Maurice Girodias spent years building up (*My Secret Life*, *The Autobiography of a Flea*, *She Devils*), lives like any suburbanite and is tight with women, including his wife. Burton Marks, the famous porn attorney who defended Miller in the Supreme Court case that determined that censorship should be a matter for local courts, turns out to be a compulsive eater, unhappily married to a former starlet. At one point he tells See: "You know what it is, Carolyn? It's that when you finally look at the forbidden things, you finally do the forbidden things, nothing happens." Matt Cimber, former husband of Jayne Mansfield and the De Mille of hardcore movies, is really named Mario Ottavarino. He likes his spaghetti and his wife *ready*. "Men aren't your *friends*, kid," Cimber's wife, a former model, tells the author on a drunken afternoon. "They don't want that from you."

What they *do* want, See is smart enough to see, will never, ever be enough. It just can't be satisfied.

—JOHN LOMBARDI

Men as women

The charm of a transvestite revue lies in the wistful yearning for female magic that some entertainers can get across—like Holly Woodlawn in cabaret at Reno Sweeny's—or in the amusement of torn stockings, shedding sequins, and beat-up feather boas, sheer tack in the pursuit of glamor. But **Manhattan Follies**, billed as a "delightfully different revue," in

show cards set about the lobby of the haughty old Plaza Hotel, has neither of these charms in much abundance. The revue, produced by Robert Stigwood—the Englishman who brought you *Cream* and *All in the Family*—is ensconced in the Plaza's very elegant Persian Room, so the staging can't play with

fake glamor set against a crummy setting. The Plaza is the Plaza. This is where F. Scott Fitzgerald went when drunk, and it demands a kind of uptown style and showmanship. The men who mime to the records of such stars as Mae West, Diana Ross, Marlene Dietrich, Bette Midler, Ginger Rogers, and Liza Minnelli just don't cut the mustard in this setting. The quality of wistfulness is very rare, except for a tremblingly touching version of Judy Garland by Caleb Stonn and a peppy rendition of Bette Midler—but then Bette's always been an impersonator herself. A tubby, bubbly Carol Channing, played by Craig Russell lisping out that Southern Dolly voice through his fat liver lips, delivers a few off-color Vegas-style remarks: "Thank you *all* for coming, though I know most of you didn't. Well, I've got to go. You know you can't say caca doodoo at the Plaza." Caca doodoo?

The producer of the show may think this is a big year for transvestites—London has Danny LaRue and Paris has La Grande Eugene—but entertainment has to have magic. The men dressing up in women's clothing and clunking about the Plaza stage have not transcended their broad shoulders and stubby fingers. They may have shocked a few Plaza patrons, and the cheap thrills are there, but the magic is missing.

—Carol Troy

Jazz on records

Leave it to a German to show the Americans how to record their jazz. Leave it to Manfred Eicher, a cherubic ex-bassist who wears faded jeans, doesn't smoke or drink, and never signs his artists to exclusive contracts. Elite musicians who work and record as much as they like in the U. S.—Keith Jarret, Gary Burton, Chick Corea—flock to Manfred. They'll fly all the way to Oslo to play his favorite piano in his favorite studio. Why? "Nobody else knows how to record the music," says a young jazzman Eicher recently taped in New York. "Compared to Manfred they're all rank amateurs."

When the **ECM** label released Eicher's first solo piano recordings, by Jarret and Corea, critics marveled at the sound and attributed its clarity to the acoustic qualities of the previously unknown Arne Bendiksen studio. Then miraculous Manfred recorded at a series of obscure Manhattan locations that had standard or substandard equipment and no reputations. Instant clarity. "It has something to do with choosing and placing microphones," Eicher admits. "But it has more to do with getting to know the musicians and making them feel relaxed."

Jarret's ECM albums have received the most thunderous acclaim. The latest, **Solo-Concerts**, is a gilt-lettered box containing three LPs of improvised,

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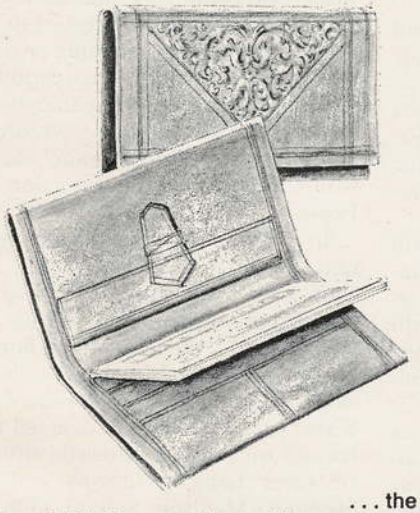

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unaccompanied piano, recorded live in Bremen and Lausanne. Any American company would have scoffed at the proposition but Polydor, ECM's U. S. distributor, says the set is selling well above their expectations. The dazzling performances, laced with gospel chording, impressionist filigree, and finger-busting counterpoint, cement Jarret's reputation as the Art Tatum of his generation. The concert grand, hand-picked by the pianist, has marvelous presence and definition in all registers. And the sound on the records, a pristine wonder, doesn't just create the illusion of a piano in your living room; it puts your living room inside the piano.

Chick Corea's **Piano Improvisations Volume One** is as enchanting as the Jarret box and as inspired a performance as Corea, now jazz-rocking with Return to Forever, has given. But there's more than piano music in the ECM items released by Polydor so far. English bassist David Holland's **Conference of the Birds** features passionate, cascading solos and interactions by master saxophonists Anthony Braxton and Sam Rivers. Another reed virtuoso, ex–Miles Davis sideman Dave Liebman, avoids the pitfalls of the standard blowing-date debut and etches a subtle, varied, colorful portrait of **Lookout Farm**.

Vibraphonist Gary Burton introduces **The New Quartet**, best of a long and distinguished line of G. B. foursomes, and engages in winsome duets with Chick Corea on **Crystal Silence**. Both albums float ethereally and cook convincingly rare examples of chamber jazz with balls. Eberhard Weber's **The Colours of Chloe** is an exotic, sensual blend of synthesizer, massed cellos, Flügelhorn, and jazz-rock quartet. It melts. **The Music Improvisation Company**, an eccentric English combo, bleeps and blusters through tunes like *Third Stream Boogaloo* (which a contortionist might be able to dance to) and *Wolfgang von Gangbang*.

With 30 ECM back numbers still unavailable in this country and the catalogue growing monthly, Polydor is going to be hard pressed to keep up with the remarkable Manfred. "I hope they all come out some day," he says wistfully. "But the new ones . . . well, there will be some surprises." We suspect there will be better-sounding jazz albums from the domestic competition as well. —ROBERT PALMER

Rock as theater

It was a long time coming, but rock theater may finally be here. Alice Cooper started it with his boa constrictors and gallows poles, and the leap from theatrical gimmicks to thematic unity came last spring when Mott the Hoople played the Uris (the first rock band to perform on Broadway), with eight-foot puppets dropping from the ceiling, neon dolls ranged around the bandstand, eyes and stomachs flashing, and *Marionette*, the brand-new song around which the show was built. By midsummer, there was **Bowie**.

David Bowie understands legend so well he's dropped his first name. *Bowie* may have stopped short of full theater—the production supervised by Jules

Fisher, of *Tommy* and *Lenny!* fame, had Bowie singing songs of death and destruction while standing on a suspension bridge and sitting in a capsule floating off into space—but either we throw the hand in here or else we are about to escalate to dialogue and story line, with choreography and direction by Bob Fosse.

In contrast to The Who's "rock operas," which are concert pieces, Bowie's show used visual-theater elements: both physical movement and settings organized around a theme. And by now we all know what Bowie's theme is—the future as Nazi Germany, or *1984* less 50. Jules Fisher and Mark Ravitz created the perfect set for him—a futuristic city by way of Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*. For two evenings Madison Square Garden became an emotional Nuremberg.

"That was one of our inspirations," said Fisher. "We used the pictures of Speer, the architect who built all those great Nazi monuments."

Did the show work theatrically?

"Yes and no," Fisher said. "There were three spots that were dull. In a regular rock concert, you'd normally have screamed and cheered for any of those songs. But when we had something going in terms of rhythm and pacing, they were just lulls.

"Bowie was a beginning. More and more artists in the rock world want to make a bigger statement than the three-minute songs on their albums, want to give concerts that get their impact from the *whole* evening rather than from each individual song. If I can link rock talent and theater talent, I know I can create something sensational."

Know any rock superstars with egos small enough to take direction?

—LORRAINE O'GRADY

Young as man

It took Neil Young to address the central question of the 1970s for his generation: Are we or are we not "just pissing in the wind?" He finally concludes (in *Ambulance Blues*, on his recent album **On the Beach**) that *he's* not, and he hopes that you're not either. On the cover of that album, Young stands in the background with his back to the camera, hands in his pockets, looking out at the sea. He's not exactly a superstar anymore; two mediocre, hitless albums in two years seemed to take care of that.

But he's still got something. Neil Young is the only guy left—of all the major-league pop-music hitters of the 1960s who is still exploring the collective self-image of his generation, the only one who really has anything to say about what it's like, after all this, to be a North American male.

To hear Young tell it, it's a fierce and unromantic inner struggle (*"My problems may be meaningless, but that don't make them go away."*) The cultural and political revolutions have evolved into liberation movements—for women and homosexual men. The rest of us are left to figure things out for ourselves.

Neil Young, in three albums (*After the Gold Rush, Harvest*, and *On the Beach*), paints an almost coherent picture of the-young-man-in-the-1970s, aware of various social issues but uncertain what to do about them, inarticulate, worried that he's not as wild as he used to be (*"It's these expressions I never give/That keep me searching for a heart of gold/And I'm getting old"*), still pushing, still creating a new life for himself, but not so publicly now.

Young, in the words of his songs and the sound of his voice, comes on like he's weak or wounded, but underneath that doubt and helplessness there's a resiliency—an awesome, persevering strength that contrasts sharply with the passivity James Taylor projects or the flashy hollowness of a David Bowie. Neil Young is hardly the man of the moment. He's an introverted loner at a time when centerstage belongs to extroverted loons. But he is, I think, a man of the decade. *On the Beach* marks his re-emergence as a major rock contender, and over the next few years we're going

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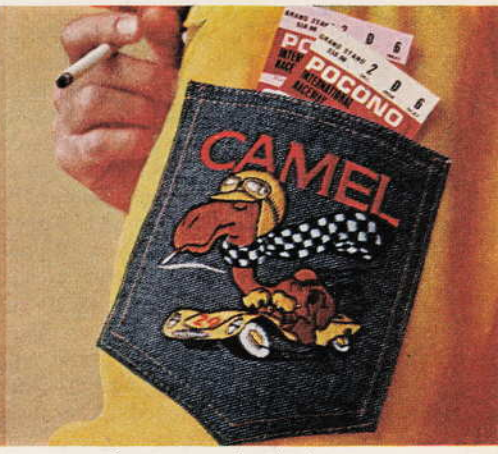

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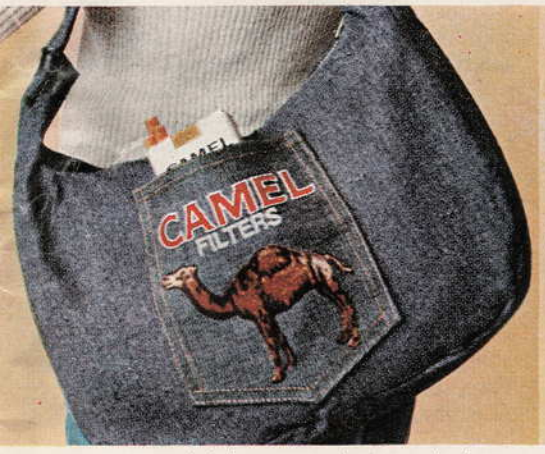

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to see a lot of people, not just rock stars, step out of the same shadows with unexpected strength and grace.

Neil Young's lonesome optimism is almost corny, but it speaks for everyman. Survival is the trend of the future, and anyway, he still plays a mean guitar.

—PAUL WILLIAMS

The other thief

It is easy, in the wake of the complicated, horrific story of Nixon's slide from the presidency, to forget the seemingly simpler and shabby failure of Spiro Agnew. He was, according to most people, just an old-fashioned crook—of the sort that has graced American politics as long as there have been political parties and capitalism. It is, however, a story that deserves not to be forgotten, and **A Heartbeat Away: The Investigation and Resignation of Vice President Spiro T. Agnew**, by Washington *Post* reporters Richard M. Cohen and Jules Witcover, is a superb recounting of the fall (and rise) of Agnew.

The amusing thing about Agnew's pocketing of money was its "justification"—that he needed more money to enable him to live in a style to which he had become immediately and enthusiastically accustomed. What makes this so darkly funny is that it assumes the myth of American politics, which is that people make a great sacrifice to serve in the government. Given the demonstrable lack of success in Agnew's career in private life prior to his government jobs, the idea that he was sacrificing anything material, save for the chance to luxuriate in creeping mediocrity, is almost too delicious to contemplate.

But government service no longer is some poor bozo who earns $5200 a year and has to steal like Lou Brock just to stay even. It's a terrific gig, with adequate-to-good salaries and marvelous fringe benefits, not the least of which are the retirement-salary schedules. U.S. senators—to take one example—may argue that $42,500 a year is not all that much money for what they do, but I defy them to start naming names of people who earn that much on a *six-year contract*, with expenses, travel, and a shitload of prestige thrown in.

Agnew's dirty little problem was that his quick rise to the top (almost) threw him in contact with a lot of people who *really* had a lot of money and who knew how to spend it on themselves. An *arriviste* who couldn't admit to himself what it was about him—his office—that attracted the high rollers, he got bent out of shape completely and irrevocably by the way they lived. Agnew took money so as to be able to afford to convince his new-found friends *that he was one of them.*

Cohen and Witcover probably set out only to record the machinations of the disgrace of Spiro Agnew, and their reportage of the maneuvering of prosecutors and Agnew is, of itself, enough to recommend this book. They have, along the way, contributed something far more profound than that. Of the books essential to our understanding of the perversion of the American dream that was Washington, D.C., 1969–74, *A Heartbeat Away* is one of the best.

—LAWRENCE DIETZ

Lives of the schmucks

Nineteen seventy-four: year of the schmuck film biography. Young ethnic making it despite hardships—a theme ancient as that Pentateuchal hustler Joseph and his Egyptian rip-off. Once upon a time, making-it films featured Citizen Kane or Sergeant York—notable characters. Now all we can afford is Duddy Kravitz trying to assemble Grossinger's-sized real estate in that vast yawn, Canada. It's not an age of big men. Next they'll buy the rights to your life.

Yet these Horatio Algae films entertain. The narrative is linear, as easy to read as a digital clock, no subtle splicing required. They have the winsome, hopeless hopefulness of a Polack trying to make it on nepotism in the Mafia. Audiences like to know the play-by-play of achievement. Also the rooting comes naturally: adolescent energy *vs.* family or establishment; hard work and gimmicks *vs.* impacted tradition. And sure as holes always appear in the second and not the first sock you put on, our hero will commit ruthless or chintzy acts that leave triumph tasting drier than fiber-glass insulation. It's not a good time for the success ethic, either.

Duddy Kravitz apprenticed. Mimi seduced. Sonny Carson educated. Jewish schmuck. Sicilian schmuck. Black schmuck. Ethnic authenticity is crucial; location shots have a "*National Geographic* among the Masai warriors" touch. Yes, Jews really attend those Quonset-hut resorts that seem, in their appointments, somewhat less attractive than Gordon Liddy's minimum-security retreat. Yes, Sicilian wives do wash between their husbands' toes. Yes, black preachers can sound like Othello singing *Mammy*. Ethnic making-it films are cruelly self-satirical. They say *nigger* or *kike* as only Blacks or Jews have license to. In fact, that's what they're all about: race, family, tradition spurned. Collectively, these films could be a Bildungsroman of that 20th Century social climber, the industrial West, sealing unique type after unique type in its bland Tupperware sameness.

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz is a swell film. **The Seduction of Mimi** is swell cubed. Months ago I said that director Lina Wertmuller was hung like a horse. I don't know what comes after a horse for sheer tumescence, but she's that, too—the best new director around. Giancarlo Giannini, her *Love and Anarchy* man, has a body more responsive to shape than tub caulk and more eye white than is optically feasible: When he blinks, his face goes out. Giannini stands to Mastroianni as Mantle stood to DiMaggio. Both films are comic. **The Education of Sonny Carson** is vituperative, not comic, and runs a weak third, which suggests that Jews and Sicilians are on more comfortable speaking terms with their traditions.

Some conventions. The dud father who's schleppy enough to scare any kid into a case of Protestant work ethic. The loyal broad, used like you would a disposable Sight-Saver. In making-it films, sexual prowess is the microdot image of financial prowess. Since Julien Sorel, rooms at the top have always been furnished with a bed. Duddy and Mimi want to be liberated postindustrial men. Duddy exploits Jewishness—particularly with a *meshuganah* film service for *bar mitzvahs*. Y'gotta see this. His first production looks like *El Topo* done for rabbis. Mimi contracts an urban veneer, which in Italy means learning to make long-distance phone calls. Cuckolded, he won't use the barbaric Sicilian S.O.P., a sniper attack. No, instead he will use reason: He will impregnate his rival's wife. Unfortunately, the wife weighs in at 300 kilos and has a wen on her cheek somewhat larger than your Volkswagen. Their coupling is at least a tripling. But Duddy ends up deflated by remorse and by his moralistic old *zeyda*; Mimi is cornered—for his trouble gets seduced into the Mafia as a buck private. Jewish and Sicilian traditions are inexorable.

But black tradition is amorphous. Sonny can't quite figure out what he's fighting. Whitey, natch. Dad, the Uncle Tom, ditto natch. And more or less everything else. He doesn't make it on intellect or hard work. Sonny makes it mostly with his face. Just about everyone gets to hit Sonny: gang initiators, rival gangsters, the man, you name it. He never gives in, don't ask me why—it makes no sense, but then true-life stories aren't obliged to make sense. The film has glossy violence and is valuable for its ghetto history. While Sonny does time, big Horse comes to Brooklyn. The gangs, which did represent a certain lively free enterprise and initiative, nod themselves away. Sonny returns to ghostsville. Conclusion, conclusive only in its bitterness. Another young ethnic down.

Three strong films. The biography remains vital—something each of us born and bum's-rushed toward death can appreciate. Perhaps, too, schmucks are better than pompous Sergeant York. We can all take a punch. We can't all debrain a turkey at 50 paces.

—D. KEITH MANO

SATELLITE

Italy's Dr. Sex Lib

ROME—The thin, frantic man with the gentle smile sitting in his office on the Via Tuscana is Dr. Luigi DiMarchi, birth-control crusader, sexual liberationist, the Margaret Sanger of Italy, the most reviled human being in all the Eternal City. "I am called 'immoral' by the Church and all the political parties," he complains, "because I believe Italy has a population problem. Italy, as you know, is a very Catholic country where sex is frowned upon for anything but procreation. We do not believe that if people make love, they should do it for pleasure—they should only do it to make babies. So birth control has been illegal here, and we have a population density worse than China's and India's."

For the past 20 years, DiMarchi has devoted himself to his one-man crusade aimed at bringing contraception to the Italian populace. In 1955, he founded the Italian Association for Demographic Information, an organization that dispenses birth-control products to interested and needy women. "My work was all illegal," he explains in staccato English, "but that was the idea. I wanted to be arrested—denounced—so as to bring the whole question of the contraception ban to the Supreme Court. On the day we opened the clinic, the first person to ring the bell was a policeman. I thought he'd come to arrest me. But he was just collecting information for a future prosecution. When he finished the interview, he took me aside and said, 'My wife and I have too many children; could you give me information about contraception?' It was a typical Italian situation. Hypocritical yet funny."

Less humorous were Dr. DiMarchi's subsequent six arrests. Twice he was found guilty of his contraceptive crime. Twice he was fined for his offense against public morality. Once the State Attorney General actually told him that if birth control became legal all of Italy would sink into a morass of orgiastic debauchery. Then, in 1970, the Italian Supreme Court ruled in favor of DiMarchi and his test case. As a result, Italian women can now obtain pills, foams, and IUDs—providing they can find a cooperative physician.

"But few doctors will give birth control," DiMarchi complains. "They are still prisoners of religious mythology. My clinic is one of two clinics in Rome where women can get contraception."

DiMarchi would like to see the Italian people adopt the pill with the same energy they reserve for other digestibles: Souve Bolla and pasta, for instance. His reasons go well beyond those of population control. As a sexual liberationist, DiMarchi believes sexual

repression is linked to unchecked fertility. "My wife Maria-Luisa," he explains, "has spent the past ten years making a study of the sexual and contraceptive practices of 700 working-class Roman women. It proves that birth control is a wonderful aphrodisiac. When Maria-Luisa began her work, 90 percent of the women she interviewed used nothing at all. Most of them said they had no gusto at all in lovemaking. Then Maria-Luisa began distributing birth control. Fertility went down 90 percent. Illegal abortion went way down, too. In Italy, you see, we have little birth control—but nearly every woman has an illegal abortion. It is very terrible. Many women die. Some of the women Maria-Luisa studied died during the survey. But now—thanks to contraception—many of the women report that they are enjoying sexual relations for the first time in their lives."

With birth control now legal, DiMarchi is planning a national campaign of pro-contraception pamphlets and posters aimed at the particular emotional requirements of the Italian male. "Most birth-control propaganda," DiMarchi maintains, "is silly. It preaches morality and responsibility when most people want to be neither moral nor responsible. Too many men feel that fertility is proof of their manliness. They are much more concerned with proving they are 'real' men than with being responsible to their families or society. So, for these men, you have to shift the motivation from responsibility to virility. My leaflets will say things like this: 'The *real* man, the *real* fascinator is the good contraceptor. Women are enchanted with the fact that they are safe with him. They are charmed by his sexual prowess made greater by contraception.'"

—CLAUDIA DREIFUS

Freaked on film

PARIS—The Cinémathèque Française is a unique institution. It houses the world's largest collection of films—some 60,000 of them—as well as movie documents and memorabilia, the latter ranging from Mae West's underpants to original Eisenstein drawings. Fifty-six different movies are shown each week in the Cinémathèque's two halls.

All this is the result of the single-minded passion of Henri Langlois, who, as a slim highly original youth in the Thirties, set out on a one-man crusade to save old films from destruction and oblivion. He dug out films from attics, old movie houses, the Flea Market, and even occasionally from trash cans. At first he concentrated on rare works by Méliès, Lumière, and other cinema pioneers. Soon he was also collecting copies of contemporary works that distributors would otherwise have destroyed.

Langlois was joined in his work of salvation by Georges Franju, who later became one of France's most distinguished directors. They formed an early Paris cine club, showing their films in old lecture halls and sometimes in the Langlois family living room. Film cans, stacks of old screenplays, and costumes from movies littered the two men's homes, and Langlois gave up bathing to use the bathtub for his collection.

Langlois has always been reluctant to discuss the extent of his film wealth, and there is no catalogue of Cinémathèque films. But by the time World War

II came around, his collection was said to be the largest and best in the world. Then, with the German Occupation, the films he had rescued seemed doomed. The Nazis decreed that all films made prior to 1937 were to be destroyed; so were all more recent films whose points of view were not compatible with that of the Third Reich. But Langlois, Franju, and a few devoted friends managed to smuggle tons of movie documents and thousands of cans of film to the safety of an old chateau in unoccupied France.

The Liberation saw the triumphant return of the collection to Paris, where it was taken under the wing of the French government, given a building, a staff, and a small operating subsidy. In the postwar years Langlois organized showings in cycles. The film buff could see nearly the entire history of the German, Russian, Italian, English, American, or Japanese cinema—if he were willing to attend three times a night, every night for two or three months.

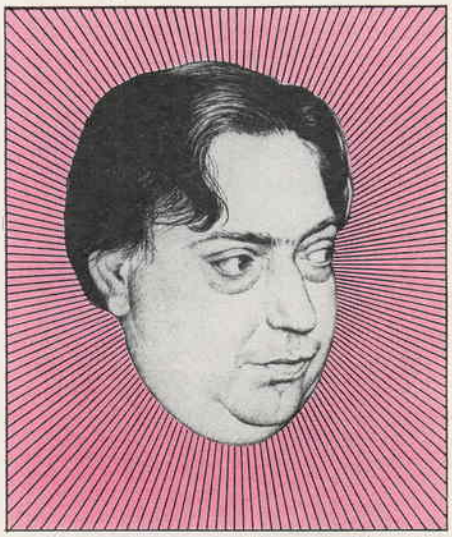
Among the people who crowded into the tiny projection room on Avenue de Messine in those years, usually sitting on the floor, their noses practically on the screen, were Robert Bresson, René Clement, Henri-Georges Clouzot, and Jacques Becker—the masters of French filmmaking in the Forties and Fifties. The entire New Wave school of directors—Alain Resnais, François Truffaut, Jean-Luc Godard, Claude Chabrol, Jacques Rivette, Eric Rohmer, Jacques Doniol-Valcroze—were virtually teethed on the classics of Avenue de Messine.

In 1963, Andre Malraux, then minister for cultural affairs and a onetime filmmaker himself, gave the Cinémathèque a hefty government subsidy, installed it in a new theater built to order at the Palais de Chaillot, and offered Langlois a blockhouse in the country to store his films, as well as a budget to care for them properly. That was all very fine indeed, except that the French government began thinking it should see books and records. And Langlois, no longer slim but still highly original, thought it was collecting and showing films that mattered—not petty bookkeeping. The Cinémathèque was still his child, his creation, and it was nobody's business how he ran it.

In April 1968, after five years of frustrating dealings with Langlois, Malraux and his ministry named a new director to the Cinémathèque (and thereby touched off, as François Truffaut and Jean-Luc Godard believe to this day, the May Revolution of 1968). Every French director and actor rallied to the cause, and Truffaut was politicized for the first time in his life: He left the set of *Stolen Kisses* every day to picket the Cinémathèque and fight the CRS.

Bergman, Kurosawa, Lang, Buñuel, Ford, Fellini, and Antonioni all sent telegrams to the French government saying they were withdrawing their films from the Cinémathèque; they had given them to Langlois, not to the French government. After nearly a month, Malraux capitulated. Langlois would have a lot less money to operate with, but he would remain director of the Cinémathèque.

Going to the Cinémathèque is always something of an adventure, because you never know what's going to be on the screen. Sometimes there's an effort to follow the week's mimeographed program, but more often than not you go to see one of Buñuel's Mexican films, say, and what you get is a new Turkish film with subtitles in Farsi. No matter what the program says, midnight shows are first screenings of underground works, usually American. Langlois's idea is that if you love the cinema then you



are happy to see anything at all on the old triacetate. His own taste is catholic and eclectic.

The Cinémathèque has its drawbacks, of course. For the determined film buff, it's a real treat to see a single director's entire life's work, some of which may have yet to make their way into commercial circuits abroad. But to see a Bergman or Kurosawa cycle, you have to be willing to devote six hours a night for six or seven nights, be willing to pass up dinner for sandwiches, and not mind looking at films in their original languages, often without benefit of translation or subtitles. Nevertheless, hundreds of people do just this year after year. And on many occasions, police have had to be called to control the crowds.

Most directors worth their salt have been honored by a Langlois "hommage," and they all come to Paris to present their films in person. Keaton, Chaplin, and Mary Pickford dissolved in tears at the standing ovations.

Langlois, whose mother was born in the United States, has an affinity for American cinema and thinks there is a kind of logic in New York City's building him an American Cinémathèque under the arches of the Queensborough Bridge. Designed by I. M. Pei, it is scheduled to open sometime early in 1975. What pleases Langlois most about the New York Cinémathèque is that it will open even more doors for him in his ambition to possess every film that's ever been made. —CYNTHIA GRENIER

Vaginal athletics

SEATTLE—Like many another visionary, Jazzmin the Heavy had a dream: "I wanted to unite all women everywhere through an athletic endeavor that women, and women alone, were qualified to perform, an event as regimented as the discus throw, but as uniquely feminine as a strawberry douche." So it was that Jazzmin the Heavy created a totally new sport, the cuntest, and a totally new class of sports heroine, the woman with the strongest labial muscles in the known world.

The elements of the cuntest were few and simple. Equipment consisted of standard-sized Oscar Mayer wieners, weighing one and three fifths ounces each. The "playing area" was a floor, or any other flat, smooth, uncluttered surface. The object was for each cuntestant to propel a wiener from her vagina while in a squatting position. Distance was measured from the rear of the wiener to the vaginal opening. Best out of three shots won.

The exacting standards of the cuntest left little room for the entry of pretenders, charlatans, and self-promoters such as Bobby Riggs.

Jazzmin the Heavy decided that the world's first-ever cuntest would be held in Magnolia, Washington, a small seaside village near Seattle. Entry blanks were circulated world-wide.

After a careful screening of returned entry forms, Jazzmin invited the five highest scorers to the big cunt-out.

The great day arrived and a winner was found. The prohibitive champion, the woman with the world's strongest labial muscles, was Ms. Maryanne Michaels of Florence, Oregon, with a wiener shot of 14¾ inches. "I am so honored to receive this trophy," said a tearful Ms. Michaels. "What a void this has filled in my life!" In second place, by an eyelash difference of three quarters of an inch, was "The Mystery Guest," a woman from Bellingham, Washington, who, "due to her social standing," was neither identified nor photographed.

After the cuntest, Jazzmin the Heavy reports, "The party moved down to the lovely Magnolia beach for a singing of the Oscar Mayer song and a wienie roast." There will definitely be a second cuntest in the near future, Ms. Jazzmin says, advising that all would-be cuntestants should "keep on wanging those wienies."

Unlike few other visionaries, Jazzmin the Heavy has lived to see her dream become reality. —FRED HAVENS

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Illustration by Gilbert Stone

After Dark on the Glitter Circuit

A straight checks out the action in the burgeoning network of gay cabarets

by Lucian K. Truscott IV

It is dark in the theater as we await the start of the show. On my left, I can feel the soft brushing of a feather boa. It is a black feather boa. Onstage, we can hear noises, the usual pre-rock-and-roll-show noises: moving equipment, guitars getting a last-minute tune. But this is not your usual rock-and-roll show. We are in a small loft theater on Manhattan's Lower West Side, and this show is called Wayne County at the Trucks. I have come to this hot, stuffy theater full of strange people to investigate what has been described to me as "extreme glitter." This is only part of a much larger investigation I have undertaken, but already I sense it will be an important part. The larger investigation has already taken me to three states and five cities, where I spent most of my time late at night checking out what can best be termed for the moment the cabaret circuit. I don't know if this girl sitting next to me is

GLITTER CIRCUIT *After a while, talking to weird people in weird places about the most intimate part of their lives is like asking people what breakfast food they like.*

part of the cabaret circuit or not, but as soon as I work up my nerve, I'm going to ask her. Then I'll ask her about her sex life.

It's been going like this for three weeks now, and I've actually gotten used to it. Normally, I'm a real flop as a reporter—I'm shy when it comes to interviewing people; I prefer to hang back around the fringes and . . . spy. But after a while, talking to weird people in weird places about the most intimate part of their lives is like asking people what breakfast food they like. I've loosened up now, and pretty soon I'm going to jump into this scene with both feet, plumb the bastard right to its roots.

The cabaret circuit is really an amalgam of several scenes. There is the "extreme glitter" phenomenon, which I'm exploring this instant, and there are others, equally peculiar, such as the gay dance hall, the 1930s night club, and the gay bathhouse. It's all been rather strange for me—as straight a character as you'd ever want to meet—investigating all this weirdness. Extreme glitter, I've been warned, is liable to take number-one position in weirdness. I am prepared.

Ah! The lights are up! I can see a large panel. It says WAYNE COUNTY AT THE TRUCKS. The panel is turning . . . turning . . . now it's the face of a huge gaudy woman with a wide-open mouth. A guitar sends a screeching ripple of sound across the stage, and there is movement within the woman's mouth. Lights are flickering. A diaphanous curtain has been drawn across the stage. More movement within the mouth. Someone backstage mutters, "Oh, fuck." Now the movement has taken shape. We see a woman, similar in appearance to the one on the panel. More guitar ripples, louder now, an ugly, horrible sound. The woman is shoving herself through the mouth, she's almost out now. Ah, there she is!

"Ladies and, uh, gentlemen," a voice booms from a massive bank of speakers, "Wayne County!"

Wayne County is dressed in a sequined tutu adorned with row upon row of inflated prophylactics—pink, bulging, nippled prophylactics. Huge breasts are perched upon the chest of Wayne County, and the legs, shapely indeed, are covered by net stockings. And Wayne County's shoes, well, they can't really be called shoes . . . they are gigantic fiberglass cocks and balls. The cock on each foot is pointing forward and up—obviously an erect cock—forming the toe and body, and the balls form the heels of the shoes. Wayne County, garishly rouged and painted with arching eyebrows and ruby lips, approaches the mike, stumbling in the cock-ball pumps. The band, behind and to the left, is really cranking now, emanating a rough but loud approximation of early Stones riffs.

"So that's Wayne County, huh?" I bellow at the black-boaed girl next to me, my nerve having risen sufficiently to begin the interview. She turns toward me and grins widely, showing perfect teeth.

"Yeah, that's him!" she screams back. "Isn't he far-out? I mean, like really far-out?" She's really yelling now, the band having raised its volume another ten decibels or so. "I go with the guitar player. That's him, in the white T-shirt," she screams, pointing out a thin figure standing at the edge of the stage. "He's far-out."

Wayne County begins to sing. His voice has a kind of coarse attractiveness, not an edge, but it's getting there. Behind him, two pretty boys wearing Jockey shorts and women's Gucci-type shoes are dancing maniacally. Behind them, two leather boys are cracking whips. One is wearing the classic Brando thousand-mission crushed-leather motorcycle hat. The other has a tight-fitting leather flying helmet, circa 1917. They are snarling at one another.

The song is a very dirty song. Wayne County sticks a large tongue out at the audience, rolls it around his mouth, and screams "fuck," "shit," "cunt," "asshole," and other such expletives. Halfway through the song, he turns around, makes a savage rush at the pretty boys, and rips off their shorts. Each is wearing a tiny, almost invisible G string over his privates. Attached to each G string is a large, unwieldy, inflated prophylactic, similar to those on Wayne County's tutu. The two boys feign going down on one another. Wayne County stands next to them, pointing his gloved finger, singing something—I really can't make it out—to the effect that "It's gonna go far, you better be ready," or something like that. It really doesn't matter. The point has been made, and it will be made tediously for the next hour, that anything, *anything* is permissible now, and we better be ready for it.

During all of this activity onstage, the girl wearing the black boa and low-cut 1940s-style dress is bouncing up and down in her seat. Occasionally she lets out a shriek or a moan. Straight through it all she grins widely. Wayne County is her favorite rock act, she tells me, next to David Bowie. "Are you into David Bowie?" she asks. I nod affirmatively. "He's the farthest out. Like he's into guys and he's into chicks. I could dig him, you know, I mean . . ." her voice trails off. "I could dig David Bowie, because he's like, so . . ." again the voice trails off, leaving behind a wide, blank grin. I nod affirmatively.

The girl, I learn, is 19. She is from upstate New York. She sells eyeglasses on 86th Street during the day and hangs out in the back room of Max's Kansas City at night. She has been in New York four months, and she is deep into the extreme glitter scene. The guitar player, she's deep into him, too, but as part of the scene, not particularly sexually. Talking to her between songs and after the show, I got an empty, formless vibe from her, a vibe I had come across during other portions of the investigation. She was—how to put it?—asexual. There was no grit, no smell, nothing naughty and sexy and nice about her.

"Could you make it with Wayne County?" I asked her.

"I don't know . . . I guess so," she replied, rather uncertainly. "He's not really into making it, but he really gets off on people. Boys and girls. You know."

"Did you meet your boyfriend at Max's?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"Do you all live together?"

"No."

"Well, what's up? I mean, what kind of a scene do you have with him?"

"We just kind of really get off on each other, you know? And we both get off on Wayne and David Bowie."

"Are you bisexual?" I wanted to probe this girl, get her to tell me everything. I wanted total data. She was apparently willing to give it to me; she talked incessantly between numbers and liked the idea of being interviewed. But there seemed to be a lack of data.

"I guess so," she answered, with a questioning look, that same grin on her face. "I don't know. I just kinda like everybody, you know? I'm like Wayne. I get off on people."

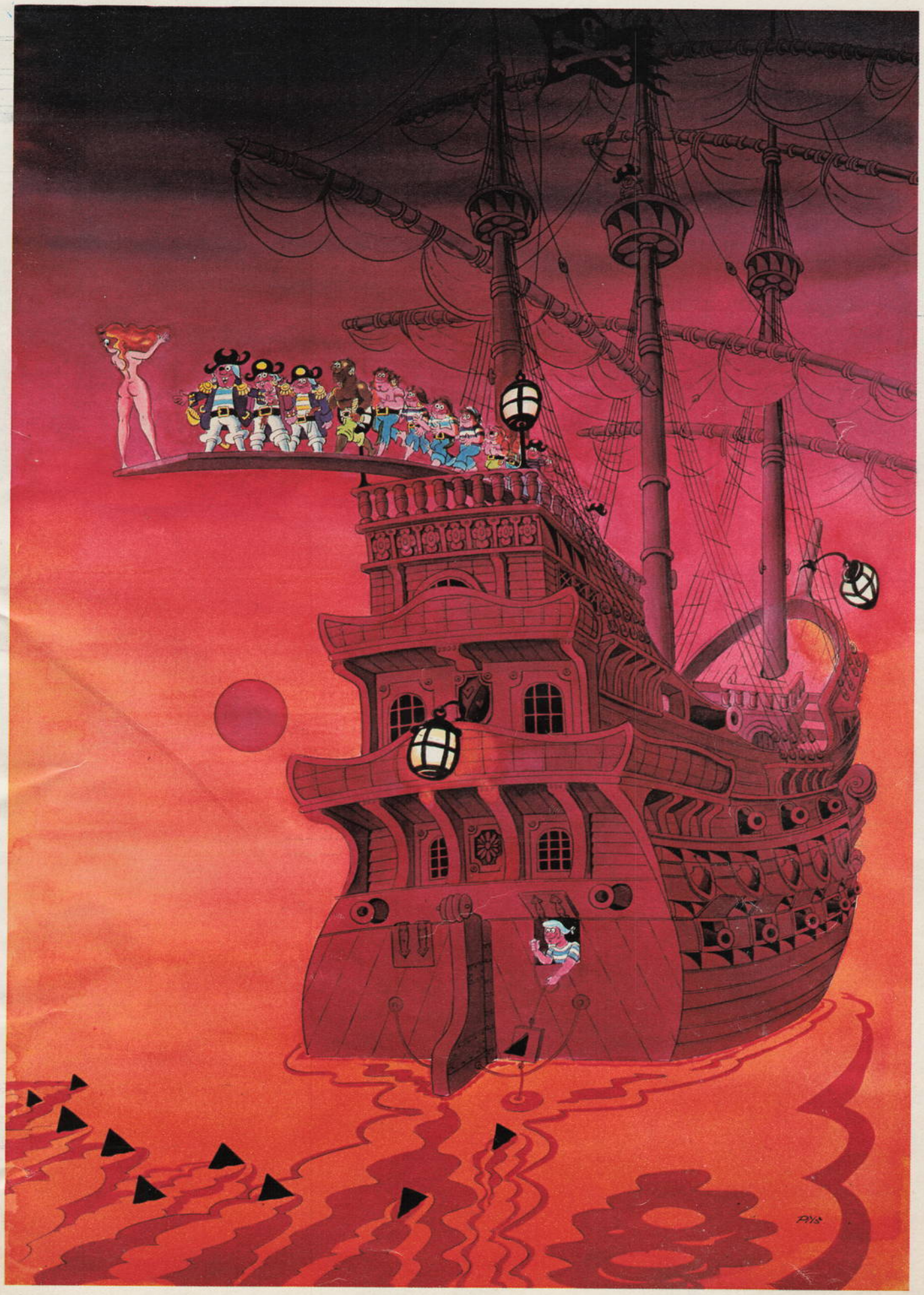
"Have you and your boyfriend ever been to bed with Wayne?" I ask, going deeper now, looking for dirt, sex, anything but that insipid grin.

"No . . . I don't think so."

"Would you like to?"

Another puzzled look. Same grin. "I don't know. You know. If it happened and it was groovy, you know, it might be far-out."

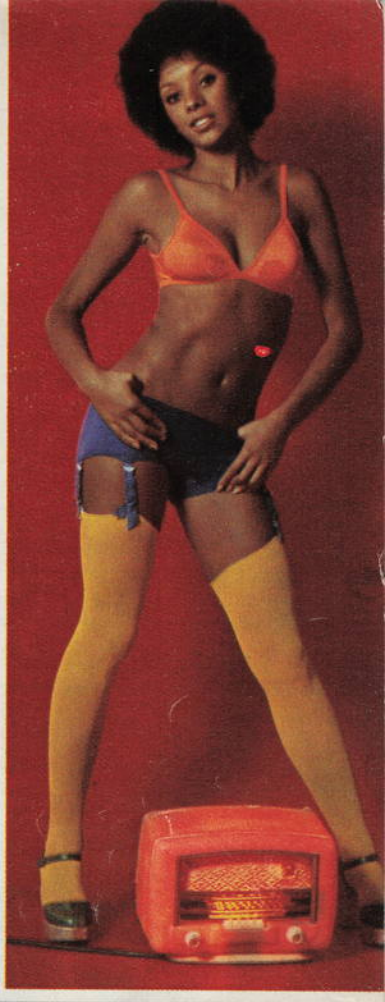
Onstage Wayne County is going through more gyrations with dildos and other mechanical sexual paraphernalia. He sings a song that seems to be about dictating sexual modes and mates and desires. Appropriately, he wears a military tunic with two upside-down galvanized-steel funnels for breasts. The crowd applauds that one loudly. The girl bounces up and down, up and down, grinning and *(Continued on page 50)*

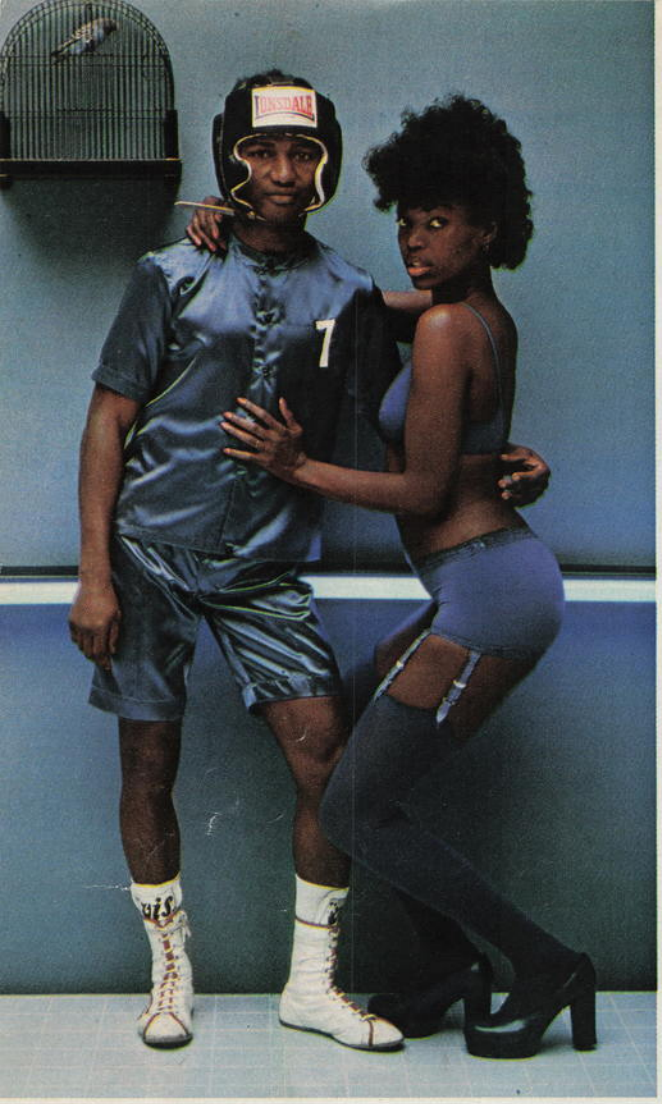


Q.
WHY IS THIS WOMAN WEARING GARTERS?
A.
TO KEEP HER STOCKINGS UP.

GARTERS THROUGH THE AGES

Two thousand years ago, man invented the garter. It held up stockings—at first, heavy socks worn for warmth; later, sheer stockings worn for pleasure. Garters were, in those times, more or less glorified ribbons. The garter belt (subject of our photographic essay) didn't appear until 1886. It boomed until 1900, when corsets sprouted suspenders. Snaps dangled from the legs, and the bottom fell out of the belt game. But as the century got sexier, in the twisted Twenties, women at home—lying on their tigers, listening to their radios, playing with their boas—began to realize that the garter belt was more than just utilitarian. It was a new sexy texture: elastic and lace. It was a new visual—thin tight lines of fabric drawn against luscious thighs. Corsets came back strong with the Depression, but, by 1974, garter belts were all the rage again. Forces of repression blamed Marx—Karl, Groucho, and birth. But it was no use. The garter had snapped back. Garters go anywhere. Say you're easing downtown to





meet your steady pugilist, Jimmy "Canary" Yellow, the one who wears those weird Lycra sweatshirts and tires out his sparring partners by reciting, in order, the winners of the Coty awards from 1947 to the present. A bad set of garters might make all the difference. And later, after you've made love in the chair and he's kept his gloves on the whole time, you can drown your disappointment by revealing your garters as you sink against the slick leather, wondering where George Foreman is and what he's doing tonight. Jimmy has a soft spot in his heart for garters because sweat socks are the functional opposite of nylons, and besides, they always fall down. He will immediately alter his attention when garters enter a room. They soothe him. Jack O'Betty, world-famous Irish fash-

GARTERS ARE CORRECT FOR ANY OCCASION

ion photographer, shown here during a typical slow Tuesday, says he wouldn't let his models wear anything but garter belts. "The line of the belt is so pure," he says. "It reminds me of wild hickory nuts." Today's model, the lovely Anne Marie, says she adores the look and feel of garters, but does not care to discuss the matter further. "I have fallen in love with a bannister," she explains, "and he's very jealous." At last report, photographer O'Betty was contemplating suing the newel-post for alienation of affection. The garters may be called as witnesses.

"She has become impossible to work with," O'Betty says. "Her behavior is quite strange. Her purse is filled with acorns, from which she says big things will come, and sandpaper."

The most famous

FASHION PHOTOGRAPHERS LOVE GARTERS, USUALLY TO EXCESS

GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER

and elusive garter of all was Gertie's garter. To get it, men tried all the tricks. They telephoned Gertie pretending to be zoo keepers. They sent men to her door to abuse her gladiolas. They hurled beef Wellington through her windows. They sang lewd songs in Portuguese. But Gertie stuck by her garters. "What's the big deal?" she asked Rhett Torickly, her boyfriend. "A garter's a garter, no?" Rhett wasn't wearing his riding boots and leather jacket for nothing. "Quick, bitch," he said, "lay those garters on me or I'll whup you back to Marseilles." Gertie was game but confused. "Considering your socioeconomic background, I can empathize with your insensate cultural rage," she said, "but surely we have come a long way in 20 years, and your aspirations are now shared by the vast majority of citizens, myself not the least among them." Replied Rhett: "You can keep your garters, baby, I'm going to start my own movement." "*Cinque!*" cried Gertie. "You're welcome," said Rhett.

GLITTER CIRCUIT *Laura Kenyon got her start at the Baths. She brought the house down as she sang* Candy Store Blues *and tossed poppers as she swung a yellow boa around her head.*

(Continued from page 40) grinning and grinning. Extreme glitter. Far out.

•

The gay club circuit is a phenomenon in itself, within the wider world of the gay/hip. It has its roots, I guess, in the meteoric rise to stardom of Bette Midler after she was discovered at the Continental Baths. The Baths, or as Midler calls it, "the Tubs," is a gay bathhouse on Manhattan's Upper West Side that began booking acts a couple of years ago and opening its doors to the straight world on weekends. It's camp, it's hip, it's far-out—and only the beginning of a night-life scene that has spread throughout urban America.

Laura Kenyon got her start at the Baths, too, and is one of a dozen or so girl singers currently working the club circuit. A year and a half ago at the Baths, she brought the house down as she sang *Candy Store Blues* and tossed poppers as she swung a yellow boa around her head. "That got a bit expensive," she says, "so now I throw real candy." She gives the boys candy she figures "they'll get off on"—Big Hunk, Red Whip, Good'n'Fruity, Mounds, Big Cherry, and Powerhouse. The boys love it.

Today it's San Francisco. Laura is appearing at the Cabaret–After Dark on Montgomery, just off Broadway, right in the center of North Beach. Cabaret–After Dark, I discover, is a nationwide syndicate. I will visit one just like it in L. A.: front bar, cabaret, and gigantic upstairs ballroom for dancing. There's one in Boston and soon, it's said, they'll be opening in New York, Atlanta, and Houston.

The dressing room she's in bespeaks the trials of the trade. It is a ten-by-six-foot room, one mirror, one Formica counter, three chairs, a pipe rack, make-up kit in a fishing-tackle box, a hair dryer, steam hair rollers, telephone, hot plate, instant coffee, sugar, spoons, fake cream, stark white walls, and no soundproofing. Right outside the door, a $100,000 sound system blares rhythm and blues past the human ear's tolerance level, and the boys dance.

Laura Kenyon sits there, her hair in rollers, some kind of strange cream on her face, a filmy dressing gown across her shoulders, tits hanging out. She stands up and pulls on a red vampy lamé dress with spaghetti straps, pushing her chest to fit the front. On her left wrist is an unwieldy rhinestone bracelet. Off come the curlers. Up goes her strawberry hair, into curls and wing-tips and bounces and softness.

"You're sexy," I say, taking a swig from a half-pint of Jack Daniel's we're drinking.

"Shut up. You're making me laugh when I know how tragic all this shit is. Hand me that tape recorder." I hand her the recorder, and to a tinny do-re-mi tape she begins warming up the husky, dark voice.

"I'll tell you what this is," says Laura Kenyon, standing up again and wrapping and rewrapping a red feather boa around her skinny shoulders. "This is scary, that's what it is. Everything is against me. Time. Time is against me. You're compared to everybody all the time. Right now, you're sitting there comparing me to somebody . . . Bette Midler . . . somebody. Well, I'm not goddamn Bette Midler! I'm me! All I've got to show for myself is my insecurities. My head is months and months ahead of what I'm doing right now. So I gotta rehearse two months ahead in my head. It's hell, and feeling like I'm in hell makes me work better."

"Hey, I didn't mean to drive you crazy," I say, weakly. "Sit down. Relax."

"No, man. You're hanging around my dressing room, and you want to know all about Laura Kenyon, right? OK. I never relax. I'm just concentrating on one thing, and that's the audience. I'm concentrating on not losing them, because when I do I can't sleep. I love those boys out there. I love clubs like this, because they give me a chance to work for myself on their time. They give me the benefit of the doubt, a chance to be myself, a chance to do jazz, a chance to experiment. Nobody's telling me to do this or do that, be this way or be that. Those gay boys are a blessing. They've got so much love, and they're so free with it! I'll walk out there tonight and put them down, and they'll love it! I can walk out there and tell them all my troubles, cry on their shoulders, talk about my pain, and they'll love that, too! These clubs are to the Seventies what the coffee houses along MacDougal Street were to the Sixties—places where nobodies like me can come and try for the big time. Bette Midler is our Bob Dylan. We're breaking new ground, and it's great."

"Hey, Laura, we got two minutes," yells one of the band, a black bass player who looks like he's seen a club or two in his time.

"A lot of times, man, my body just aches, because I'm carrying the suitcases, I'm carrying those damn hatboxes, and I'm checking out of this hotel and heading for that one, and there's nobody there to meet me or pick me up. I'm wasted and waiting for a cab, and then I get where I'm going and I go onstage and start singing, and it comes out so good. Hey! You guys ready? Let's go."

Wham, out the door and down the stairs for show number two of three shows a night, six nights a week, one week after the next. Her act needs polish, it needs a little direction, it needs time, but it doesn't need professionalism. She leans against the piano and does *I Was an Innocent Child*. Sounds nice. She lays down a hip, speedy rap between numbers, puts down "the interviewer, first one I ever had," along with everything else.

•

Beverly Hills. Across from me in the bar is a guy in an L. A. supershirt. The supershirt is very big in Beverly Hills this year. A filmy, flimsy thing with long, pointed collars, it's the male equivalent of the woman's see-through and show-off number. Printed on its flowing, diaphanous material are elaborate figures of swordfish, elephants, ostriches, and pink flamingos, all jumping over one another in a game of bright, elegant leapfrog. Supershirt is standing in front of a traffic light—a real one—at the corner of the bar, and it blinks red/yellow/green, throwing colored light through the shirt, reflecting from Mylar panels on the walls, blinking all over the room in stop-and-go confusion. Next to Supershirt is a guy wearing silvery, shimmering make-up, blue eye shadow, and an eagle hand-painted on his forehead. He's wearing a red leather jacket with mink trim, purple velvet pants, and glitter-dipped platform shoes. There are 50 guys in the bar, all bumping and grinding to excruciatingly loud music, and tonight lots of them are wearing bright leather with fur and velvet.

This branch of Cabaret–After Dark is L. A.'s hippest, farthest-out, most elegant night club and discotheque; the line between fantasy and reality disappears altogether, leaving a vacuum, a perfect environment in which anything can and does happen. In the fantasy capital of the world, Cabaret–After Dark is where people go to push things a little farther; it's the edge of the edge, an almost mystical ground between good and evil, day and night, real and unreal.

Everyone here looks so . . . pretty. Over there, near the entrance, is a group of guys who look like they just stepped off a Beach Boys album cover. The classic California-surfer look, preserved perfectly: white Levi's, white tennis shoes with white socks, T-shirts with wide red and blue horizontal stripes. Atop dark, tanned faces are carefully coiffed mops of surfer-blond hair, swept back—just so—as if blown by the wind. Pair by pair, they wander off to the ballroom in the back of the place to dance in the sound emitted by 20 massive speaker enclosures, *(Continued on page 104)*

PRESENTS WITH FUTURES

Christmas gifts bought at auction that keep their value all year long

by David Stevens

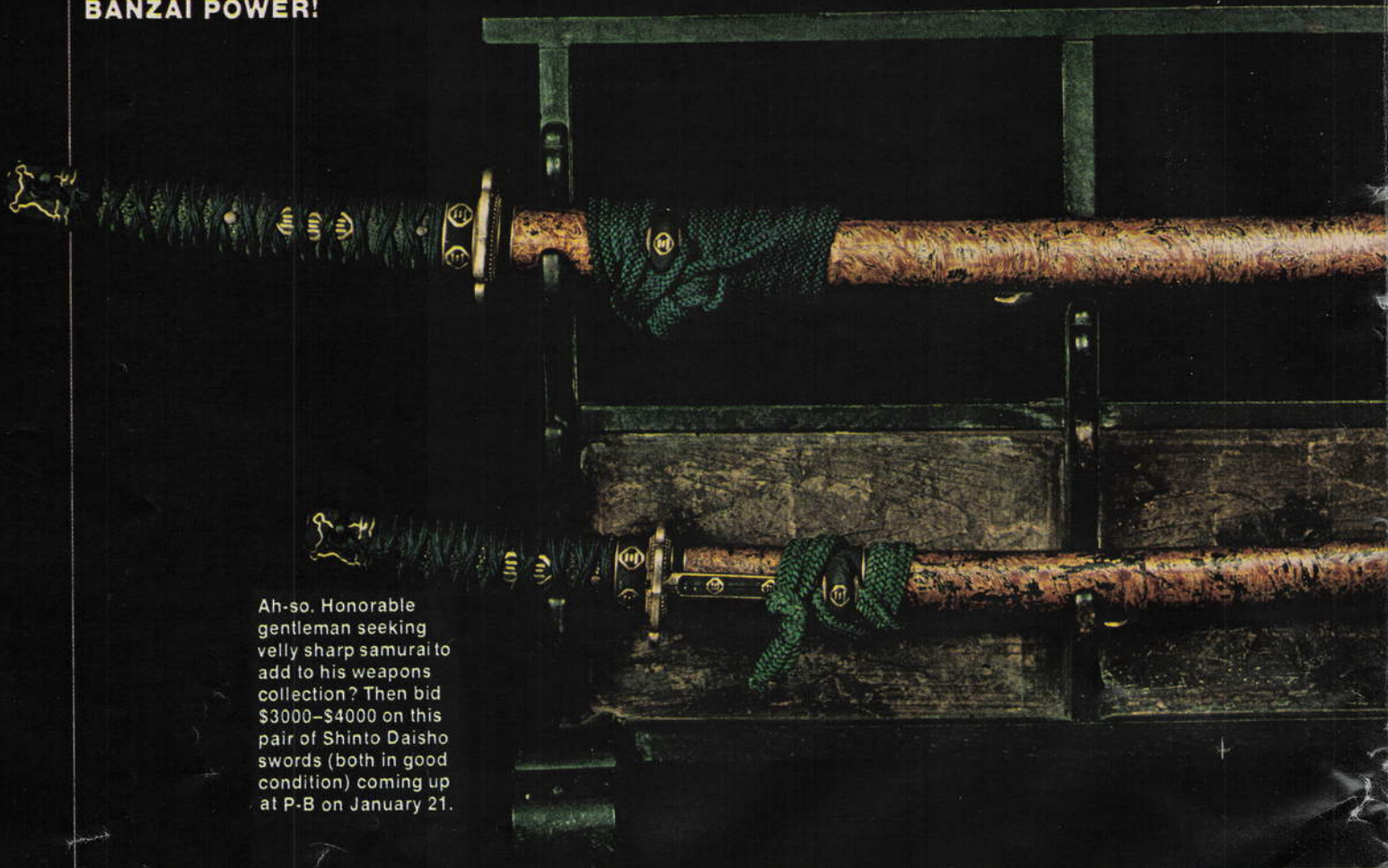
It was that squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner Ambrose Bierce, not Ebenezer Scrooge, who once described Christmas as "a day set apart and consecrated to gluttony, drunkenness, maudlin sentiment, gift taking, public dullness, and domestic behavior." Especially gift taking. Badly designed, poorly made, easily broken gifts that after a few weeks (or days) are about as useful as chimney smoke.

There *is* an alternative to this annual erosion of hard-earned dollars, of course, and that's to give a gift that keeps on giving—one whose value goes up instead of down. And how do you give an investment? Through an auction house, where the heavyweight materialists acquire their treasures. The best known is Manhattan's Parke-Bernet galleries (also called Sotheby Parke-Bernet) at 980 Madison Avenue. (The name, incidentally, is pronounced Ber-*net*, not Ber-*nay*). Outside Parke-Bernet, up on the white sandstone wall above the plate-glass doors, is a huge aluminum statue depicting a well-stacked Venus attempting to seduce a giant figure of Manhattan, a mission that must now be declared accomplished, as Parke-Bernet recently announced record sales of $69,393,154 for the season just ended. A goodly percentage of that figure came from the wallets of shrewd collectors who not only knew a good thing when they saw one but had the courage to acquire it, knowing that in

HANDSOME AND RARE

Coins to be auctioned in late November at Stacks, the largest coin dealer in the U.S. The big one is a Polish 100-ducat gold piece, worth maybe $100,000. The smaller ones, from top to bottom, are a pioneer $10 California gold piece, worth $25,000; a colonial Pine Tree shilling, worth $1250; and a very scarce $50 California gold piece, worth $100,000. This same sale (and the others mentioned in these pages) will also feature many items in the $20–$50 range.

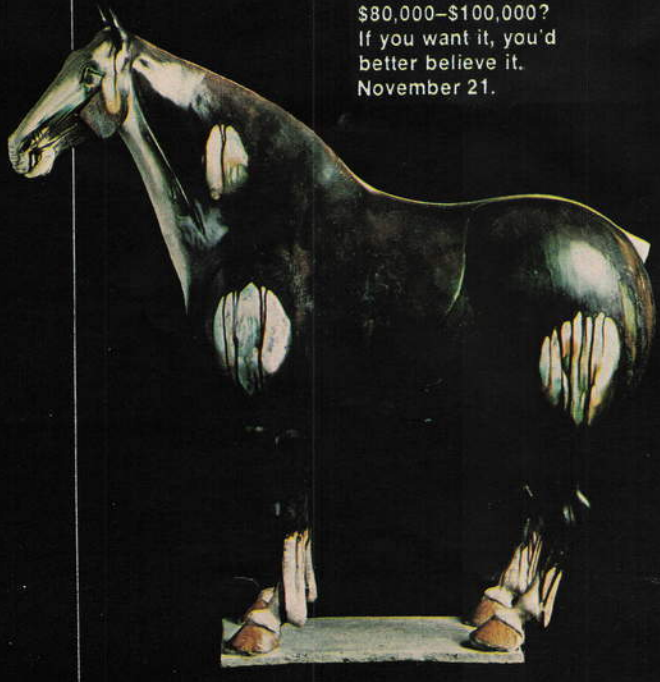
BANZAI POWER!



Ah-so. Honorable gentleman seeking velly sharp samurai to add to his weapons collection? Then bid $3000–$4000 on this pair of Shinto Daisho swords (both in good condition) coming up at P-B on January 21.

HIGH HORSE

Would you believe this glazed pottery figure of a Fereghan horse (T'ang Dynasty) stands almost 32 inches high and features rare turquoise eyes? Would you believe P-B says $80,000–$100,000? If you want it, you'd better believe it. November 21.



BILL WITH BOOBS

This $5 silver certificate from the series of 1896 showed Grant and Sherman on the front and a well-endowed allegorical figure of electricity on the back. This was too much for smut-hunter Anthony Comstock, who forced the Treasury to recall the dirty dollars and destroy them. Survivors are scarce and are now regarded as the most beautiful paper currency ever issued by the Federal Treasury. The bill shown here will be auctioned at Stacks on November 20 and should bring $400 or $500.

As if you didn't know, this ivory bauble in the form of a grazing horse is called a netsuke. Shikomosa carved him and for that P-B says you'd better figure on ponying up at least $10,000. Same sale.

More Nipponese martial-arts accouterments. This one's a 19th Century Kolo Aikuchi with black lacquer and silver mounts. Maybe $2000–$3000. Maybe more. January 21.

NOBLE ROMANS

A Roman bronze oenochoë (that's a wine pitcher) in the form of a crouching Pan tooting on his pipes is coming up at P-B November 22. The handle's missing, so you might luck out for $1500–$2500. Then again, maybe not.

Here you see a Greco-Roman marble head of a divinity, possibly Dionysus. First Century A.D., modeled after a Greek original from the Fourth Century B.C. November 22 at P-B and $8000–$12,000 for this handsome devil.

LADY AND THE LAMP

Yes, friends, what to your wandering eyes does appear below but a Tiffany wisteria lamp that should bring $12,000–$15,000. The art-deco dancing girl is signed by Demetre Chiparus and should exceed $15,000. (Didn't we throw one of those away once?) Both November 26 at P-B, of course.

time the item will be just like money in the bank—maybe even better.

Of course, at Parke-Bernet, as with all auction houses, you pay your money and you take your chances as to whether an object is being sold at fair market value. Christie's of London, Parke-Bernet's prestigious competitor, recently sold a boxed piece of Queen Victoria's wedding cake, described as "slightly crumbled" and resembling a dog biscuit, to a collector in Tasmania for $154. Strange place, Tasmania. Then again, someday wedding-cake memorabilia might be all the rage. At most any sale at Parke-Bernet when, say, there's an old Russian silver and shaded-enamel goblet by Fabergé coming up (as there is at the sale December fifth through the seventh), you know you're fishing with the heavies. Dealers and wheeler-dealers. Collectors like Norton Simon, who sends Stephen Hahn to do his bidding. Cast wisely, or you'll not only lose your bait but your rod, line, hook, sinker, pants, and shirt, too.

Assuming you're not on the mailing list of Parke-Bernet (or whatever major auction house you choose to deal with) the best way to learn about a forthcoming sale is to check your local Sunday newspaper (*The New York Times* for Parke-Bernet) or pick up a copy of *Connoisseur* or *Art News* magazine. Then either drop by the auction house or write for a catalogue. Depending on the quality of the sale, the catalogue will usually include a brief description of each item, perhaps with measurements, date of origin, miscellaneous facts about the history of the piece, and a description of any major damage that might affect the price. Note that we said *major damage*. In most cases (books and print sales excluded), this does not include the listing of chips, stains, dings, dents, dimples, nicks, and scratches. To quote John Marion,

Parke-Bernet's president, "If we mention *one* stain or restoration, then why not *another*? After all, this is *used* merchandise and it's sold 'as is.'"

OK, so it's you against whatever auction house you've chosen. With your catalogue firmly in hand, take a walk through the gallery and see what's to your liking. If you're going to bid on something, get to know it first. Turn it over. Check for repairs, expert or amateur. Check for missing parts. Drawer pulls from Regency chests aren't easy to come by. Ask an attendant what the piece is expected to bring (many catalogues include price estimates). If you think the presale guess is unduly high, don't be afraid to bring in your own expert. Should you not be able to examine an article personally, badger the auction house into giving you a "condition" report, preferably in writing.

If you're in the market for paintings or sculpture, be aware that an additional element of jiggery-pokery often creeps into catalogue listings. When a catalogue indicates that a certain oil was done by, say, Sir Paul Rubens, it's more or less official that the house stands behind the work as being genuine. However, if the artist's name is preceded by the phrase "school of," "follower of," "in the style of," or a similar catch phrase, then *caveat emptor*—the house is letting you know that the item looks like the real McCoy but probably isn't. Also, when the term "attributed to" is followed by an individual's name, this means that the gallery believes the work is genuine although it can offer no definite proof. (Here again, smart money will bring in an expert.) And to add to the confusion, some auction houses will use the description "P.P. Rubens" when an item is in doubt and the succinct "Rubens" if there's *considerable* doubt.

Galleries that don't provide a printed list of "estimates" will give you a

ESKIMO POWER!
Thirty-four inches tall and ugly as sin, this elaborately carved Haida Eskimo pole should set you back $6000–$9000, December 13 at Parke-Bernet.

QUOTH THE RAVEN, "BUY SOME MORE"

The finest edition in existence of Poe's *Tamerlane and Other Poems* will have bibliophiles fainting in their chairs at P-B in late November. Bring $75,000 for openers.

FROM RUSSIA, WITH LOVE

Steady, fella, a silver and enamel goblet by Fabergé coming up at P-B December 5-7. Figure $8000–$10,000. The jeweled cigarette case should sell for $6000.

More Russian storage for your smokes; this one's silver and filigree. Same P-B sale; might bring $600.

Perfect for that ice-cold vodka—an 1849 engraved silver flask from St. Petersburg. P-B says maybe $300.

But of course that's the Moscow skyline on this P-B silver and niello cigar case! Perhaps $150. Cheap!

BIBLE BELT

Book flasks made church-going circa 1849 a less than sobering experience. November 14, at P-B. $250–$350.

PHILATELIC GOODIES

To be auctioned at New York's Robert Siegel Galleries November 20-22. From top: A $4 U. S. stamp from 1893, expected to bring $800; a 65¢ U. S. airmail issued during the brief era of the transatlantic Zeppelins, part of a set of three, worth $900; and a Swiss "Double Geneva" from 1843, expected to bring around $15,000.

EASY VERTU

Myer Myers silver candlesticks (perhaps $15,000) and a Jonathan Clarke tankard (say $5000–$7000) are just two of the sterling investments coming up at P-B's American Heritage sale November 15.

The Swiss 18-kt. gold hunting case chronograph with perpetual calendar and moon-phase dial should bring $4000–$6000 at P-B later this year. Save up!

Figure at least $2000 for this 19th Century India ivory chess set with rooks as elephants bearing cannons, bishops as drummers astride camels, and kings and queens in howdahs—plus a leather carrying case—to go at P-B on December 4.

Photography by Don Azuma

verbal guess. Take such guesses with a grain of salt. They may be falsely high because the owner of the goods has insisted upon a high reserve price—a predetermined fixed price below which goods will not be sold. Last summer, in fact, Parke-Bernet and other New York auction galleries came under heavy investigative fire for their dubious policies on reserves and house ownership of auctioned properties.

Consequently, the latest Parke-Bernet catalogues clearly indicate that "bidders should assume that all lots have protective reserves, even though some lots are offered without reserves." Parke-Bernet now also places a "G" before any lot number that has a guaranteed minimum price. Introduced in 1972, the guaranteed minimum price is likened by them to an insurance policy "against a possible fluctuation in the art market between the date of consignment and the auction sale." Consignors are paid the agreed-upon minimum minus the premium-rate commission (it's seven and one-half percent more than for conventional consignments) when a contract is signed.

If the bidding exceeds the minimum, the consignor receives the difference minus the standard commission. When the minimum is not reached, the lot either goes to the highest bidder (and Parke-Bernet stands the loss) or is retained by Parke-Bernet, who assumes ownership.

If you're unable to attend the auction—and don't wish to send a friend or agent to bid for you (the latter usually charges a commission of ten percent)—you may place a write-in bid with the house and request that they represent you up to that amount. Theoretically, if the competitive bidding stops below your maximum you should obtain the item at a savings. The possible abuses of this form of bidding are obvious, yet the system is used by many collectors, especially those dealing with coin and stamp auction houses. Just remember that if you do attend the auction, cancel your write-in bid or you may be competing against yourself.

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So it's the day of the auction and you're in the audience. Before bidding begins on the items of your choice, decide what you're willing to spend and *stick to it.* (Remember that delivery and repair costs are extra.) Avoid impulse bidding. Sit where you can see the competition and keep a cool head. In this way you won't be bidding against a friend (if that makes any difference) and you probably can spot the dealers. Their interest in a lot is usually an excellent barometer as to whether or not bids asked are still a good value.

Dealers often prearrange subtle signs of acceptance with the auctioneer, such as raising a pencil, nodding slightly, or scratching an ear. Your best bet, however, is to simply hold up your catalogue long enough to catch the auctioneer's eye. (At some auctions you preregister and are issued a large, numbered card; at others you call out your last name or initials and an officer then meanders by to take your deposit and full information.)

"Rings" are a nasty little practice that some dealers use to protect their interests. They work like this: A group of dealers will get together before the auction and agree not to outbid each other on given lots, instead electing one of their group to purchase the works as a representative for all. The ring then meets after the sale and conducts what's known as a "knockdown"—a secret second auction away from all other competition. Although illegal, rings are almost impossible to control.

When playing your hand at an auction, remember that it's usually unwise to respond to the auctioneer's opening suggestion—he's often fishing for a starting price. If no one responds, he'll ask "what am I bid?" or drop the price to the level where he has a taker. At this point, you may wish to respond aggressively—thus hoping to discourage competition—or wait until the flurry of initial offers wanes and then come on strong with a late bid that sounds determined. Whatever you do, however, avoid being whipsawed between two eager beavers out for the same prize. Chances are the price of the lot will go far beyond its fair market value and, if you're the competitive type, you may eventually walk away with a lovely white elephant.

You also might keep in mind the small print found in the front of most auction catalogues, such as the following: *"The auctioneer is not to be held responsible for the correctness of the description or genuineness or authenticity of any lot, and no sale will be set aside on account of any incorrectness, error in cataloguing, or any imperfections not noted. Every lot is sold 'as is' and without recourse."* Title to the item passes when the hammer falls.

Parke-Bernet, however, takes a far more liberal approach to authenticity. They provide a five-year money-back guarantee on any item sold should the over-all description of the piece prove to be substantially inaccurate. Begun in 1973, this guarantee of authenticity was hailed as a giant step for auction-house honesty; prior to it an item proved counterfeit had to be returned to Parke-Bernet within 21 days of the date of sale.

The auctioneer has ended his spiel, his hammer is descending, the word hanging in the air is "gone," and lucky you are now the proud owner of a Russian sterling-silver flask dating from 1849—a steal at $225. How do you pay for the object of your choice? If you're known or have established credit at the gallery where you did your bidding, there'll probably be no problem with deposits or certified checks as part payment toward the total price. If you're not, however, you can expect to pony up at least a 25-percent payment immediately after the item has been knocked down to you, with the remainder due within 72 hours, usually at the same time the merchandise is picked up. (Also be advised that many auction houses are sticklers for certified checks or cash—unless they know you.)

Later, when you've paid up and are waiting for a counterman to bring you your prize from somewhere in the bowels of the auction house, don't let that itch to get your hands on a newly acquired goody blind you to damage or missing pieces, cushions, etc., caused by careless attendants. Carefully look over whatever you've purchased, and don't leave the premises unless you're satisfied it's in the same condition in which you bought it and that *it's all there.*

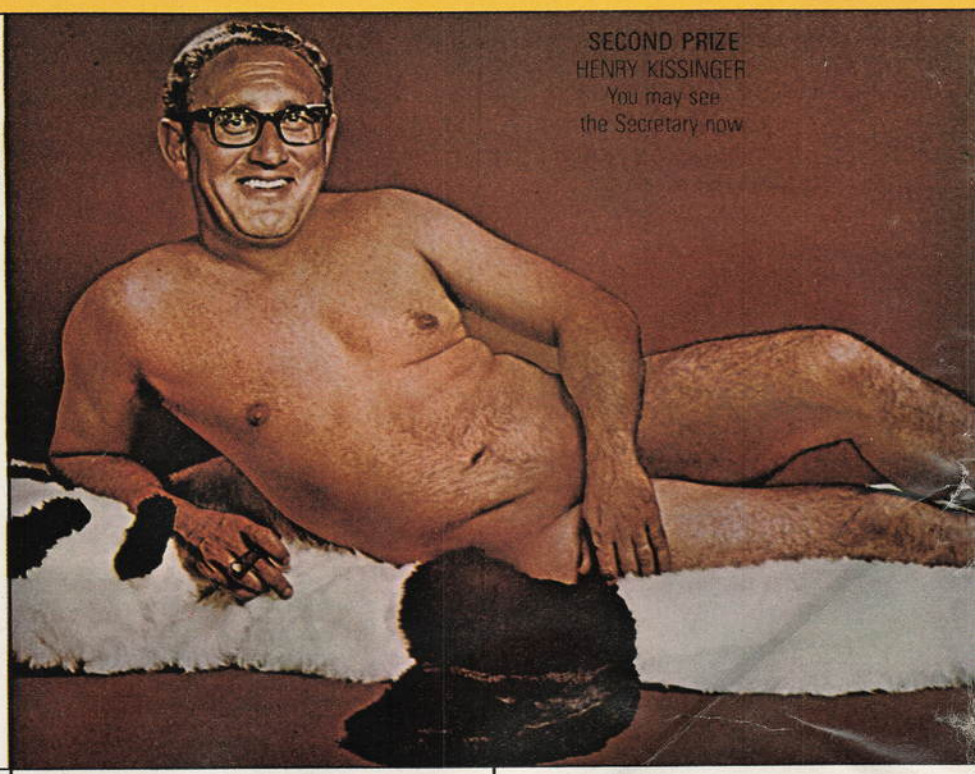
All this leaves you more or less at the mercy of the gallery you've done business with. If you're a bit tardy in paying or renege on your purchase, the house can keep your deposit, if it chooses, and resell the item again at an upcoming auction. Should it go for less than your price, technically, my friend, it is you that makes up the difference. The chances of an auction house bringing this to litigation are slim, but many use this threat as a sword of Damocles to keep the customers in line.

Buying at an auction house is great sport; there's usually more than enough drama and competitive spirit (plus the chance of a real bargain) to send an ambitious bidder's blood pressure higher than the national debt. You're in there matching wits and wallets with the best. And when it's you that's won the prize, a few years hence the auctioneer may be doing your bidding—by putting the property back on the block and earning you a substantial return on your investment. After all, that's what auctioneering is all about. ▣

"We Belgians say, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."
—Bibi Vogel

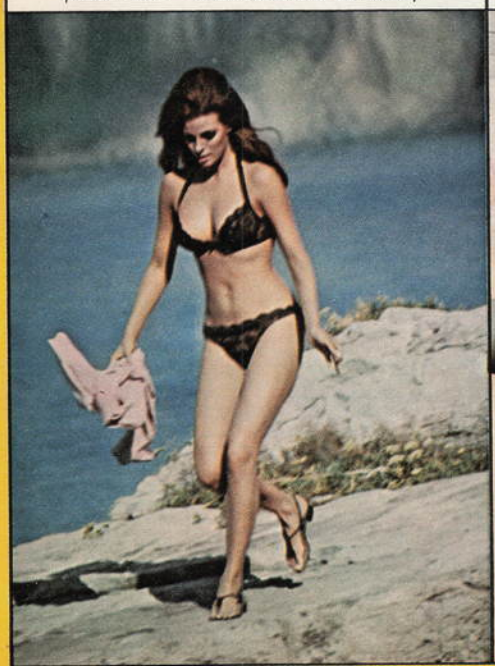
THE 10 WORST UNDRESSED

FIRST PRIZE
CHARLTON HESTON
He just doesn't look the same without his chariot.

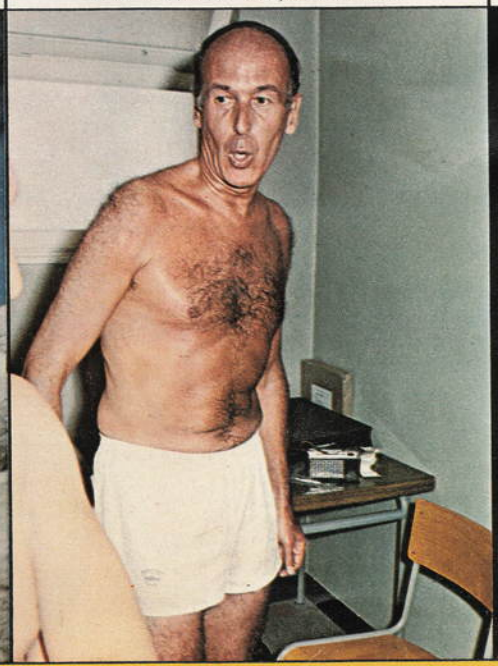


SECOND PRIZE
HENRY KISSINGER
You may see the Secretary now

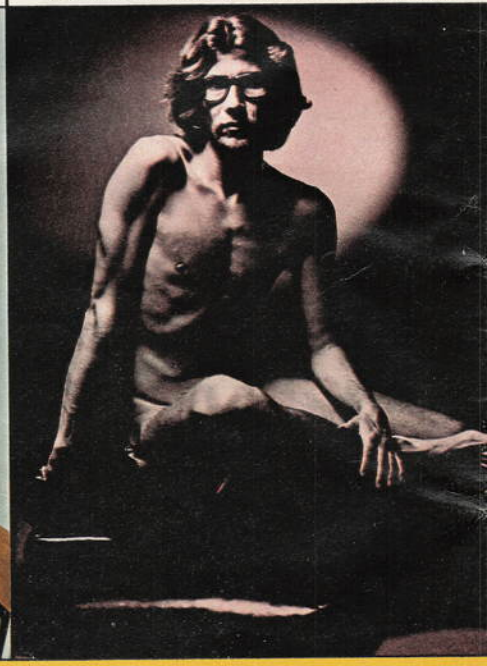
FIRST HONORABLE MENTION
RAQUEL WELCH. She's never posed nude—what could she be hiding?



SECOND HONORABLE MENTION
French President VALERY GISCARD D'ESTAING. Was this part of the job interview?



THIRD HONORABLE MENTION
YVES ST. LAURENT. If he smells as good as he looks, we'll bottle him and call it Rive Gauche



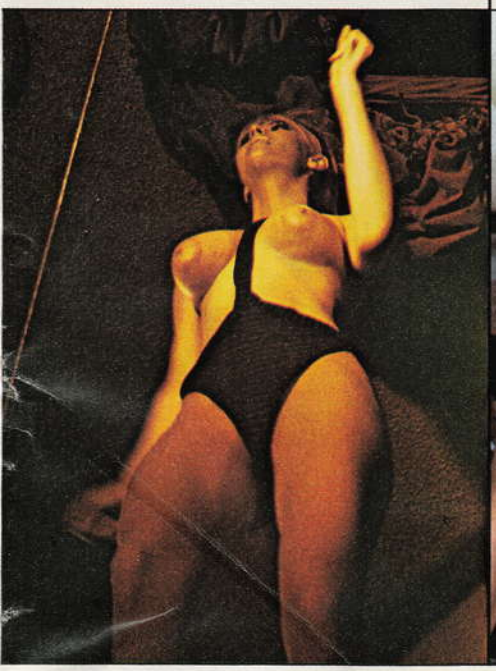
© 1971 by Yves St. Laurent

Mr. Blackwell is the fashion designer who annually unleashes on a suspecting public his candidates for the title of Worst Dressed. He knows fashion, beautiful and ugly; he knows celebrities, beautiful and . . . well, he began to realize that there could be something worse than ugly clothes. A lack of clothes.

On behalf of OUI's Ad Hoc Committee for Public Decency of Heroes and Sandwiches, Mr. Blackwell has compiled history's first Ten Worst *Un*dressed list, comprising those bodies that will always look better fully dressed.

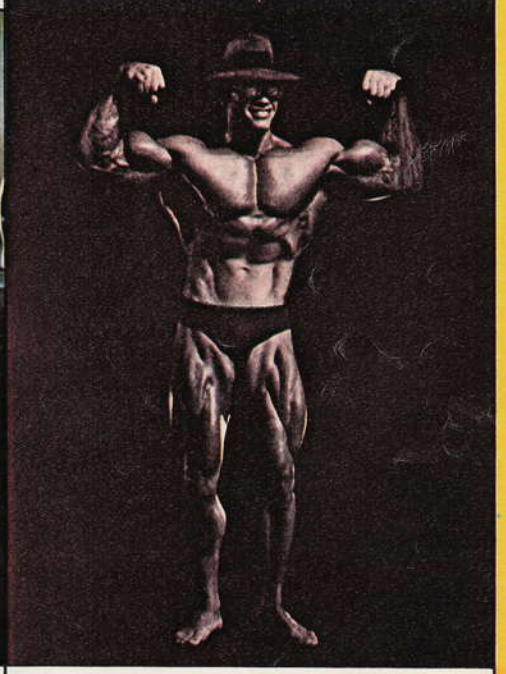
If you spot any of these people undressed in public, you are requested to point your finger and yell, at the top of your voice, "Hey, you! Emperor! Put on some clothes, will ya!"

FIRST RUNNER-UP
CAROL DODA. The girl with the pneumatic look—able to leap tall buildings at a single bound.



SECOND RUNNER-UP
CAROL CHANNING. It's not diamonds that are this girl's best friend—it's her bra.

THIRD RUNNER-UP
ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER. There he is . . . Mr. Universe, an escapee from Mae West.



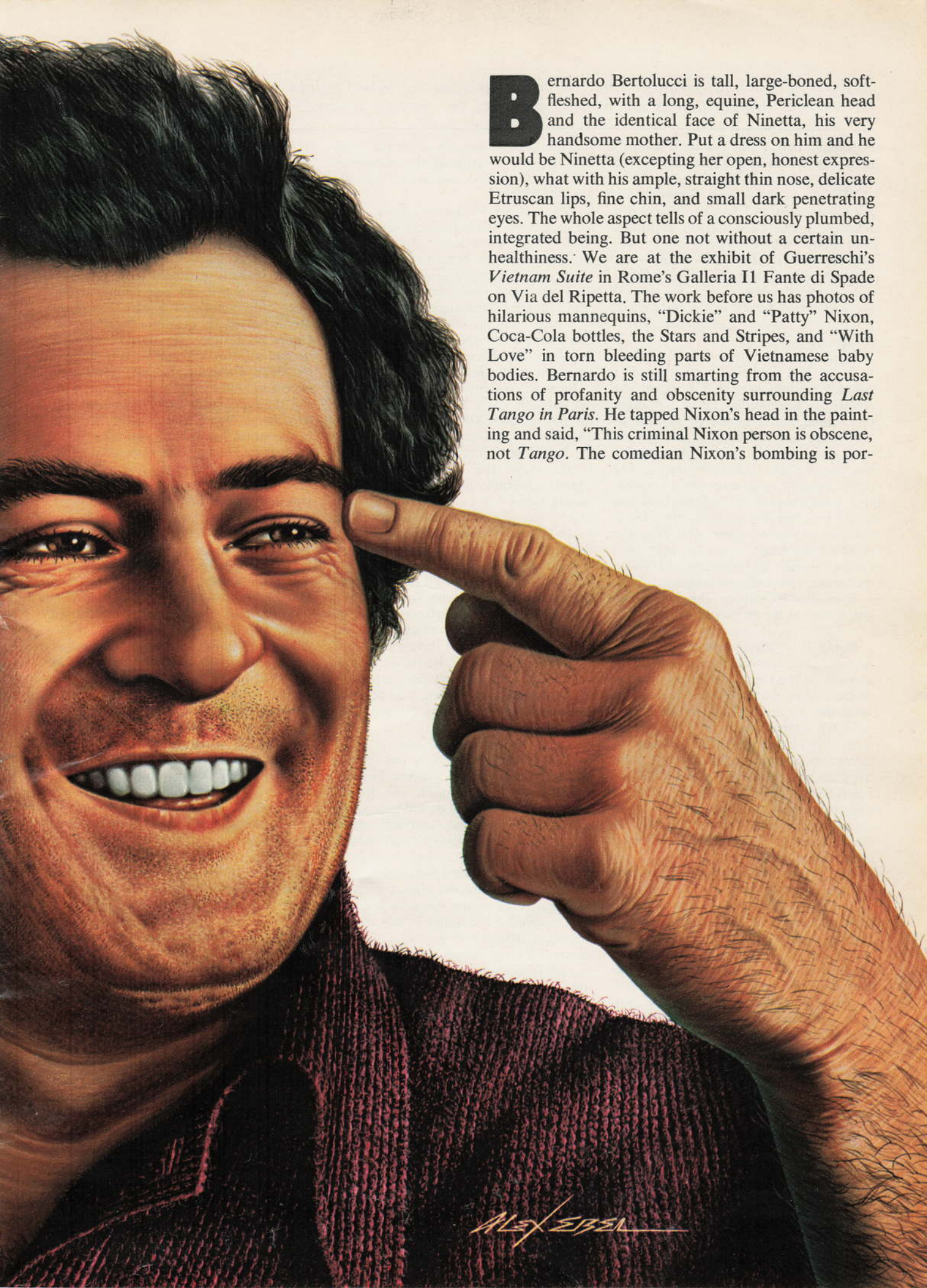
FOURTH HONORABLE MENTION
MICK AND BIANCA JAGGER.
Bianca's the chesty one.

FIFTH HONORABLE MENTION
PRINCESS ANNE.
Royalty must always put up a good front.

THE ROMAN CIRCUS OF BERNARDO BERTOLUCCI

IT'S A LONG WAY FROM PARMA TO STARDOM, BUT A SMALL STICK OF BUTTER HAS HELPED GREASE THE WAY FOR THE CONTROVERSIAL ITALIAN DIRECTOR

BY PIETRO DI DONATO



Bernardo Bertolucci is tall, large-boned, soft-fleshed, with a long, equine, Periclean head and the identical face of Ninetta, his very handsome mother. Put a dress on him and he would be Ninetta (excepting her open, honest expression), what with his ample, straight thin nose, delicate Etruscan lips, fine chin, and small dark penetrating eyes. The whole aspect tells of a consciously plumbed, integrated being. But one not without a certain unhealthiness. We are at the exhibit of Guerreschi's *Vietnam Suite* in Rome's Galleria I1 Fante di Spade on Via del Ripetta. The work before us has photos of hilarious mannequins, "Dickie" and "Patty" Nixon, Coca-Cola bottles, the Stars and Stripes, and "With Love" in torn bleeding parts of Vietnamese baby bodies. Bernardo is still smarting from the accusations of profanity and obscenity surrounding *Last Tango in Paris*. He tapped Nixon's head in the painting and said, "This criminal Nixon person is obscene, not *Tango*. The comedian Nixon's bombing is por-

BERTOLUCCI *I told Bernardo that the posters were better than Fellini's movie. "That's the secret of our cinema; Italian film is not moving pictures, but moving posters."*

nography, and John Wayne's cowardly *Green Berets* is flat perversion, but positively not my *Tango.*

"The two protagonist forces today are Communist and Fascist. The clown Kissinger's detente is a bad, expensive Hollywood movie. There is no in-between reality. The world scene is the idealistic left against the unregenerated right to the absolute death." He studied me and added firmly in his improvised English, "I am a Communist Party membership."

In his gentle hesitant way he wanted to know if I also was a "Socialist." I could have told him that I joined the American Communist party the night the United States murdered my *paesanos* Sacco and Vanzetti in the electric chair. But instead I said: "Communism has become too fucking bourgeois and capitalistically cancerous for my speed. Revolution has missed the true boat and is left with the ship of Judas-mass fools. I'm out to destroy those who have the mark of the beast. I am the man who comes singing and dancing, heralding the Apocalypse and Last Judgment."

Bernardo Bertolucci, the overgrown kid, looked at me perplexed.

•

Rome is a theater where life is a moment-to-moment drama. We went to Rosati's on the Piazza del Popolo for espresso. Gian Carlo Fusco, the writer with the monocle, said to Bernardo, "Our Di Donato is laying the prostitutes. He fancies all the women of Rome, including the skinny one who frightens one into a hard-on, La Fallaci—I don't know how he does it." I said I wish it were so, and added that I had seen Oriana Fallaci in the Italian *Playboy* office, and that all we did was size each other up and nod.

Along the Via del Ripetta, by the Church of Santa Maria Porta Paradisi, is a mortuary. I convinced Bertolucci to go in with me. In a candlelit chamber an old male corpse with artificial flowers tossed on his feet lay awkwardly and disgustingly on a sheeted table. A black-edged poster said the deceased had fought the good Marxist fight and was duly mourned by his staunch Italian Communist Party comrades. None of the assorted weepers recognized us—which was not flattering. The attendant asked Bertolucci if we were relatives.

"We are all related in the scheme," said Bertolucci.

"Ah, yes, *signore,*" said the attendant, "today, with science, the whole fucking world is one village."

As we descended the steps of the cheerless *mortuario funebre* we bumped into Vanno Caruso, wife of the Venetian painter Giulio Turcato. She said she had lived across the street for years and had never entered the house of the dead. Bernardo said to see funerals was good luck.

Titian-haired Vanna—a movie director in her own right (is there anyone in Rome who isn't a movie director?)—is not impressed by Bernardo's brand of communism. Vanna Caruso's father was the Fascist police commissioner of Rome who blithely countersigned Adolph Hitler's order for the reprisal torture and execution of 335 young hostages held in the Adreatine Cave. Communist partisans summarily shot Caruso.

Bernardo's apartment lies on the Via del Babuino above Via Margutta, where the poet-painter Alfonso Gatto and Fellini live. To the left is Monte Pincio, the Park that begins Villa Borghese, and to the right, the Medici palace. The Church of Trinità dei Monti and the exquisite Obelisk look down the Spanish Steps. All Bernardo's belongings were packed, mostly books and metal cases of film reels.

On the terrace commanding this old part of Rome he said, "I'll miss this panorama. There will be an emptiness. I'll have to abandon the plants I have so often talked to. My new place on the Via della Lungara does not have a terrace.

"Walls remember," Bernardo continued. "You yearn for change, especially in the morning. But when it comes, you want to stay. Departures always make one feel traitorous."

In Italy, elegance, the fruit of 3000 years, is the unwritten law tacitly obeyed by all except gypsies, beggars, artists, and saints. Bernardo was dressed in the predictable role of the precocious moviemaker who had "arrived": suede jacket, silk shirt, gaudy neckerchief, Levi's, and tooled cowboy boots. He wanted to go to Clara Schiavolena and ask her to rent him her duplex until his new apartment on the Via della Lungara was renovated according to his design. He, his girlfriend Fiammetta, and I came down to Via del Babuino, a raceway. Although we took precautions before crossing, Bernardo was almost run over by a speeding pretty girl motorcyclist. Bernardo shouted, "You almost killed me!" The girl turned and sang back, "*Vaffa n'culo!*" ("Go get fucked up your ass!")

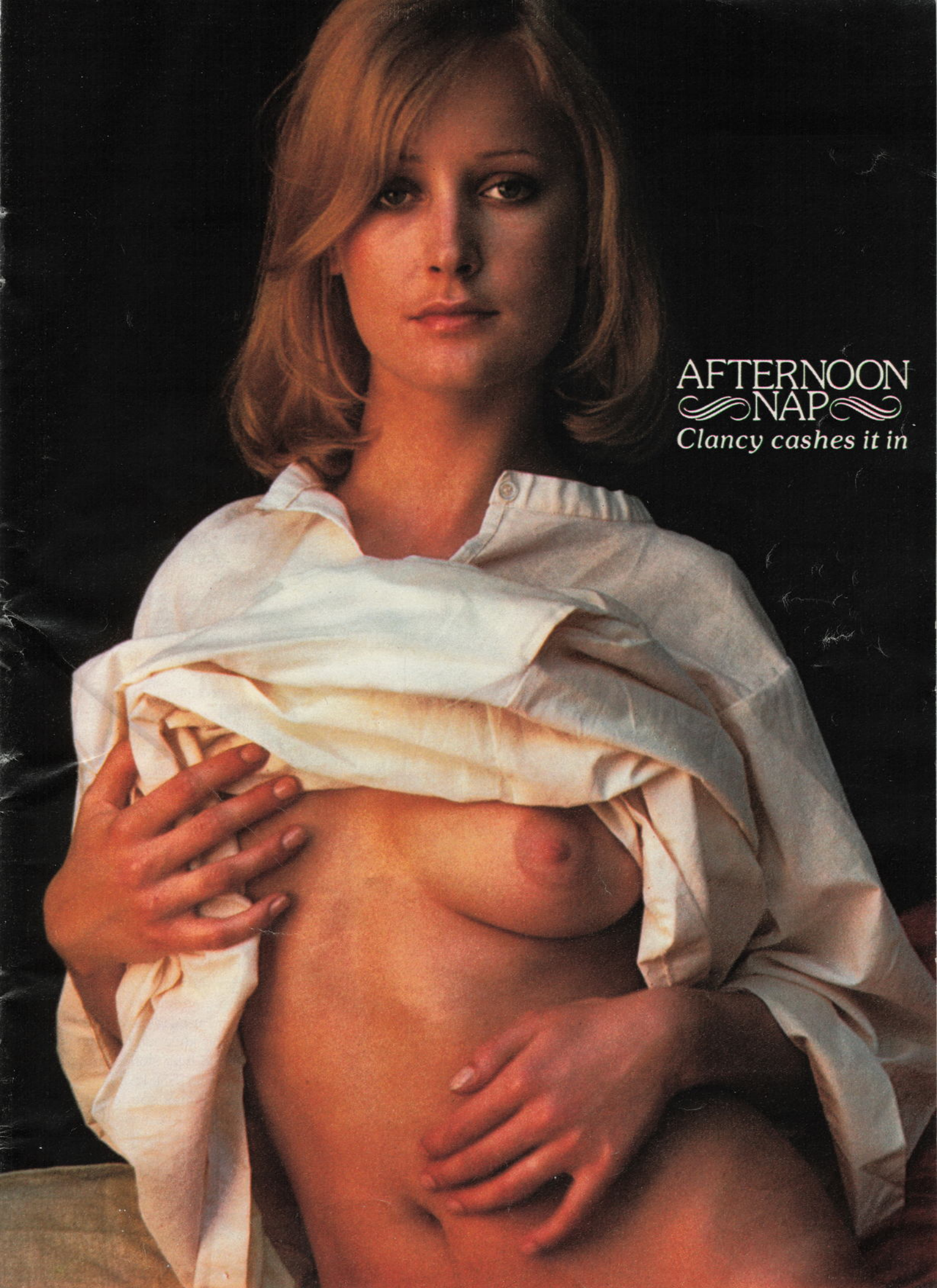
I told Bernardo and Fiammetta we should go to Clara Schiavolena's by cutting through Via Gesu e Maria because there were wonderful posters of Fellini's latest work, *Amarcord.* The night before, Fellini had put on a preview for the embassy of Red China and friends. I said to Bernardo that I loved Fellini dearly but that the posters were better than the movie. Bertolucci said, "That's the secret of our cinema; Italian film is not moving pictures, but moving posters."

We came into the farmers' market on Via Bocca di Leone, and at the corner of Via delle Lupo, where Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning loved and lived, Bernardo greeted the wrinkled Sicilian cobbler, Carmelo Sorbello. Eighty-year-old Carmelo from Catania, Sicily, is an abstainer and blames Italy's woes on alcohol and priests. He could detect on us the previous night's wine. Under his scrutiny, Bernardo confessed he had a bit of a Lambrusco headache, to which Carmelo shouted, "And you expect to be the number-one genius with shit poisoning your brain? *Puttana di la Madonna!* Being the biggest director in the world is a joke if you aren't man enough to master your vices. My child, I don't want to be annoyed by more vain resolutions. How many times have I told you that wine is man's foe? If you don't abide by my advice then *vaffa n'culo!*"

The greens vendors and the flowerwoman hailed Bernardo and wanted to be remembered to his parents. Someone said melodiously, "Hello, Bernardo and Peter." We turned; it was Federico Fellini. He had his pleasant white-haired cook with him; she was buying vegetables and fruits, and he, a bouquet of roses. He said his Giulietta had been hit by a car on her way to the dentist and was in the hospital of San Giacomo with contusions. Shaking his head he said, "Life is beginning to imitate my films—the damned automobile is the Frankenstein of Rome!"

Helping the flowerwoman was homely, graying, retarded Mario. Mario took Bernardo aside to show him a German porno magazine, *Vulva.* Bernardo kidded him, saying he was only 55 and far too young for sex and asked him what kind of a girl he preferred, blonde, redhead, or brunette. Mario made a pleat with forefinger and thumb, ogled it, licked it salaciously, and said, "The hole is all I need!" The flowerwoman made the sign of the cross.

Bernardo remembered that at that hour he was supposed to see Alberto Moravia in the Caffé Greco, so we continued along the Via dei Condotti, center of gravity of international fashion. Fiammetta paused to discuss pants suits with Nello the street sweeper. Nello has his hair styled at the one and only Peppino's, along with princes, and Bernardo intends to cast Nello as a Roman emperor. Nello knows the Ferragamos, Guccis, Puccis, Valentinos, and Schuberths. He gets discounts for friends and favors Schuberth's creations. That intersection is also the beat of four subteen gypsy sisters, seedling Lolitas. Filthy and barefoot, *(Continued on page 112)*


AFTERNOON
NAP
Clancy cashes it in

CLANCY CLEARS THE AIR WHEN SHE MOVES

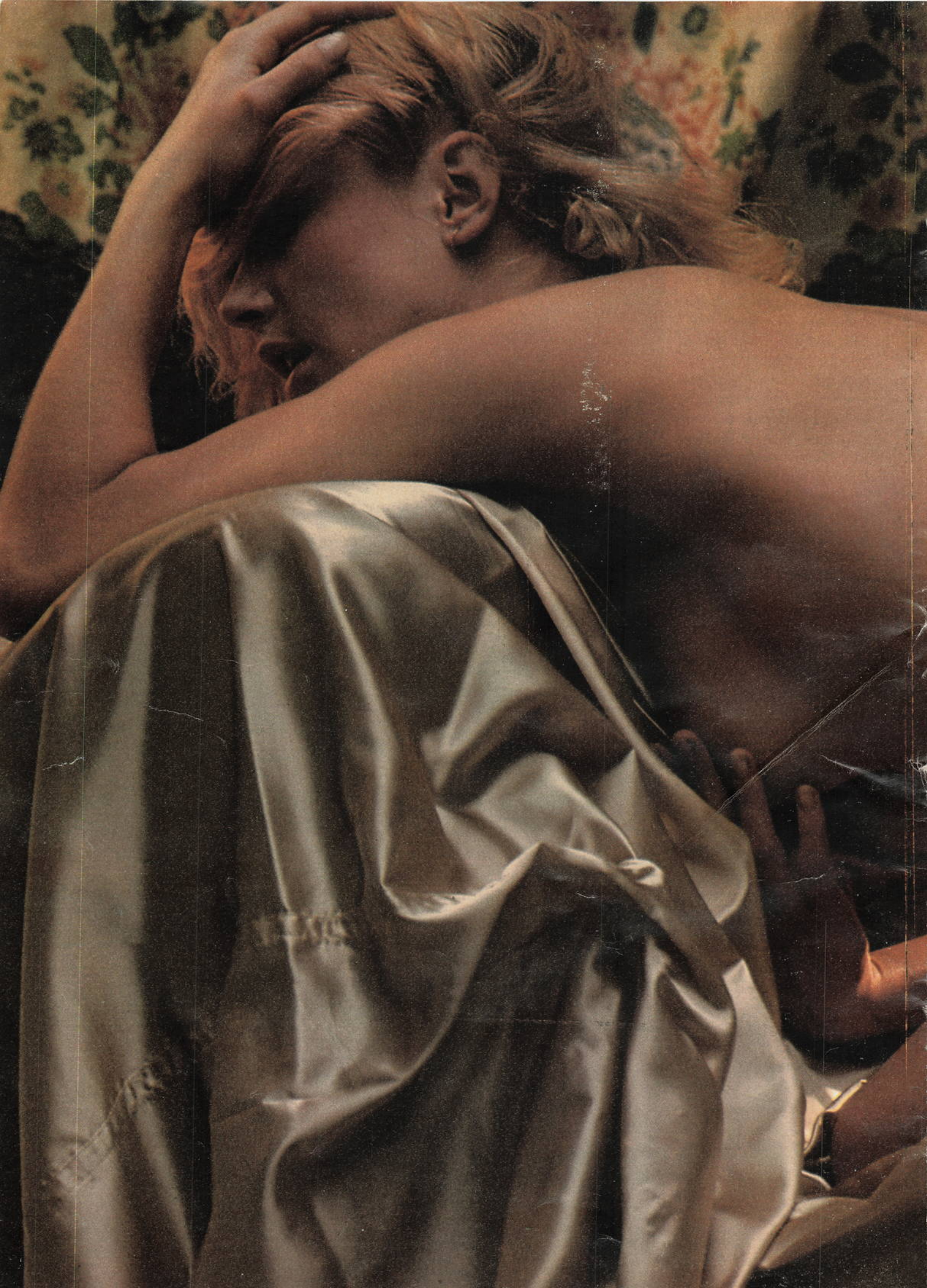
Clancy has the kind of hair that disturbs all the colors around it. She will walk into a room, and her hair sets a tension humming between the colors on the walls, on the floors, amongst the furniture. We've seen it upset the idle depth of a beige Persian rug, not to mention undo the original color scheme of a Raushenberg. Clancy's got hair whose texture has the movement of a beaded curtain. She may toss her head back to hook the strands away from her face, and in doing so, by the sheer singularity of strand after strand consecutively in sway, throws the whole room in slow motion.

Clancy has been aware of this since she was a little girl. Her father, a lieutenant commander in the English army, used to have Clancy sit on his knee, and she would beg to hear stories about El Alamein. She loved the way the names sounded, and would ask to have them repeated, and look very closely at her father's mouth to see if she could anticipate the word somewhere between the reddish-brown mustache and the pipe smoke. Her

father's hand never left her head. She remembers the feel of strong knotted hands trying to be tender with her. It felt like her scalp was tingling and she'd be calm and still but too attentive to go to sleep, 15 years ago.

Clancy's a model now, part time, and part-time fashion stylist for a few small shops in London. She has no pets, few belongings, fewer bills, and no curtains for her new apartment. "I was living with two other people, Marlene and her boyfriend, Ralph. London rents are so prohibitive that I put up with a lot of inconvenience before I saved enough money to move out. They were nice people but it was ridiculous for three people banging around the bathroom trying to get ready for work. My new place isn't big, but it's quiet. It will probably take me a couple of years just to get furniture for it and fix it up right. But first, I need curtains. There's a nice older gentleman across the way who, I think, has altered his sleeping habits just to watch me comb out my hair at night. He should have seen it when it was long."

CLANCY CURLS AROUND THE ROOM LIKE SMOKE



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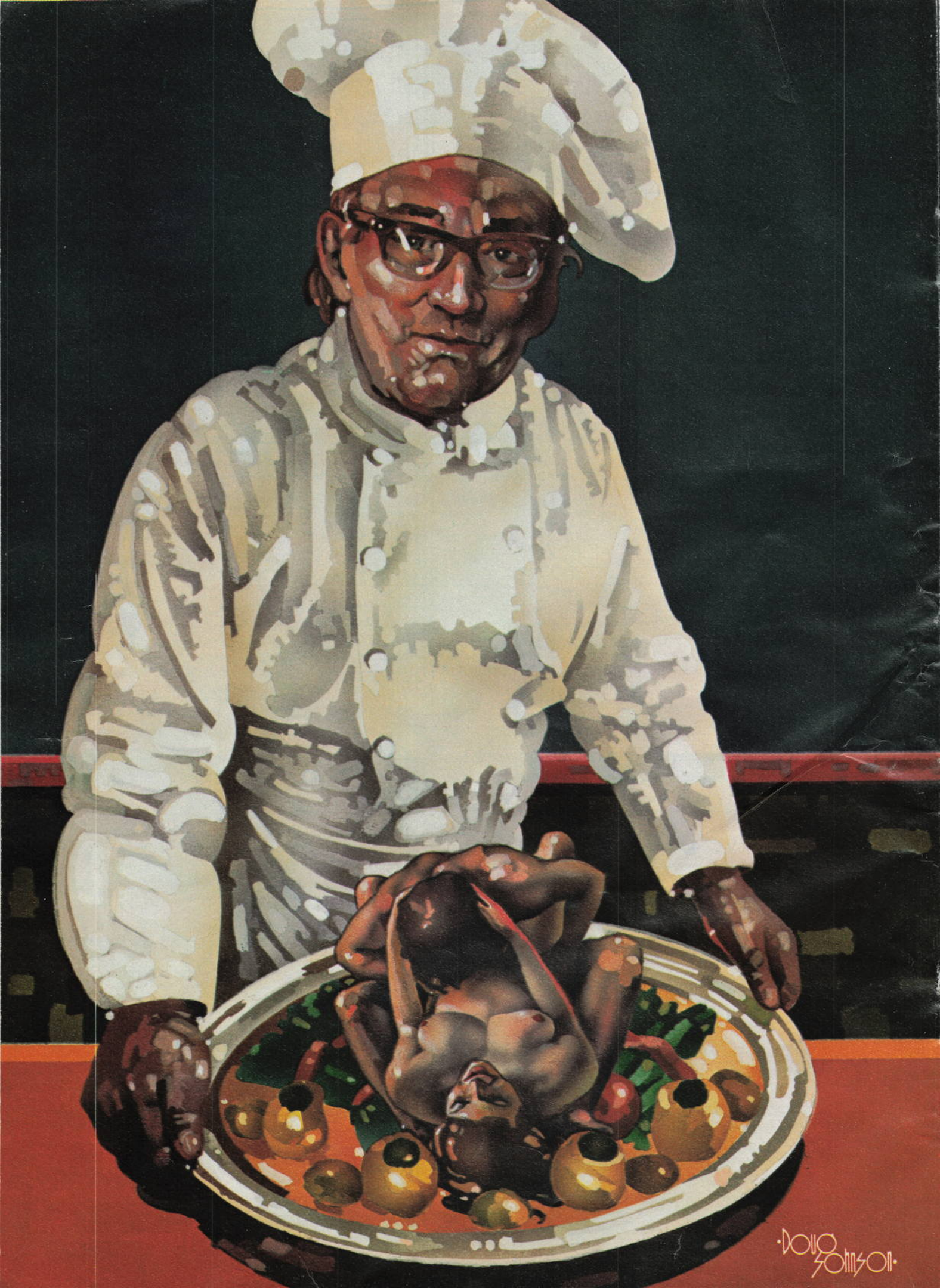

DOUG JOHNSON

CONVERSATION WITH

ALEX COMFORT

Alex Comfort's The Joy of Sex *is the most successful sex manual ever published. It remained on the* New York Times *best-seller list for 73 weeks and has sold more than 3,000,000 copies. The book's success has much to do with its format, especially its sensuous graphics. The book is elegant, unpretentious, and informative. This month Comfort published a second volume,* More Joy, *which promises to outsell the first.*

Comfort's books depart from the usual sex-manual blather by contending that the imagination is the most volatile sexual organ, that the entire skin surface is as sexually responsive as the genitals, and that tenderness and the ability to indulge another's fantasies have more to do with sexuality than does technique. Nonetheless, both books spend a good deal of time teaching the reader a wide variety of techniques, since, presumably, they are teachable and tenderness is not.

Comfort's writing style is matter-of-fact. He relies heavily on his experience as a biologist and his knowledge of animal behavior to put human sexuality in the context of its evolutionary heritage. For example, oral-genital sex is a universal mammalian gesture. It is therefore silly, he contends, to consider it immoral. His frame of reference often bypasses our inhibitions as a short cut to understanding our sexuality.

Comfort asserts, "There was a lot of hogwash about sex in the past. These errors have caused a great deal of human suffering. I didn't have a very hard time, but I know a lot of people who had."

Comfort is a very private man. He described himself as the "Howard Hughes of biology." His father was assistant education officer, and his mother a university lecturer and teacher. Born in 1920 in London, he graduated in classics from Trinity College, Cambridge, and trained as a physician. He was a pediatrician and lectured in physiology at London Hospital Medical College. Since then his research work has been in the field of human biology—in particular gerontology, the science of the process of aging.

And yet this is only half his life. He has published five books of poems, five novels, and several plays, as well as scientific works and textbooks. His first book, a sophisticated travelogue about a voyage by freighter to South America, was published when he was 17. He refused military service during World War II and spent time in jail with Bertrand Russell. In 1943 he married Ruth Muriel Harris, who collaborated with him on The Joy of Sex.

Comfort's book reflects his sense of humor, his scientist's rationality, and his conviction that people's sexual lives would cause much less mayhem if they were less controlled. A self-labeled anarchist, he seems to have more trust in mankind individually than collectively. To him, modern war is violence, but what is called sadomasochism can be "just play."

David Feller interviewed Alex Comfort at Feller's home in Topanga, California. He describes Comfort as "a small man with a slightly bulging middle and thinning gray hair. When he speaks he is nervous, witty, acute, pouncing on half-asked questions like an eager quiz-show panelist. He is also cautious, unwilling to speculate beyond certain limits, hesitant to offend. He smokes long black cigars, twirling them between the index finger and thumb of a hand whose other digits are missing, and coughs sharply between quick staccato phrases."

Comfort is currently resident senior fellow in biology at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, an independent, social problems–oriented think tank in Santa Barbara, California. He has lived in this country since the first of the year and plans to stay. ". . . If they'll let me. I'm not doing anything revolutionary except thinking."

OUI: You are credited as the editor of *The Joy of Sex*, but who wrote it?

COMFORT: My wife and I wrote it, but we can't sign it in England, because doctors are not permitted to write popular works without taking their names off a medical register. One normally appears as the editor if you're an M.D.—that's just an English convention. There were hordes of people who talked to us, but they weren't the authors.

OUI: Both the artwork and the text of *The Joy of Sex* are more explicit and more erotic than are usually found in contemporary sex manuals. Have you had trouble with publishers or censors?

COMFORT: We didn't have any trouble getting it published. It was clearly a thing that was needed. We didn't make any changes in it. It went straight to the publisher and he accepted it. It has not come in for any criticism. In Canada, for instance, customs sent it to the minister of health and he OKed it as straight medical information. This is not the sort of book, I think, which is going to get into trouble with anybody.

OUI: Can we assume, though, that you would have had trouble publishing this book eight years ago, when you conceived it?

COMFORT: We sketched it eight years ago, and at that time everybody was too uptight about sex to discuss it in the terms we've done. Originally we did not intend publishing it in England, largely because the Mickey Mouse state of the law there means that any psychopath can lodge a complaint. I really didn't have the time for that kind of hassle. They don't deserve sensible sex counseling until they change the law. But now that it has appeared, there hasn't been a murmur.

OUI: Who was the book written for?

COMFORT: This was a book for couples who had been married a little while and felt the surface needed polishing. You might say, "Well, you won't improve your marriage merely by getting up to a lot of acrobatics." On the other hand, a lot of people get bored with straight sex, because they want to express more things. I think we just give them permission to try. There are no rules other than that it should be tender and it should be mutual. It's not a bad idea going along with the other person's trip sometimes. The difference between our book and other recent books is that we've gone back to the tradition of Havelock Ellis, who was interested in the natural history of sex. We've come to

ALEX COMFORT *"We know that all primates engage in oral sex. We've been making a colossal fuss over what is normal and highly effective human behavior."*

this subject with the advantage of a long period of psychology behind us and an increasing knowledge of the behavior of animals. So what we've really tried to do is to write in terms of the biological knowledge of 1972 instead of 1872. Krafft-Ebing, on the other hand, described every aspect of sex behavior that he himself didn't enjoy as a disease. A lot of people are tempted to take that view. Throughout the years psychology has taken all the things that nature programmed as turn-ons and made them into hang-ups. We felt the time was ripe for a much lighter-hearted view of a range of sexual behaviors. But clearly no one couple would either have done or have wanted to do all the things that were in the book, any more than you would wish to eat all the things that are in a cookbook.

OUI: You used the cookbook analogy throughout your book, calling some sexual activities "main courses," others "sauces and pickles." What was your reason for this—and for your title, *The Joy of Sex*?

COMFORT: We used the cookbook analogy—I notice that it turned some people off—because people don't get uptight about food to the extent they do about sex; and if they are uptight about food, it's usually a covert substitute for some sexual anxiety. We tried to suggest, you see, that you could have a menu. We also tried to suggest that the difference in needs is as great as in foods. I loathe tripe, but it's in the cookbooks. I could subsist exclusively on curry, and I like it hotter than the holes in hell, but some people hate it. Yet nobody thinks I'm perverted because I like curry and I don't like tripe.

OUI: Some of those who were turned off by the cookbook theme might have felt that recipes suggest a lack of spontaneity, whereas good sex is mostly improvisation—isn't it?

COMFORT: Well, that's what we said. "For God's sake, don't put the book on the music stand and try to read it while you're balling." Some clot will do that, but it isn't what we had in mind. It's just to give you some ideas. You might as well know that curry exists, and that there are lots of ways of making it.

OUI: How were you able to cover such a wide diversity of erotic tastes without being impeded by your own prejudices and areas of ignorance?

COMFORT: Where we were dealing with things we had no experience in, we went to people who had. We talked to an enormous number of people. We haven't theorized—no more than we could help—and I think it's the first book that hasn't been written by nonplaying coaches. I won't name names, but at least one prominent sex-counseling book that has been doing very well lately is obviously written by somebody who has neither had sexual experience himself nor talked to people who had or he couldn't have written as he does. Some of the things he says are quite good, but there's an awful lot of crud in that book. He's terribly bad on homosexuality. His last book is bulging with inaccuracies.

OUI: How did your approach enable you to accomplish what he failed to do?

COMFORT: I'm not a professional sex counselor—I'm a biologist and I'm interested in observing human sexual behavior. But I've taken part in it, I've watched it, and I've talked to people. In a sense, we've treated it exactly as you would treat other human behavior, or the behavior of animals. Now, if you saw some of these patterns in birds you wouldn't say "Is this normal or abnormal?" You would say "What is it for?" This can be said also of a lot of patterns of human sexual conduct, because they are what we call "overdetermined." That is to say, where something appeals to a lot of people it usually does so for more than one reason. These things are effective because they're play—they act out some situation—and at the same time are physically effective. The programmed play is rewarded with orgasm or with increased arousal.

OUI: Can you give some examples of what you call programmed play?

COMFORT: Oral sex, for one. Up until a few years ago it wasn't only a crime—in California it still is—but psychoanalysts emphasized how immature it was and said it was a reversion to babyhood and a lot of other such things. Now we know that all primates engage in it, and that humans are programmed because they have pheromones that are specific oral stimuli. In other words we've been making a colossal fuss over what is normal and highly effective human behavior. Humans are also programmed to show play aggression in sex; they're programmed to use sex in the same way that children use play. A lot of things we have regarded as hang-ups are in fact expressions of the play uses of bonding behavior. By bonding behavior I mean the way individuals are brought closer together in a play relationship. There is a whole psychiatry here that remains to be developed. Of course, you can become obsessed with a fetish or a sexual routine, but if you have the capacity to use sex as play a lot of these things are not hang-ups but resources.

OUI: To what extent, then, is reproduction, as opposed to initiating bonding behavior, the function of sex?

COMFORT: Ninety percent of our sexual behavior has nothing to do with reproduction; it's bonding behavior or play. If you only made it while you were in heat, like an animal, then it would always be reproductive. Curiously, the female animal rarely shows much enthusiasm for the operation. The other end of a mare is usually eating while the rear end is being covered. The stallion seems to enjoy it, but I don't get the impression the mare gets too much out of it. The fact that women usually have more intense sexual responses than men suggests that for humans sex has another function besides reproduction.

OUI: You emphasize rational explanations for sex, but aren't they somewhat at odds with the emotional and physical enjoyment of sex?

COMFORT: Oh, sure. I would rather people didn't have to have it explained, that they could play it by ear. But this isn't the way things are in a society where people are uptight. You'll notice that we're not writing for swingers and we're not writing for the very emancipated. We're writing for ordinary straight people. A lot of them are very relieved to find that other people share their sexual drives and problems. However sophisticated we appear in this culture, you must remember that this is the one behavior we don't learn by watching; until recently it has been impossible for people to observe each other's sexual behavior very much. I think the apparent psychotherapeutic effect of places like Sandstone, a sexual freedom center in Topanga, California, may be that for the first time people are observing each other's sexual behavior and losing a lot of neurotic fantasies about what male and female roles ought to be. Usually everybody's shut up in a little compartment with his partner. If it's good, it's fine. If they've got problems, then who do they ask? Not the medical profession, because so far sex counseling hasn't been part of a doctor's training.

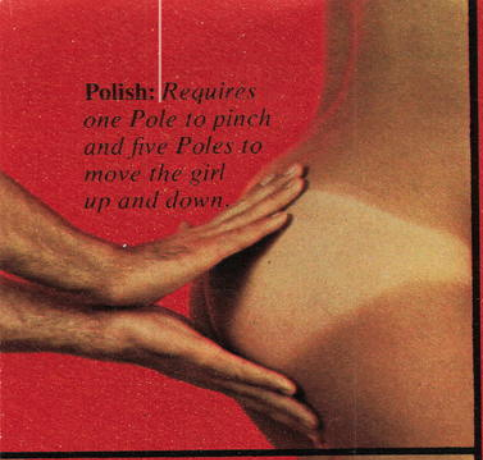
OUI: But many of the men who go to Sandstone and similar centers seem to be anxiously on the make and consequently make objects of women, who may find that unpleasant. Isn't this an implicit drawback to such places?

COMFORT: Well, that's exactly what you would expect. But it surprised me that although some of the people might be on the make, the result was not lascivious but charismatic—more often than not. It differs a lot from time to time. Sometimes it's like Grand Central Station; at others an atmosphere of real sharing and *(Continued on page 76)*

Feeling The Pinch

AMERICANS GANDER WHILE EUROPEANS GOOSE

It is a fine state of affairs indeed when in the land of the free and the home of the brave one cannot tweak those purple mounds of majesty and get away with it. Pinching is now *déclassé*, even felonious, yet abroad it remains *de rigueur*. At great risk and expense, OUI has extended its claws around the globe and found that the rest of the world is *not* paying the price of progress. This ancient art is flourishing, and, what's more, it tends to follow national characteristics.

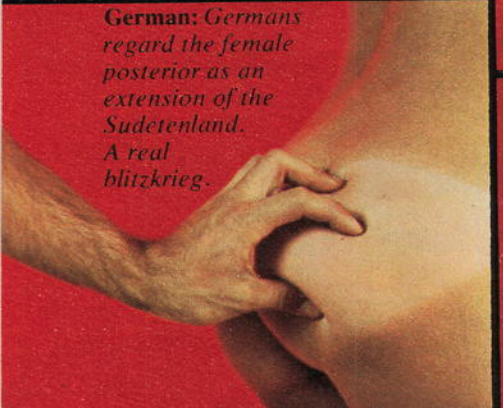


Polish: *Requires one Pole to pinch and five Poles to move the girl up and down.*

English: *Back to back, the English pincher can drink a cup of tea at the same time.*

Jewish: *Two-handed, since no Jew expects the girl to turn the other cheek.*

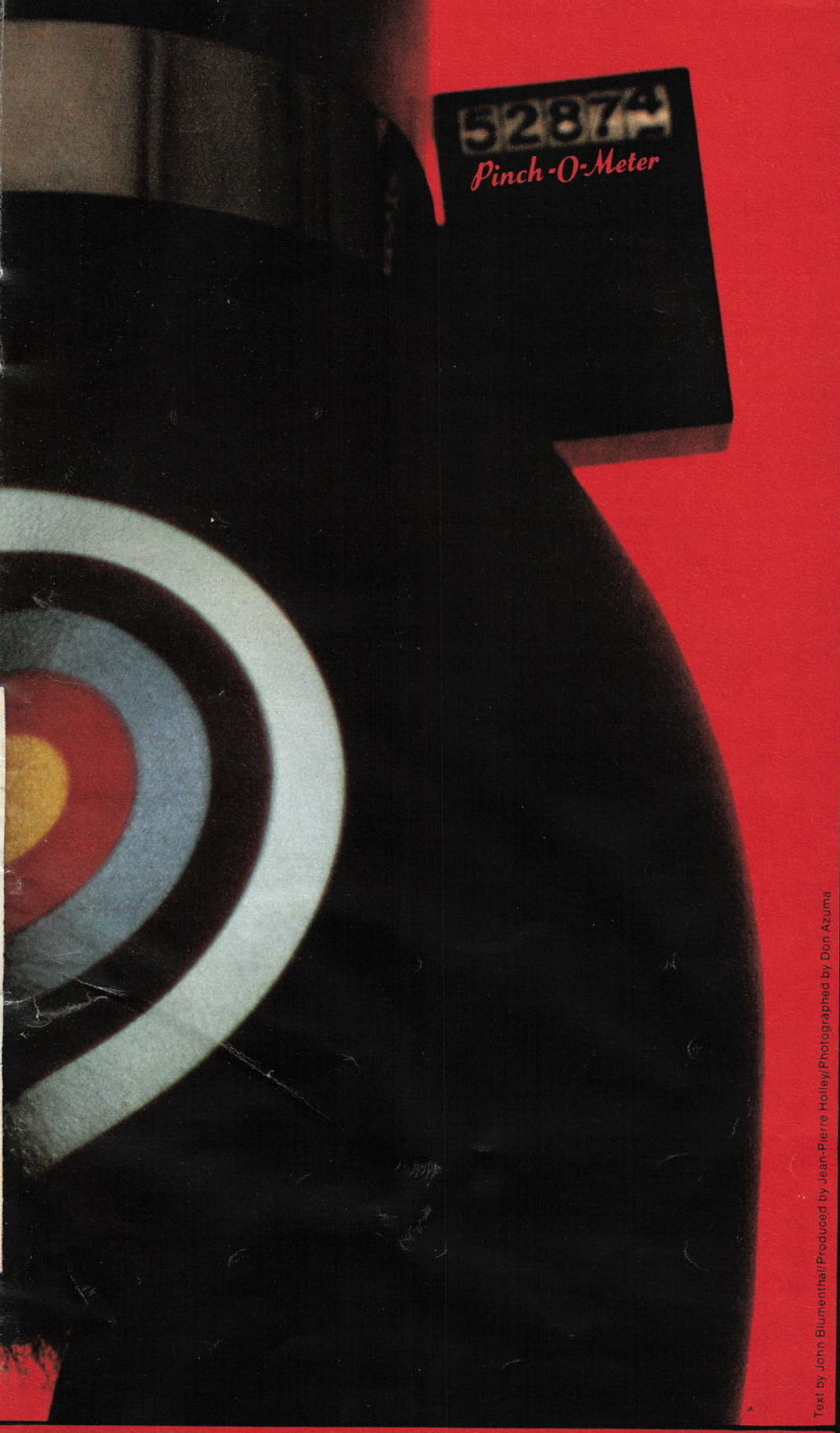
Spanish: *A savage pinch guaranteed to bring out the bull in its victims.*

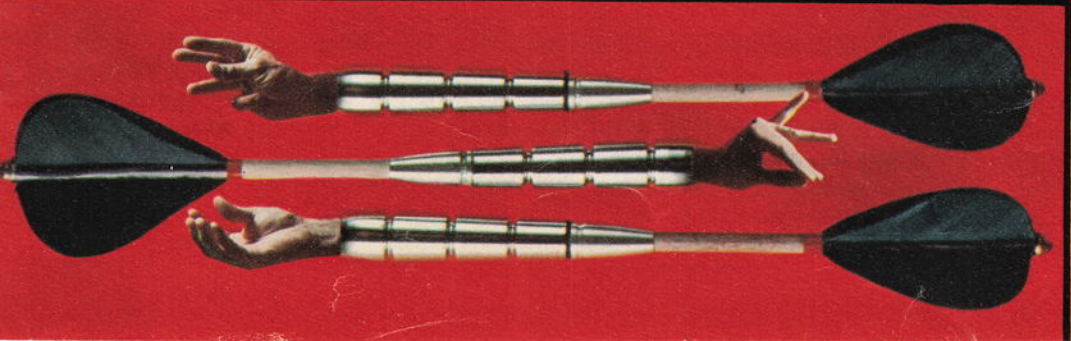


German: *Germans regard the female posterior as an extension of the Sudetenland. A real blitzkrieg.*

The hand above has zealously wandered into its victim's fruited plain. Although this sort of behavior does not rate too high with women, it's causing the Pinch-O-Meter on the right to blow a gasket.

This fellow scores zero on the meter because he has totally missed his mark. Hitting the target is mandatory. Only Polish pinchers are afforded handicaps. French and Italian pinchers usually do best, Italians often preferring to use their teeth. A pinch using the bicuspids should not be confused with a bite. Frenchmen will not let go until the victim agrees to have dinner and talk about Sartre. This, in effect, is how the French held on to their colonial possessions as long as they did.





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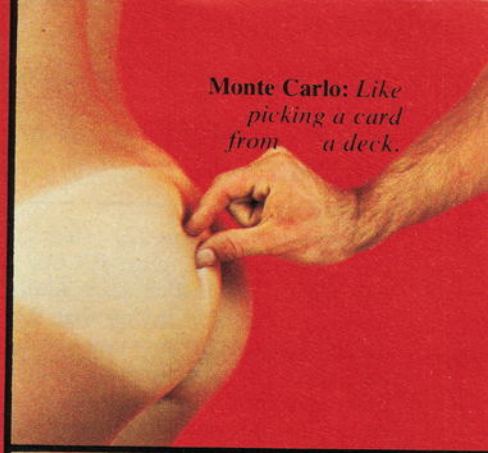
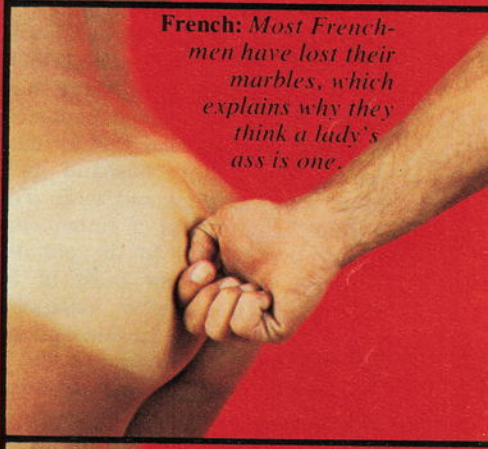
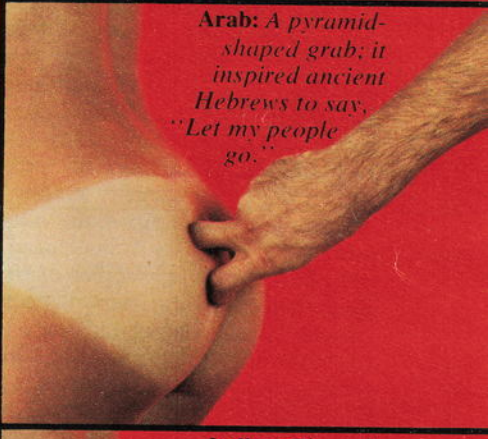


Monte Carlo: *Like picking a card from a deck.*

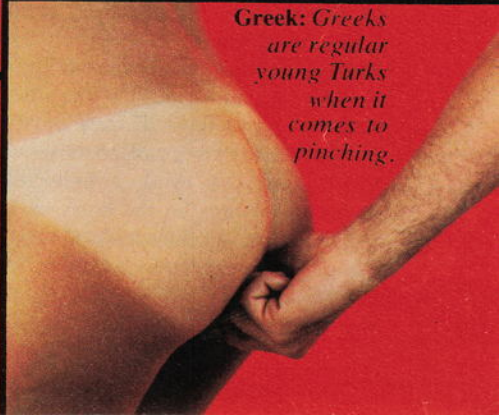


French: *Most Frenchmen have lost their marbles, which explains why they think a lady's ass is one.*



Arab: *A pyramid-shaped grab; it inspired ancient Hebrews to say, "Let my people go."*

Italian: *The only pincher more effective than the Italian male is the Mexican scorpion.*



Greek: *Greeks are regular young Turks when it comes to pinching.*

ALEX COMFORT *"Sex is probably the best way to maintain morale. You can use sex as defiance. It's the most morale-building thing we do, when it's good."*

(Continued from page 72) togetherness develops—and real play. It's one of the few places where I've seen adults play like kids. I'm only saying that this type of open sex experimentation might be *one* answer to people being uptight. It's obviously not the only answer.

OUI: How do you square your endorsement of Sandstone with the criticism you direct at swinging in your book?

COMFORT: The swinging we criticized is the wife-swapping type, where males try to use wives as negotiable currency. I wouldn't want to take part in that. You see, in our culture husband and wife aren't just husband and wife. To your partner, you're also a father, mother, priest, psychiatrist. In the old days of marriage, throughout most of human history, the pleasures of marriage were not so much sex as kinship and property. Then we got the romantic idea, when the emphasis fell on the persons—two individuals living wholly with each other, keeping courtship going for 80 years, and being wholly sufficient to each other. That was fine when it worked, but as often as not it didn't; and the relationship became parasitic. People shy off that now. They feel they have to keep some part of themselves out of it. The insecurity caused when the couple relationship is the only relationship in your life is challenged when you allow the other member of the couple to have sex with others. If people get through this barrier of fear of rejection and insecurity, they reach a different dimension of thinking about each other. Rather than weaken the degree of tenderness and interchange it tends to strengthen it.

OUI: But you were concerned mainly with long-term partnerships in your book, not shorter affairs.

COMFORT: I was, but the couples don't attain that until they stop treating each other as property or as psychiatrists. In fact I think couples don't achieve complete physical communication until they've achieved the level of confidence in each other where the prime aim in life is not to frustrate your partner's fantasies.

OUI: Do you favor the nuclear family as we know it?

COMFORT: Yes, I think so. I would not advocate throwing it overboard unless one replaced it with something better. To say "we don't need it because some islanders don't have it; they have something different" is a rather naive view of anthropology. I think couple relationships will always be the basis of human reproduction, as they have always been. Children *do* need two parents, two mature parents, if possible.

OUI: Many cultures use the periodic orgy to take some of the load off the primary relationship, and allow for freer play, without endangering things like responsibility to the children. Would you recommend something like this?

COMFORT: I think a lot of people use Sandstone like this. But if you did it too often there would be people for whom it would become an addiction, in the same way that chess does. Chess is an excellent thing, but if you end up having no friends but chess players and do nothing on weekends except play chess, you can begin to feel that it's taking too large a part of your life. I think that if you institutionalize the orgy on a very frequent basis—and people spend all their time having sex with different people—one would begin to feel there was something wrong with them. They're making too much of it. In our book we did say behavior like this had its uses, but we didn't aim to alter the sexual behavior of the whole society. It's perfectly possible to be square—or rather, straight—and still enjoy sex, and not get involved in new lifestyles.

OUI: Some would question whether you can significantly improve people's sex lives without making changes in their lives or in the whole society in general. Can people experience the "joy of sex" if they are programmed into a system of day-to-day economic struggle, where perhaps joy of any kind is precluded?

COMFORT: Evidently not, but the realization of needs radicalizes people. I don't think we live without joy particularly; I think we live without any very intense peak experiences, and this is one place where sex can help.

OUI: They screwed in the concentration camps, didn't they?

COMFORT: I would think so. It was probably the best way of maintaining morale. It takes a lot to knock out the human capacity for pleasure. Besides, you can use sex as defiance. It's the most morale-building thing we do, when it's good.

OUI: But isn't the problem attitudes, inhibitions, and anxieties that this society imposes on most of its members?

COMFORT: Well, it's because they haven't got turned on to themselves, and because a lot of their time they waste on satisfactions that are not basic. Freud made a good point about this, that all the great satisfactions of life are a reenactment of infantile satisfactions—so much for what people say about regression—and he pointed out that the reason acquisition of wealth doesn't usually give one very great pleasure is that it's not an infantile satisfaction, it's a substitute for one. Babies aren't interested in collecting money for its own sake.

OUI: One of the controversial stands you take in your book is your suggesting—or even advocating—sadomasochistic behavior: tying your partner up, using physical violence, and so on. You also very strongly emphasize tenderness in the sexual relationship. How do you reconcile these two seemingly opposite points of view?

COMFORT: We're talking about play, remember. By tender I don't mean that play can't look extremely violent. It can. You can use sex as a harmless way of experimenting with experiences of self-assertion and dominance. But I mean it's tender in the sense that you value each other as people. People are so damned scared in this culture about any sort of boisterousness or horseplay. We encourage it. We say, look as rough as you like playwise, but really don't hurt anybody. There have been a lot of cases of women who nag their husbands, because the husbands are so tender, or so soppy, that they wouldn't mind being raped by somebody they liked. There's a real need for more physical assertiveness, and some really rough games help.

OUI: You devoted relatively more attention to "rough games" like bondage, which probably go against the deepest taboos, than you did to other sex play—for example, oral intercourse.

COMFORT: We're aware that we gave emphasis where we think people are hung up. People aren't hung up about oral sex anymore, but they *are* terribly hung up about what gets mislabeled sadomasochism. Much of this behavior explores trust and the nondangerousness of yourself and others. Of course there are symbolisms of violence in it, but humans are programmed to look fairly violent in their sexual behavior. Children often mistake vigorous sex for fighting if they see it. We think it has real uses. It's a resource as a form of play, though obviously not if it gets cruel for real. You can see the difference between play and earnest. Play stops being tender in our sense when there's a risk of somebody being hurt or when it's spoiling it for somebody. Kids sometimes frighten themselves with their games. If they start to play ghosts and it gets to the point where little sister is frightened, well, it's time to stop. But kids like to be frightened playing ghosts, otherwise they wouldn't do it. They're really discharging a fear of something. The kids who play "bang, you're dead" aren't being sadistic; they're greatly relieved to find they can express their aggression without destroying somebody. We thought this whole topic needed reexamination: We think that the straight psychoanalytic view is a little simplistic. Ethologists *(Continued on page 122)*

LASSALVY

ALEX SEBEL

The Great British Boogie

Nobody is sure when the British stiff upper lip began to sag. Did it begin with the loss of India, or was it caused by the onset of the Rolling Stones and David Bowie? In any event the inquest into Britain's decline was an undignified process. Some Americans considered reviving the Marshall Plan, especially for Britain. And the Shah of Iran doubled the price of his oil and told Britons to work harder. Bloody nerve!

Could the end be far away?

Farther than you'd think. OUI is happy to report that it's still possible to make whoopee in merrie England. The dollies and dandies may be a bit frayed at the edges, but they still put on quite a show along King's Road and in the London clubs. To hell with former glories, they're wallowing in a new decadence. The British lion may be on Valium, but he can still raise a roar.

Dolly birds

A Chick by Any Other Name

Dolly (dŏl′lĭ), *n.* A generic term for a certain class or, more precisely, a certain look in English girls, was coined from resemblance to a painted china doll. The term originally referred to upper-middle-class girls, who, not going to college, had the freedom to indulge themselves for a few years, before marriage, in fashions and frolic. The term spread up and down the socio-economic scale until any young girl subscribing to the prevailing look and set of attitudes became a dolly. This seemingly classless uniformity today is so remarkable that new cognomen is needed.

•

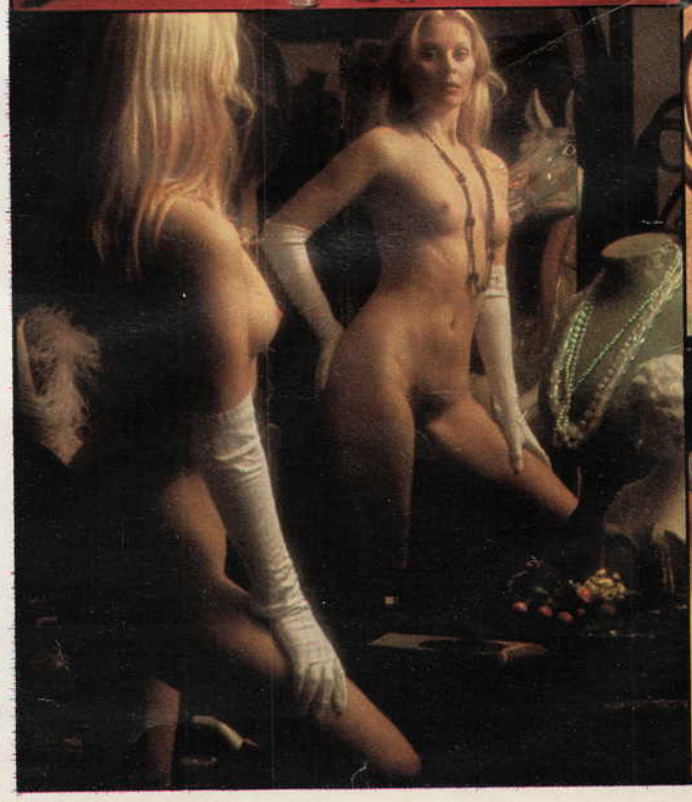
They started calling them dollies in England about ten years ago. The name stuck and you still hear it occasionally—cultural fixation, ya know—but it's passe today, like the word *chick* in the U.S., and *broad*, and all the other synonyms for woman, retrograding back to the first grunt signifying same.

They're still women, whatever you call them, and they're alive and kicking in sinkin' London. The hems of their maxis may be getting wet, but as long as they keep tromping in their platforms their feet will keep dry. It was once said that the sun never sets on the British Empire because God didn't trust the British in the dark. Now it's so they can see where they're walking. The decline of the empire has produced amorality in the face of apocalypse—try keeping a stiff upper lip and being amoral at the same time. It's like balancing a mattress on a bottle of wine—but it does keep the Fulham virgins on their toes. And they're still called birds.

"Come on in and chat up a bird," the smoothie in velvet at the disco door says with only the slightest trace of a leer. In the U.S.A. the barker will tell ya ya gotta get laid just by steppin' in the door, which you can do for only five bucks—two pounds in the U.K. The accent is different, but the message is the same. Which is that there are scores of girls, hundreds and even thousands of them, behind all those doors. Dancing in the discos, dressing at home, typing in the office, cooking in the kitchen, undressing in the bedroom, always looking and waiting and kissing and doing everything else you can imagine. From the far reaches of Ealing to The Shores of Tripoli (a bar in the East End of London where American marines hang out). Take Leslie, for example. You wouldn't be the first.

"I'm a Scorpio, so I know what I want. I always have, you know. Me mum and me lived in Limehouse till I was 12, then we moved to East Barking. I never knew me dad. Don't know if mum did either." Giggle.

"There was this boy, you see, when I was 13. He was older. Nineteen, he was then. He'd take me out to pubs. I had big Bristols so nobody thought I was only 13. I'd get so pissed I could hardly stand up, and we'd walk back to me mum's place. She didn't care if I stayed out until 11 o'clock, but that's when she went to bed so's I'd have to be home by then. None of my girlfriends were allowed to stay *(Continued on page 96)*



Dolly birds go like the clock hands do: streetstalking, gameroom playing, cleaning up the rags. Lovely Rita's metermaid-up. Barmaid dollies draw head. A table with two empty chairs means a good look-up. The one who wears her store on her chest? You might call her that Biba girl. Then there are those who lounge and those who pose. And then there are those who freak in public places.

Fings ain't wot they used to be...

In Britain Life's a Bit Worn at the Edges

Millions of Britons are bewildered by the sudden reversal of their country's role as top nation. They are old enough to remember classroom maps of the world with whole subcontinents in red. Today that British red is but a small fleck on a group of isles lying isolated in the Atlantic, adrift beside slumbering land masses it once dominated, and to which it gave language and leadership. The empire, to hear old colonists and nationalists alike, transformed large portions of the world forever; though it is now long over, its memory remains absolutely central to any question about the country today.

Its faint blood stirrings, habits, and assumptions are still there. Tom Jackson, for example, is a hardened Labor politician and general secretary of the country's 200,000 postal workers, but even he admits that something has been lost in the British spirit. "There isn't much glamor in being British if you're working in a factory, doing the best you can to keep your head above the bread line," he says. "When the nation was bigger, when you could claim a cousin working on a tea plantation in Ceylon and a brother serving with the army in India, perhaps it didn't seem to matter so much. Life isn't as bare and Spartan as it was, but it lacks sparkle. Once your leaders are unable to produce a national well-being, then there is a general feeling that it doesn't matter what you do."

There are, throughout the country today, physical signs of decline and failure everywhere. The factories throughout the industrial heart of the English Midlands are like relics in an industrial museum, ancient and baleful hulks of rusted work sheds and manual machinery so old you can hear the gears groan. Workers still live in factory-owned rows of small, coal-burning houses that run like brick teeth up and down the industrial valleys. A kitchen, a parlor, two bedrooms—and an outside privy—house a family, and gray, poor, depressing lives are served out between the job and the local pub. Over the past decade the country's economic growth has slipped to the lowest among 15 European countries, its standard of living falling from among the world's highest to one of the lowest in Europe. The automobile industry that produced the great names of Rolls, Jaguar, Triumph, and Austin, and 20 years ago controlled more than half of all world exports, now has only ten models left in the U. S. market. Nor, despite the decline, have succeeding governments and heavy taxes laden on income, wealth, and family estates been able to erase the differences between Britain's grim and foolish extremes. The language of class accents still prevails. The rich and salty speech of Cockney English has not changed much since Dickens: "'ow" and "gorn" still keep them in their place. While Britons ate 20 percent less meat last year, the country was the world's largest importer of champagne.

The British view their problems as partly borne in enduring tribute to the price of victory in the last war. They seldom forget who won that struggle, and their television serials, national holidays, political speeches, and commemorations still revive spirits with memories of every glorious, heroic moment. But people sometimes wonder whether it might not have been wiser to have been flattened and rebuilt by the Americans as *(Continued on page 84)*

Dandies & jolly droogs

Mr. Clockwork Orange Meets Lord Fauntleroy at the Club

What happens to decadence when it becomes democratic—when everybody is doing it? The Regency beaux and bucks, the Victorian roués and brothelcreepers, the Edwardian pimps and *précieuses* had the dual delight of ostentation and secrecy: They could either strut or sidle, parade or cringe, swank or wank. There was vigor, deviousness, and, above all, some emotional energy, no matter how stylized and furtive were the forms it took. Now even decadence is in decay. Early this year, outside a night-owl bar-restaurant called The Last Resort, three young men made a bid—largely successful, apparently—to castrate a fourth with a broken wine glass. Whispers vary, but most people agree that the heavies were representatives of a famous pop-group manager, whom the attackee had earlier that evening estranged. The famous pop-group manager had spurned his girlfriend and the unfortunate young man had offered the lady tequila and sympathy, thereby richly deserving to have his balls removed. (Passport to safety at The Last Resort: Be as crappy as you possibly can to famous pop-group managers' girlfriends.)

In New York, of course, the incident would hardly have deserved a mention, especially nowadays. Apart from the city's tradition of violence and brutality, colorful new forms of S/M have recently captured the imagination of the high-living young. In particular, fist-fucking—as I was humorlessly assured by an American acquaintance—has come to enjoy popularity. This act involves deep penetration with the bunched hand, fore or aft according to taste and gender.

"Yeah, I've been up to around the elbow," the American droned.

"Must have been a really fat guy," I said hopefully.

"No, no. In fact, he was one of the most beautiful little boys I've ever had. Went up so far I could feel the back of his rib cage from the inside."

"What was it like?"

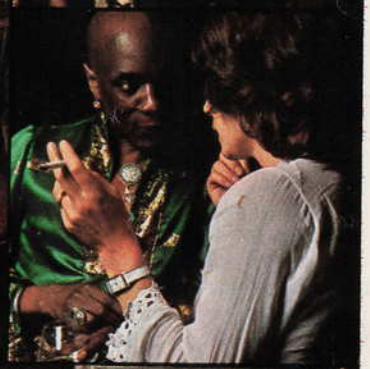
"It was kind of scary, actually—I was on acid at the time. After the initial slackness it all goes sort of . . hollow."

Enough, as they say, to make a maggot gag.

In London, however, such vivacious behavior is almost unknown. London decadence is, essentially, a decadence of langour and apathy, of boredom and beach fatigue. The triumvirate of sex, drugs, and money is as unassailable here as anywhere else, but it is a sickly regime, drifting steadily to its own dissolution.

S/M buffs can nevertheless still find fulfillment among the lower echelons of London night life. Passing The Trafalgar in King's Road one Saturday night just after closing time I noticed a bloody, groaning heap, presumably a human being, wedged into a shop doorway. Queer-rolling here is consid-

We start at Q-Club, top left, (black, mainly West Indian) and work round a late clock. The rich Rags give the next joint its name—like the transvestite below (and the dolly bird in the booth), Rags has trampy class. Yours and Mine follows, but don't be shy of the boys. Rags again, some rockers rolling, then a few more boys dressing out. Evening's end at W. C. Fields's.



ered not only lucrative but highly enjoyable: A middle-aged gentleman I know, after an ill-advised score at The Man in the Moon, presented his valuables to two Irish lads who had turned ugly on him and got his jaw stomped in anyway. The new *Clockwork Orange*–style public houses, which have sprung hideously up along the streets of Chelsea, Earl's Court, and parts of Soho, are the scenes of probably the most frenetic, random, and perilous sexual commerce in England, as aggressive and electric as their decors suggest. On warm evenings the patrons bulge monolithically out onto the pavements, chatting up, pairing off, getting pulled. Drunken unions are formed with such mindless ease that, with the price of a few vodka-and-limes in his jeans, Quasimodo himself could have seen action at any of these hostelries. I once overheard the phrase "fuck-and-tonics" from the lips of a denimed customer as he drew his friends' attention to a clutch of unaccompanied girls; his friends appeared to know what he meant. All you need for true happiness in such a milieu is (a) considerable prowess in pub brawls and (b) phenomenal resistance to venereal disease.

The seamiest of the clubs tend to cater to more specialized tastes. Scenes of homosexual machismo are commonplace at The Catacombs (Earl's Court): Cowboys have been known to bugger each other on the street outside and one can

(Continued on page 128)

Sock it to me, miss

Being Bad Can Make a Briton Feel Very Good

Very strict schoolmistress seeks wayward pupils for correction and tuition. Phone Miss Kane. . . .

This advertisement, pinned lopsidedly on a glass-fronted notice board in London's Soho, speaks volumes to an Englishman. For flagellation—undeniably Britain's number-one sexual deviation—is commonly supposed to begin with, and is encouraged by, caning in schools.

Among European countries, only England, Scotland, and parts of Switzerland still allow teachers to thrash school children. Attempts to abolish corporal punishment in Britain have always failed to pass through Parliament. The uncharitable would say that this is because the upper- and upper-middle-class politicians who regularly oppose abolition form a major part of Miss Kane's clientele, but teachers are also overwhelmingly in favor of retention of caning. The Society of Teachers Opposed to Physical Punishment—known appropriately as STOPP—has only 700 members, out of a profession numbering 500,000. The society reckons that the cane is still used, regularly or spasmodically, in two thirds of Britain's schools, but adds optimistically that caning is on the decline. Certainly no recent cases compare with that of the provincial headmaster who, in one orgiastic day in the early 1950s, caned 200 school boys.

Local regulations are tighter now, with the length and thickness of the weapon carefully specified, as well as the parts of the body (most common are the backside and hands) on which it may be used. Usually the right to cane is restricted to the headmaster, though it can extend to senior pupils. Male teachers are usually prohibited from caning girls. "The rules are quite strict," says a 16-year-old boy at a private boarding school. "The master can't raise the cane above his head or take a run at you from the other end of the room. In other words he isn't supposed to *enjoy* it, though some obviously do. You can't get whacked more than six times at once in our school, but the offenses are quite absurd, things like running in the corridor, not doing work, answering back. A friend of mine even got caned for talking to the girl who delivers the newspapers."

Part of the lasting impression caning makes on British youngsters is the fearsome ceremony that goes with the punishment. "I shall never forget it," says an ex–private school boy, now a lawyer. "It usually happened at night, because the most common crime was being caught hanging around the corridors when you should have been in bed. You were marched to the headmaster's study and ordered to lift up your dressing gown and bend over the back of a chair. At least at our place you didn't have to drop your pajamas like you did in some schools. It hurt like hell, but the great thing was not to cry. Once you got back to the dormitory, everyone would crowd around to inspect the weals on your backside. The more savage they were, the more of a hero you were considered to be."

Most of the canes used on British school children come from a workshop in Sussex, about two hours' drive from London. Here lengths of flexible cane, that are imported from *(Continued on page 131)*

...Fings used to be fun

(Continued from page 81) Germany was, relieved of the dubious honors of world leadership and restored by freshly created social, economic, and political structures. As it was, after the war Britain just went back to being a bruised and dented version of its former self with the same cluttered assemblage of Communists, country lords, and class distinctions it had struggled along with for years.

The country keeps saying that it simply must find time to pull itself together. It hasn't, and the result is a society that looks like a whacky manor house that has been in the same eccentric family for generations: an Elizabethan cottage with a Tudor fortress tower, a Victorian wing of stained glass and gingerbread, and an Easi-Bilt, all-glass, prefab telly porch in the rear. Things have not stayed in this state for so long because Britain didn't know better. It did and it still does. It is not generally remembered, for example, that those leaders of Britain's hopelessly archaic, entangled, and strike-prone industrial unions that gave the country 24,000,000 man days of work disputes last year also designed and put into operation the very same labor structure of Western Germany that has become a model of inspiration for streamlined efficiency throughout the world.

So why did Britain let itself go to seed, its willowy and noble young Britannia becoming a bit dumpy and careless in middle age? Among the problems of adjusting to reduced circumstances, there is the fact that this country has never worked very well, certainly not efficiently. But even in distress, the British have never wanted to start messing with the system. Like P. G. Wodehouse's Bertie Wooster, they never believed it was time to stop spending just because they had run out. In fact, colonial economies never needed the tending that Mercedes and IBM plants did. Raw goods came in, hard goods went out, and London bankers financed them both without overtaxing the old social life. "After the war," remembers David Nicolson, the chairman of British Airways, "we found ourselves with no privileged or tied markets and we were no longer rich. Many of us are still surprised that things have turned out quite this way." But there was nothing new in this unhurried appraisal of the national fix. Two hundred years before, a British commentator had described the British character: "We are of a stiff clay with stubborn joints not easily bent," he had written. "We are slow to think. We pay too little attention to form and method and leave our works in an unfinished state."

Although the British still know more of their history than perhaps any other country on earth, few of them today understand it any better than anyone else. Their beginnings worked so simply and to such handsome profit that success was assumed to be part of the natural order of things. Beyond that, many Britons remain truly astonished that so much energy, power, and might poured forth from this one tiny spot. They are really quite bewildered by what was made, what was lost, and what it might take to gain it all back. It sounds like such an awful lot of effort. The British playwright David Storey refers to it simply as "the underlying exhaustion of British life." Admits Lord Walston, an author and farmer who leads a busy life in both art and political circles: "We know our economic and social independence is at stake, but our heart's not in it."

The result has been something of a gentleman's understanding that no one should *(Continued on page 132)*

Mean men in mascara

Male Make-Up Wearers Are Not All Limp-Wristed

"COULD YOU LOVE A MAN WHO WEARS MAKE-UP?" *Honey*, England's answer to *Seventeen*, asked the big question right on their cover last year. And *Honey*, sweet little *Honey*, embarked on a full-scale campaign to get the flower of English manhood to paint their faces.

Today, inside the vast shimmering art-deco reaches of Biba's—London's department-store-sized boutique—Teddy strolls toward the gloomily lit curve of the make-up counters. Shining under hidden pin-light spots, massed rows of Biba cosmetics swirled in simple black containers, lit so cunningly, so dramatically, and Teddy—right in front of all the Kensington–High Street dolly birds balanced on their four-inch Zapata stiletto heels, right under the direct challenging glare of this Biba salesgirl, with her flaming red hair, aubergine-spangled cheeks, plum-plastered lips, livid purple eye sockets—Teddy just takes his rightful place in the ranks and slyly slides his hand, blunt grungy fingernails, bruised with last week's peeling layers of Ultra-Glo Green Twinkle polish, slides that hand right over those rows and rows of lurking Biba eye shadows, and the salesgirl says . . . nothing. Absolutely . . . nothing. Freddy is getting some new make-up. He likes it. It makes him feel mean.

English boys, the kind that get turned out of school at 16 to work in construction, have *always* been intensely concerned with matters of style

BRITISH BOOGIE: MEN IN MASCARA *These bully boys who wear make-up are "very young and very tough," says the girl from Mary Quant, "and they don't* care. They *know what they are."*

and fashion. At the center of London, the gurus of style debate the who, what, where, when, and why of boys' wearing make-up, while out on the fringes they're already doing it, slapping it on for the big Saturday night and hitting the streets with their mates. The *Clockwork Orange* boys, the street punks who rioted in the West End after the Cup finals, bashing each other about the head and shoulders, kicking the odd rib here and there, leering at 200 frightened cops from beneath their kohl-blackened eyes, their ferocious, bored, working-class energies released in a climax of style wedded to a brooding violence, hitting out at society's most sensitive root—the very definition of sexuality. The aggro boys are out there on the edge, dancing about on our brains with make-up smeared on their faces like some tribal initiation sign, playing on the last frontier.

Sue Steward, the creative manager of Mary Quant Cosmetics, first told me about these tough guys wearing make-up. She'd been out and around, chatting up salesladies in Streatham Highroad, or down Essex way, and found these 14-to-18-year-old kids—bricklayers, lorry drivers, rough-handed *workers*—buying up those deep green and blue nail polishes, blobby mascara, and garish glitter eye shadow for a threat of color around the eyes. No lipstick. No make-up on the skin. Just the shock-value stuff. "They're very young and very tough," says Sue, "and they don't *care*. *They* know what they are."

Right now Sue Steward is trying to reach the general public with an ad campaign for Mary Quant Cosmetics, an ad that shows a man and a woman, staring boldly at the camera, in matching make-up—green eye shadow, liner, bronzing gel, lip gloss. Make-up for men—ads are all over England, and even in the States in *Women's Wear Daily*, *Glamour*, and *Cosmopolitan*. "Make up to please yourself," says the Mary Quant copy. "You owe it to yourself to look as good as you can. And that means both sexes. A little Black Stick smudged around the eyes. A brushful or two of Tear-proof Mascara. Shaping with Mary's new Blushbaby in the Toffee color, and a fingerful of clear shining Glosspot on the mouth. And a man still looks like a man, only better."

Sue says they're pushing *make-up for people*. "Everyone should look as beautiful as he possibly can. After all, being a man is no reason to look unattractive." And in New York, Mary Quant's PR lady, Hollywood, explains, "It's not make-up for men . . . Mary believes in the self-definition of the individual!" Quant's U. S. importer says simply, "The kids just want to paint their faces."

A London lady by the name of Barbara Daly did the make-up for the Quant ad. She's a central figure in this tale, because she's the one who created the frightening make-up for Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*, made up David Bowie for his ABC-TV *Midnight Special*, and continually creates fantasy make-ups for English *Vogue* models. Barbara had on a touch of make-up, but only because she knew she was going to talk about it. Ordinarily, Barbara doesn't wear make-up. I asked her about working with Kubrick on *A Clockwork Orange*. "The make-up was almost like a tribal thing, things the characters would have put on themselves. Not theatrical, but strong—that's what Mr. K. wanted. It took a long time to work it out." That was 1971. And the make-up for Bowie? "Not normal . . . extravagant. A gold circle with diamonds on the forehead, feminine colors like pink and orange, his favorites." What does she think of the Quant campaign to get men wearing their make-up? "I believe in a whole handsome kind of make-up, things like face gels and blushers. But it's taken me *four years* to get my man into wearing bronzer. I've had to tell him it's a colored moisturizer. Eyelash dying would be good for men, and I like Moroccan kohl, but only inside the eye, not like a shadow. Michael Roberts [a young Sunday fashion editor at the London *Times*] looks splendid . . . I always walk up to him and stick a make-up pencil in his eye because he has the kind of face that just cries for it. On some men it looks silly, and others can get away with it. Still, most men associate make-up with . . . you know, *pouffy*—you don't call it that in the States, do you?" Barbara's man walks in, a tall guy in jeans. He is not wearing make-up. Nor is he pouffy.

Barbara is conservative. She says she's just doing a job. After hours she's not involved in the made-up pop world. Fashion trendies floating about in the social wake of David Bowie and Mick Jagger are guys like people-stylist Eric Boman, who was late one morning for a meeting at Barbara's because it took him so long to put on his face. Then there is Pierre Laroche, the sunken-cheeked French *enfant terrible* of the pop-fashion nexus. When rock became a series of visual theatrics, Pierre saw a cozy little niche for himself there as a face man, doing up Mickey Finn, the illustrious Jagger . . . and the illuminating Bowie, creating that lightning-streak make-up that slashed across David Bowie's face on his Bowie/Twiggy album cover, an image that eventually hovered on a billboard in the smoggy air over the Strip in L. A. for weeks, months, giving all the little teenies of California certain . . . ideas. Pierre is now planning a grand entrance into New York, to make—zee beeg splash. In his Moroccan-Parisian hippie apartment in a chic area of London off Fulham Road, a pile of Polaroids of famous and almost-famous faces sits on his low round coffee table—Mick Jagger, Mickey Finn, Michael Roberts, Lindsay Kemp, Bianca Jagger, Bill Wyman—50 or so of them piled up like a stack of trading cards right next to a vase of creamy white lilies. Last year Pierre told *Honey* he put on make-up to "look aggressive, very powerful!" Today Pierre is not wearing make-up. He looks quite pale. London trendies adjust quickly.

•

In late 1968 David Cartright, ex-army, ex–Kenyan tea plantation, opened Glint's Grooming Center for Men on South Molton Street in Mayfair. He sold only men's grooming products, but was soon forced to expand into facial and hair services because "the prophesied boom in cosmetics for men just hadn't started. We were a very elegant shop selling very smart products at absolutely no profit at all." They still have the products—Braggi, Glints, Aramis, Dior, Wella—by the shelf in the front of the shop. Eau Sauvage Bronzer by Christian Dior will run you about seven dollars. But David sells no gloss, no eye shadow, no . . . make-up. "We don't camouflage, we improve the skin. We won't accept *anyone* downstairs for a make-up job."

But everything circles back to the bovver boys, the aggro gangs smearing on woman's make-up for a big night at a ten-hour Who concert, marching around, with their working-class swagger and 40-pound boots, glaring out the message from under the Brutish Blue glitter lids: "OK, come on, ya creepy old account exec, with your pale face and your Shulton Seasplash and your neat little suit, come on, just *dare* call me a faggot!"

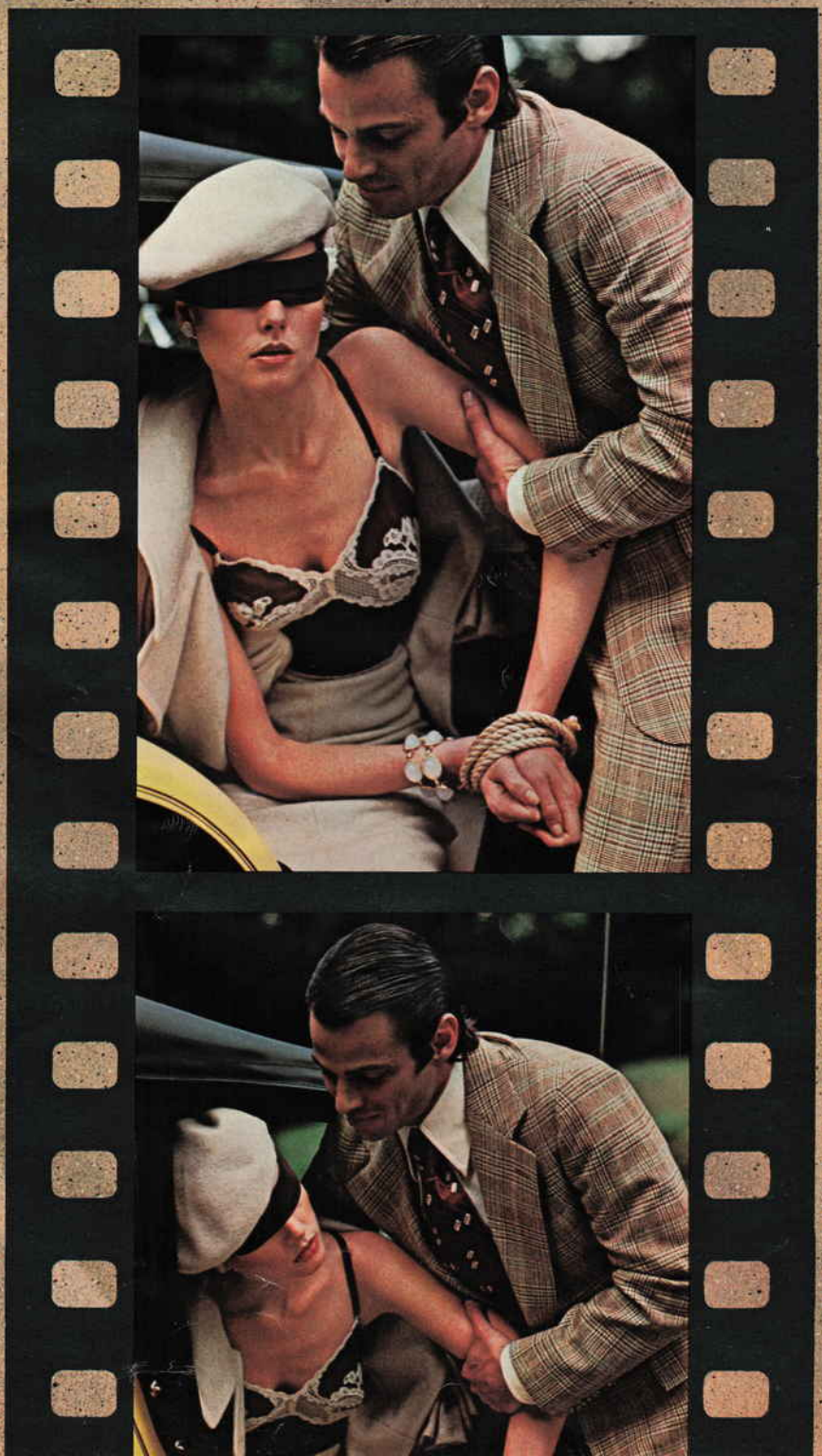
That is what seems so different about make-up and men in England. In New York the gangs of Puerto Ricans go in for painting up the subways, not themselves, and the cooled-out blacks hang together looking Superfly under their big felt hat brims. Now can't you just see the bovver boys, all dolled up with Mary Quant Cosmetics, strolling down the Great White Way, kicking ass and twirling blue-tipped fingers at the circling crowd of staggered Puerto Ricans . . . agog! . . . and stunned, silenced Superfly dudes, *outdone*, for once. By the English. ▣

The Shooting Script

Some directors plot each scene; the best just let the movie happen

Hiram Tilden's long, luxurious auto slid smoothly down the long country road past the great walled estates of the Winstons and Phippses and Lowries and Rodds. A beautiful woman in a silky St. Laurent dress huddled next to him on the passenger seat. "Hiram," she whispered in a voice that spoke of a long acquaintance with black limousines and subtle power, "I know it's you, I can feel it's you, so take off my blindfold, *je vous en prie!* This game is no fun." She sighed. Charm was difficult for Pia when her eyes were hidden.

Hiram remained quiet. He'd play this game as it came. He hadn't become a film producer at his age just because he had a certain charm and knew the right people. He was also tenacious and wily. Pia Masters, her father, and her friends had been the right people and they had helped him, true. St.-Tropez and Paris, Düsseldorf and New York, Madrid and Beverly Hills, he always knew the best shops and the best people, thanks to Pia's crowd. From his short intense years around film people, he'd learned one simple lesson: Always buy the best. Hiram wanted Pia, for she was the best, but she had demurred after a long liaison and her refusal was frustrating to his near-perfection.



Pia whistled low and tonelessly as Hiram nosed the car through the gate and rolled, silently up through the woods to the side of the manor house. He yanked her out by the elbow and, still blindfolded, she toddled with a disarming lack of poise. She had packed a Vuitton steamer trunk for what Hiram had promised would be a short businesslike trip on the last voyage of the France. Instead, this mysterious game, with Hiram trying to undress her mind. Just because she had broken off with him, and her father had closed him out of a deal.

They didn't eat, either of them. Each evening Hiram locked Pia in her room and each morning took her out. "Submit," he would tell her. "Stop being silly and dramatic, Hiram," she would reply. "This is really no time for such silly and boring games."

His plaid suit ($140) by Sal Cesarani for Country Britches, silk shirt ($100) by St. Laurent. Her cashmere coat ($250) and skirt ($90) by Calvin Klein.

Photography by Klaus Lucka. Hair and Make-up by Franklyn Welsh

"This is no game," Hiram would respond.

After three days of this, their nerves were scraped raw. Every day Hiram and Pia would change into new, more fabulous clothes, trying to gain slight psychological advantage. But they were evenly matched, cashmere for cashmere, label for label, will for will. Hiram once touched Pia's shoulder, and she raked his cheek and drew blood. Next day he drew his Luger out of its holster, slowly, deliberately, a strange sickly grin playing over his face. Pia saw the glitter in his eye and the sun flashing off the stubby silver barrel. She knew the game was over. She ducked and fled the house, making a run for the road. Near the gate she tripped on the gravel and bloodied her arm. Hiram caught up with her, breathless, and she stumbled as he put the cool barrel of the Luger against her flesh.

Pia ran back into the house and tore through the clothes left in her trunk . . . nothing. She heard Hiram's footsteps coming down the hall. She stood there in her flimsy silk camisole and her breath came hard and fast. Hiram walked slowly into the room, the Luger hanging at his side. She knew he had won. She conceded with her eyes, and, as at the end of all games, she was no longer tired. Her muscles now were taut with another kind of tension. She lay back on the sable blanket, propped her head on the pillow, and said hello in a voice reserved for these special occasions. For the moments that followed, Pia was thinking how sweet Hiram can be.

Top: His suit ($145) by Pierre Cardin, shirt ($35) from saint germain. Her jacket, pants, and ruffled blouse—a set by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo ($325). Bottom: His DeNoyer peppered tweed suit ($325). Her Fernando Sanchez bra ($15) is with the skirt of a St. Laurent suit ($365).

Left: His wool plaid suit ($180) by Arthur Richards, beige cotton shirt ($20) by Geoffrey Beene. Her hot pink tunic ($140) over a black flannel skirt ($150), both from St. Laurent Rive Gauche; hot pink Vassarette bra ($2.50). Below left: His mauve flannel suit ($260) by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael, pink voile saint germain boutique shirt ($35). Her mohair dress and jacket ($150) by Ronald Kolodzie for Concept XII.

Left: His gray flannel suit ($375) and silk tie ($20) by DiMitri of Italy. Her Fernando Sanchez camisole ($30) with a Sant'Angelo skirt ($95) and hat ($100). Above top, Yves St. Laurent Shirts & Suits suit ($200), St. Laurent Rive Gauche trench coat ($210). Her coat ($495), skirt ($140), and red silk shirt ($160) from St. Laurent Rive Gauche. Above, he's on her tail in a St. Laurent suit ($300), shirt ($100), and tie ($30). Her flying cape ($160) and matching plaid skirt ($52) by Adri. (For further fashion information, see page 134.)

PERFECTLY SERENA

THE MOUNTAIN GIRL MOVES DOWNTOWN

Serena thinks afternoon thoughts: the north face of Mount Rainier, orange suns, sweet forest rain, the soft belly fur of certain rodents, expeditions to Tibet, bizarre Eskimo rituals, golden apples, fabric eyes, and buttons from the Orient. Serena grew up on a ranch. Her father was the foreman. She roamed the mountains as a child, comfortable in the silence. She had certain favorite trees, her own blackberry patch, a stream she shared with yellow-eyed raccoons. She learned the civilized survival skills as well—skiing, fencing, riding. She could train hunting dogs and fish through a hole in the ice. She never wanted to leave the ranch. You can't always get what you want. Serena left the ranch four years ago to study art in a special program at an eastern university. It didn't pan out. The classrooms smelled of artificial lighting and chalk. Her professors thought Serena was quaint. She thought they were unhappy. So Serena came back to

SOMETIMES
THAT BIG
HOUSE
AND THOSE
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CARS FEEL
JUST LIKE
A BALL
AND CHAIN

FISH ARE JUMPING AND THE COTTON IS HIGH

where she could think uncluttered. She thinks evening thoughts: the fate of all guess-your-weight ladies in retirement, reciprocal trade agreements throughout Latin America, silent orchestras of Russian farmers lying face down in a wheat field listening to crickets, lustful Persians in shallow boats, small children diving through the stars. Serena Blaque Lourde begins to consider herself in some detail. It is, she thinks, a body considerably better-muscled than it looked. Her stomach is hard and flat under her velvet skin. Her wind is good, her skin tone excellent, her eyes clear, her tongue unfurred. She could run from here to the grocery store and not even breathe hard. Her evening thoughts continue: the Detroit Tigers gathered around a piano at midnight, a map with escape routes clearly marked, a plot of land owned by the government of Honduras, a violinist who plays till dawn, a young man with loins of silver, ointments from Indonesia, tales of brave Ulysses, joyous mermen, Serena herself back home, clear pools of light.

BRITISH BOOGIE: BIRDS *"What I'd do is put on a mini and boots and a bit of make-up, more than I normally use, and go down to the King's Road. There are Yanks there."*

(Continued from page 80) out so late so they all sort of looked up to me. I was precarious for my age.

"As I was telling you, I'd get pissed and Rog would walk me home. We'd stop and sit on a bench in a park and he'd touch me up, but we didn't do anything else really, because there wasn't anyplace to go. Mum didn't know about Rog so we couldn't go there, anyway there was no place we could be alone, what with two rooms and no door between. He lived with his mum and dad and he didn't have a motor. Then this mate of his, Guy, got a flat, just a bed-sit, and Rog took me up there early one night. It was only about 9:30, but we'd been in the pub for two hours, so we took the 88 bus. Guy wasn't there, see—it was all arranged, Rog told me later—and that's when it happened the first time.

"Then about four months later I started going out with Guy, and every bloke I've been with since then has had his own place. I make sure."

Grin.

•

Sally is embarrassed. She doesn't want to talk. Yet you know she does. And will. Just let her know you're interested. In her. Personally. Two whiskies and three reassurances later, she confides, "I was a dozy one when I was 16. This bloke I was seeing turned out to be a right berk. [Cockney rhyming slang: "Berkshire hunt." Take the first part of an expression in which the last part rhymes with what you want to say; now you figure it out]. He got me pregnant and then wouldn't help me. That was ten years ago when it was teddibly hard (Sally shifts to upper class every two or three sentences) to get an abortion. Finally I found someone. In South West London. Sitting there in that room with all those other girls—I'll never forget it—waiting for this Iranian woman to do it. I was sick for a week. Girls are luckier today; it's so easy to get an abortion here. Did you know they have package tours from all over the Continent? Round-trip plane fare plus your abortion. All very neat."

Fidget. Another whiskey.

"When I left school (at 16) I took a job making clothes for nine pounds a week. That was a long time ago, though. Girls today make twice what I did for doing the very same thing. I make quite a lot more than that now, but what with the prices and all I don't think I come out much ahead.

"Then there's Hillary. She's six now and goes to school so I can work during the day. We were on the dole for ever so long. I'm not married."

Pause.

"When I got pregnant again, I decided to have it. I'd always wanted a child but I couldn't've managed at 16. Now it's different. We make out."

Longer pause.

"It was pretty rough going for a while even after we got on the dole. It's not really enough, you know. So . . . so I entertained gentlemen when we needed something, or when Hilly did, clothes or food sometimes. I'm sure everybody knows about those adverts some girls put up on public notice boards. 'French lessons.' 'Chest for rent.' Things like that, but I didn't do that. No, I just couldn't be so cold about it. I mean, I have to like somebody . . . at least a little. What I'd do is put on a mini and boots and a bit of make-up, more than I normally use, and go down to the King's Road on a Sunday night. Friday and Saturday there are ever so many people, but on Sunday it's a lot quieter. You stand out more and all of the blokes who're out for a good time but haven't any money to spend on you are at home because they have to work in the morning. But there are Yanks there; you can spot them easier when there's less of a crowd. Blokes with some money and not knowing anybody in London and feeling a bit lonely, walking about and drinking in the pubs. I like Americans. Most of my girlfriends like Americans, too. They're gentle and they have money to spend on you and they're different, but they speak English, too. Not like a frog—those ones treat you like they were doing you a favor by sleeping with you. Oh, their table manners are ever so lovely, and the way they do things like kiss your hand, which is all very well the night before, but the next morning they demand coffee and then leave without so much as a thank you. Having your hand kissed doesn't seem so important then."

A double. On the rocks. No water.

"Oh, I wouldn't always take money. Sometimes just dinner and drinks and the cinema or a disco, which would have cost *me* a week's wages. I have to have a bit of fun now and again, and if I can make some money, too, well. . . ."

And why not?

•

Remember when? When Mick sang about going down to the Chelsea Drugstore to get his prescription filled? Well, the entendre ain't double anymore. Ya go there to get yer ashes hauled. Make no mistake about it, the Empire may be declining, but the girls just fall. For any low-octane hustle around. So much the better, you chortle into your pint of bitter.

•

Kay is an Oxford graduate who speaks with an accent that amazingly and simultaneously sounds like a horse neighing and a BBC announcer announcing. One of those hyphenated ladies. Her boyfriends are called Jonathan or Alistair or Wilfred, and they all have hyphenated last names, too. Their front teeth are hyphenated and you expect every other word they speak to be hyphenated.

"Chi-chi," Alistair says.

"*Hoi-polloi*," Jonathan responds indulgently.

"Upper-crust, upper-class, upper-echelon," Wilfred intones.

"Cul-de-sac," I say.

Establishment fuddy-duddy she's definitely not, she tells you. She believes in a woman's right to abortion, can quote entire chapters of *Marriage and Morals* ('Bertie is simply super'), and is against the war. Which war? Any war. War is morally wrong blah-blah-blah [author's hyphens].

Unfortunately, Kay has no money to speak of, despite the fact that she graduated first in her class, is now working on her doctoral dissertation in biophysics, and is very, very brilliant. Which she also tells you. She lives on her government grant, shares a flat with three other girls, has a curtain for her fourth bedroom wall, and has to wait until everyone is asleep before she and Alistair can make it. Too, too bad.

Chin up. Stiff upper and all that and get on with it. Marriage in four years when she and Jonathan can afford it. Or is it Wilfred? Flat in the suburbs, the *Times* delivered, a bit of garden, and four bedroom walls. All the comforts of the many-too-many (see John Le Carré).

•

Gilda wears a uniform like a cop wears a badge: upfront. See her 21st Century Foxy, six-inch-high multicolored, leather and glass (goldfish in the heels), plastic and wood, skin and bone Disney-dame platform campaign boots. Attached to her roast beef legs, thighs are sheathed in a Bette Midler-via-Andrews Sisters tight-fitter, leading up to her sheer-swathed Yorkshire pudding. On up to her sweet little dumplings hidden behind the top half of her Forties frockery and a cute miniature deco-rocker sweater, spangled and studded, Biba baubles dangling from all the right places. Up to her powdered, rouged, lipsticked Majolica face. Haloed by her Iggy Stardust cut, sidewings ready for take-off, and maybe even a red or green streak on top if the cake needs more icing. No candles necessary. She lights up without them. And glows blood-red down to her fingernails.

Gilda is not her real name, of course. "No—body I know uses their real name," she *(Continued on page 127)*

Fidelity Chic

THOSE FREE-LOVING SEX REVOLUTIONARIES OF YESTERYEAR ARE KEEPING THE HOME FIRES BURNING

BY JOHN ROEMER—Marita, the sleek Dutch air hostess with the great European bones, flies for Pan Am out of Boston. She's stylish and blonde and a little jaded. She gets hustled on four continents by the pilot crowd, the first-class crowd, the hotel-bar crowd. But Marita's got eyes only for her current boyfriend Nick, an engaging East Village layabout and sometime rock musician who seldom has plane fare. So never mind that she's just flown in from Munich and her feet hurt. "I have to commute to see *him* every time I get home to Boston," Marita fumes. Marita's hooked. "I love the bastard," she steams. She can't believe it. "I pay his parking tickets!" Life used to be one

Illustration by Christian Piper

FIDELITY *It may be excessive to proclaim that Tess Trueheart lives, but the tango and tight dancing are back in vogue and the kids are going steady again.*

long multinational party with a different number to phone in every airport. "Now, goddamn it, I'm hung up on this guy and of course it's ridiculous, but we're into fi-fucking-delity!"

Moreover, Nick concurs and faithfully sleeps alone while Marita's en route. "Like old married folks," he says. "I haven't hardly messed with another woman in two years."

It may be excessive to proclaim that Tess Trueheart lives, but the tango and tight dancing are undeniably back in vogue, the kids are going steady again at Harrison High, and the idea of swinging is so tired it's asleep. Jesus freaks stress the seventh commandment and suddenly fidelity chic has glittered onto the Tonight Show of Life and slapped palms with Ed McMahon. The bureau of short-lived phenomena may be interested to hear that fidelity chic has been spotted coveting not a neighbor's spouse in Secaucus, being true in its fashion in Malibu, walking the line in Milwaukee, and keeping the faith in random unincorporated townships from the Delta to Duluth.

Of course, fidelity could hardly be chic if it didn't have a press agent, and fidelity's vocal new adepts would hardly be worth a look if they didn't offer a few new variations on the ancient love-life hassles: jealousy, possessiveness, and sexual dishonesty.

"I know Nick might fool around once in a while," Marita acknowledges with a smile of indulgence in Esteé Lauder's clingy Blonde Red. "But it's nothing serious. He gets tired of jacking off all the time while I'm gone, so maybe he gets into a little screwing with a friend of ours. You know, no big deal. We call it sport fucking. I do it myself whenever I have a couple days' layover in Amsterdam. I look up this old boyfriend of mine and we get it on. It's fun, it's therapeutic, and it doesn't mean a thing."

As befits a new outpost on the sexual frontier, fidelity chic will, of course, possess a few internal contradictions. Fidelity chic rejects small-minded constancy as uninteresting. At the same time, fidelity chic has recoiled in repugnance from conventional *Cosmo*-girl wisdom on creative divorce, therapeutic adultery, one-night encounters, and other sodden elements of what Dr. Joyce Brothers is pleased to call "sexology." Fidelity chic also feels hustling's too frantic, finds monomania can be sexy, and considers notch-on-the-bedpost scoring infantile.

As far as lexicographers know, the first scholar to Anglicize the Latin word *fidelitas* did so in 1508. By *fidelity* he meant "the quality of being faithful," but in the sense of the Marine Corps—*Semper Fidelis!* He was speaking of faith as a Christian rather than a cocksman. The meaning "conjugal faithfulness" didn't attach itself to fidelity until 1694, nearly two centuries later. Fidelity chic prefers the original translation.

"We're in love," Marita sighs. "We don't lie to each other and we don't hurt each other. We're *true*."

•

Items:

• First there was a book called *The Sensuous Woman*. Then there was one called *The Sensuous Man*. Now the book is *The Couple*. Over one million copies sold!

• Betty Friedan tells a National Council for Women's conference on marriage and divorce, "We still need marriage in some form. Even divorced people believe marriage can work, but on a different basis and style."

• Hannah Tillich, widow of the influential theologian, reveals in her autobiography that although husband Paul was a compulsive womanizer, she loved him deeply throughout their life together and gladly forgave him on his deathbed.

• The Baroness Guy de Rothschild, the lioness of French society, attributes the longevity of her 17-year union with the baron to an *outré* conjugal bliss: "After all, ours was a love marriage—I got a divorce to marry him."

• A *Newsday* survey of male-female campus relations finds a great increase in coeducational living and sexual freedom. The report asks, "Do these figures betoken a breakdown in morality?" And answers, "Our data show a high degree of fidelity and seriousness: Relationships are with few partners and are much more serious than casual."

• Henry Kissinger gets married.

I move the preceding be accepted into evidence, and I rest my case. Fidelity chic is in the wind, in the news, and even in paperback. But what kind of kinky development is this? What's become of the pill-popping, wick-dipping, free-loving sex revolutionaries of yesteryear? How come we're sitting around this magazine studying fidelity instead of being out there in the bars hustling a one-night stand?

It's true that in those rapidly receding late Sixties it was decidedly passe to be faithful. A nation at war always has a hard-on, and Vietnam brought with it extensive home-front turmoil, sexual and otherwise. We were awash in hopeless hype. Wives became property to be swapped like hog futures on the commodities market: *Blondes closed generally lower today, but coeds, go-go dancers, and lady wrestlers were up in mixed trading.* . . . Suddenly everyone's sex life was open to belligerent challenge: "You don't swing? Wotsamatta, you a Fascist? A hawk? A Republican?"

Swinging was: liberated, preconscious, healthy, revolutionary, honest, pure, earthy, organic, whole-wheat, Mick Jagger, blue jean, and green. Fidelity was: hung up, cerebral, Preparation H, antidisestablishmentarian, phony, hypocritical, plastic, Disodium Inosinate, Lawrence Welk, gray flannel, and Consciousness I. Opinion was: polarized. Attitudes were: closed.

Everybody talked a good game and it sold a lot of musk oil and bumper stickers—HONK IF YOU'RE HORNY—but authentic sexual liberation generally proved as elusive as the cease-fire. The fantasy promised orgasmic happiness all around, but the reality arrived with exploitation, bewilderment, and disillusion.

A new credo was needed. Enter fidelity chic. It's code was as follows: Fidelity chic should attract partners who bring each other individual strengths and the kind of deep emotional security that refuses to be shaken by a little horseplay down the street! Fidelity-chic lovers function beyond the reproaches, the insecurities, the old-fashioned bummers that characterize relationships based on possessiveness. Fidelity chic's sworn enemy is that well-known small voice piping up from back of your brain, predicting that if you're happy, malign forces are about to fuck you over! Fidelity chic's not afraid of the dark.

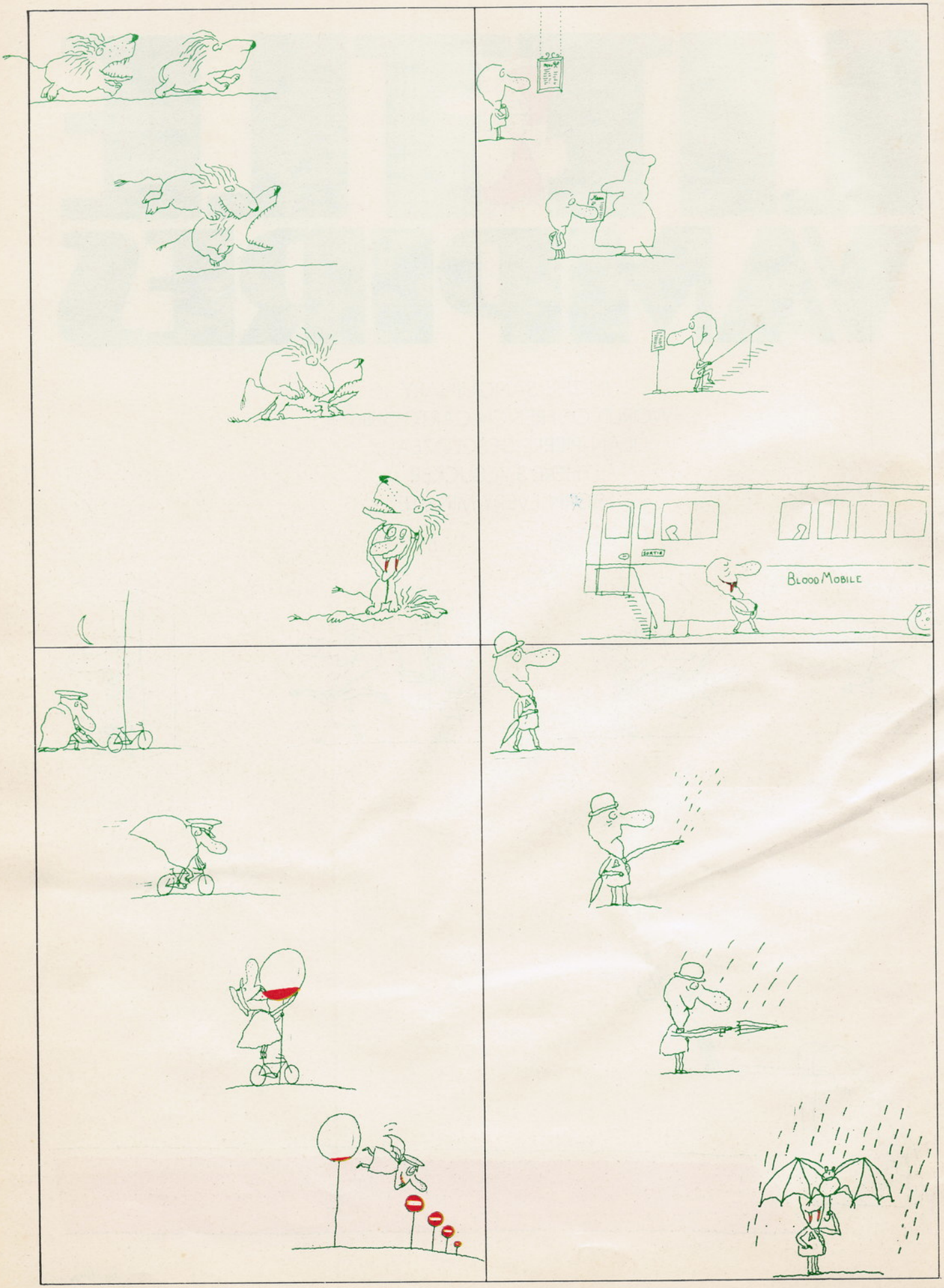
•

Jean says it was all mom's fault. "Revolutionaries shouldn't have mothers," she maintains. Jean's a foxy mamma herself who fled marriage in Florida with her five-year-old daughter in tow and sought liberation as a legal secretary in Denver. "But it wasn't easy. I was brought up to be a lady and I was trying to become a woman, and mom didn't approve one bit. When we got married I loved Rick and he loved me. We'd known each other in college and we were raised the same way—backward. It was OK for him to screw around and it was wrong for me, and I accepted that. Strictly conventional. He was fucking his secretary and I wasn't supposed to know, but I did. I really didn't care as long as he was fucking me, too. I was busy raising Barbara and keeping house. Then we went to church one Sunday and the minister talked about how swinging was wrong. Rick and I hadn't even thought of what he was doing as swinging. He was just fucking his secretary like half the guys in America. Then we went to my folks' place for dinner after church and my mother got to bitching about the breakdown in morals and the rise in permissiveness. It all got things moving too *(Continued on page 120)*

LITTLE VAMPIRES

IN THE SANGUINARY
WORLD OF FRENCH CARTOONIST
JEAN-PIERRE DESCLOZEAUX,
THERE'S A SUCKER
BORN EVERY MINUTE

desclozeaux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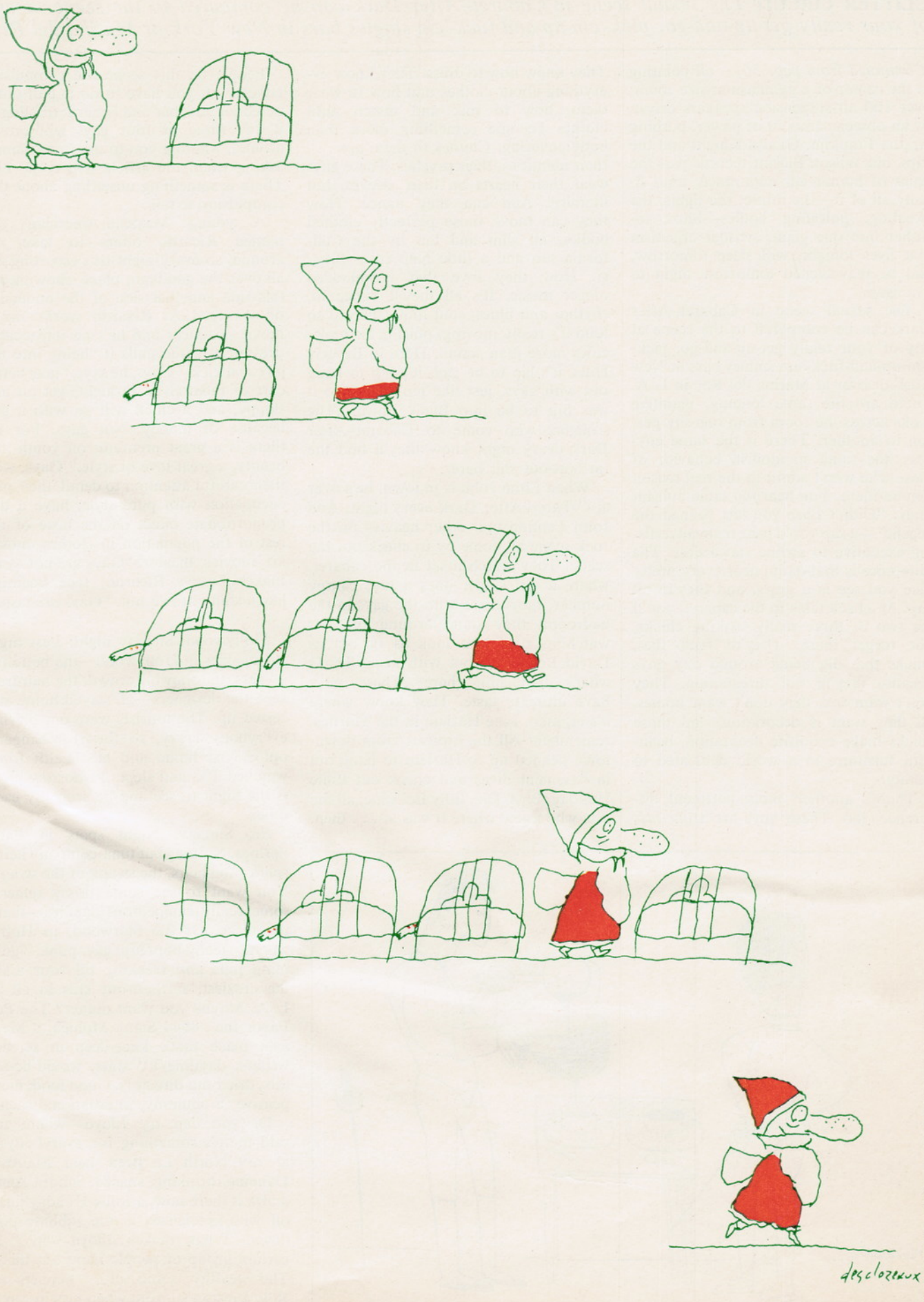

desclozeaux

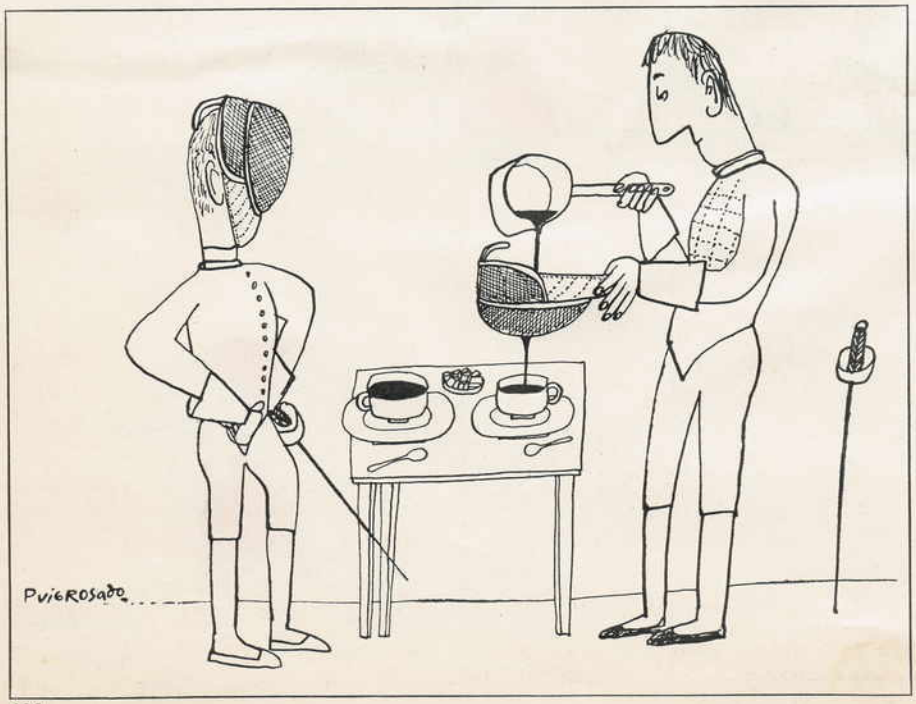
GLITTER CIRCUIT *The sexual scene in Cabaret–After Dark can be compared to the scene at any of your really get-up-and-go, pick-'em-up-and-fuck-'em singles bars in New York or Marina del Rey.*

(Continued from page 50) all pointing to the center of a gymnasium-size room; over 100 air-suspension speakers driven by an obscene amount of power, pushing Aretha Franklin, Gladys Knight and the Pips, old Wilson Pickett records past the point of human-ear endurance, until finally all of it—the music, the lights, the sweating, pulsating bodies—blurs together into one giant, sensual organism that lives tonight, will sleep tomorrow, and be reawakened tomorrow night to live again.

The sexual scene in Cabaret–After Dark can be compared to the scene at any of your really get-up-and-go, pick-'em-up-and-fuck-'em singles bars in New York or over at Marina del Rey in L. A. There are the same longing, plaintive looks across the room from one shy person to another. There is the same coyness, the same standoffish behavior of those who won't admit to the real reason they're there. You hear the same bullshit lines: "Didn't I see you last year at the beach?"—a rap you'd hear from advertising executive to airline stewardess. The difference is that damn near every pretty face you see is a guy's, and they're all gay. At a back table in the cabaret, you'll see two or three really striking chicks, but forget them. They're fruit flies, chicks that dig being around gay guys because they're not threatening. They don't want sex, they don't want bodies, all they want is decoration, and those chicks make exquisite decoration, beautiful furniture in a world dedicated to beauty.

There's another, more pertinent difference, too. These guys are truly *hip*. They know how to dress. They know everything about clothes and how to wear them, how to mix and match until clothes become something more than body covering. Clothes to them are . . . their identities, their psyches. These guys wear their hearts on their sleeves, but literally! And can they dance! How they can move those perfectly clothed bodies, all slim and tan by the California sun and a little help from Braggi. How they love that hot-blooded nigger music. It's all they'll dance to, rhythm and blues, soul music played so loud it's really moving, pulsing air molecules more than sound. Here in Beverly Hills, it's hip to be gay, it's hip to hang out with gays, just like ten years ago it was hip to be into Black Power. The straights who come to Cabaret–After Dark every night know they'll find the farthest-out shit here.

When Elton John is in town, he's over at Cabaret–After Dark every night. And John Lennon and other heavies on the rock scene all come by to check out the scene. They watch a set in the cabaret, where a girl singer does a hip, campy number; they dance with the gays in the ballroom; they stand around the bar watching guys who look as far-out as David Bowie . . . but with *taste*. That's what's happening here! These guys have ultimate taste. They know where it's at, man. Like Harlem in the Thirties, remember? All the hipsters from downtown headed up to Harlem to hang out in basement dives and check out Billie Holiday, Bird, Diz, Billy Eckstine, all the cats who knew where it was at . . . then.



People on this scene are compulsive talkers. All you have to do is pull out a notebook in a bar and begin scribbling in it and three or four gays will crowd around, wanting you to use their names, asking when the article will come out. There is something unsettling about this compulsion to talk.

A young Mexican-American gay named Ricardo offers to take me around, so every night he's escorting me all over the goddamn place, showing me this side and that side of the underside of sex in L.A. Ricardo works for a movie producer and he's an impeccable dresser. Ricardo calls it "being into the physical kick." Gays, he says, "take better care of themselves. Straights get fat and sloppy, and a chick will go with a guy because of money. Not gays. For us, there is a great premium on youth and beauty, a great love of style." Gays, with their careful attention to detail, their preoccupation with pure style, have a disproportionate effect on the taste of the rest of the population in clothes, music, art, movies, theater. "Gays are not tastemakers," says Ricardo, face beaming like a shiny brown nut. "Gays *are* taste."

•

Hollywood, Sunday night. Last night the heavies in Hollywood—the boutique owners, the showbiz crowd, the hairdressers, the designers—all stayed home and rested up. The tourists were out driving everybody crazy, so the real hangers-out stayed home and ate health food, watched TV, and slept. Tomorrow night is the night to see and be seen. By each other.

So, Sunday. Night spots in Palm Springs. Nothing but tuna-company heirs, spark-plug heirs, the swank of the swank. You want to see some prissy queens, some really camped-out dandies—that's the place. Or the Starwood, in Hollywood: teeny-bop/hip/gay/punk, gobbling pills and freaking till four A.M., the craziest, farthest-out kids in all of L. A. Maybe you want dinner? The Por Favor Inc., 8944 Santa Monica, a Mexican place that's knee-deep in screenwriters, daytime-TV stars, would-be-actors, dried-out directors. Good food, inexpensive, a chummy, international scene.

Or you can try Lloyd—where it's said there's something for everybody—at 739 North La Brea, near Melrose. Dancing, drinking, snacks. Sandra Alexandra is there now, a Billie Holiday takeoff who specializes in the sublime putdown. What makes Lloyd "in"? A certain group of people hang out there. The wealthy, some jet-set hangers-on. Billy Preston stops in when he's in town. Elizabeth *(Continued on page 108)*

The Father of Modern Glitter

We vill sprinkle zee stuff *über alles* By Glenn O'Brien

Assignment: To investigate the modern glitter phenomenon. Question: Where does glitter come from? Our first step is to buy a tube of glitter. We buy seven-eighths-ounce of silver. It costs 29 cents. The label gives the name of a company in New Jersey. We dial information. In minutes we are speaking to the switchboard operator at the O. E. Linck Company. We explain that we want information on glitter. "What kind of information, sir?" "Its origins." The president of O. E. Linck is H. Bodkin. We are brief and to the point. We would like to find out more about the history of glitter and O. E. Linck, and even come out and actually see glitter made. But the president is modest and polite. He states that his company did not invent glitter, that in fact it does not even manufacture it. "The man you should really speak to," confided Bodkin, "is Mr. Rushman of Meadowbrook Inventions. He's the father of modern glitter. We only sell the stuff." We are heartened. Not only have we found a glitter factory, we have found that it has a father, too, and he lives in New Jersey. We place a call to Mr. Rushman of Meadowbrook Inventions. A marvelous Della Street of a secretary gives us a thorough interview, then asks, "Mr. Rushman, Senior, or Mr. Rushman, Junior?" The father of modern glitter, we reflected, could be none other than senior. "We were told Mr. Rushman is the father of modern glitter." "Yes, that's Mr. Rushman, Senior. Hold on, please." Long-distance minutes pass. Finally a phone is picked up, but it seems that Mr. Rushman is checking our background tone before revealing his presence. "*Ja.*" It sounds like the annoyed voice of Werner Klemperer of *Hogan's Heroes* responding to yet another silly trick on the part of Hogan, a hidden microphone in his wiener schnitzel perhaps. We explain to Mr. Rushman that our idea is to write a story on the origins of glitter. Silence. "*Ja*, und vhy write about glitter?" We briefly describe the impact of glitter on fashion. We tell Mr. Rushman that glitter is in the forefront of the modern aesthetic movement. We tell him this article could provoke new uses for glitter. "*Ja?* Und vat if it provokes me new competition?" We assure him that his potential competition is probably not reading such and such and that his fears are unfounded. "Are you sure you're a writer?" We are sure. "*Ja*? Und vhy you vanna talk to me?" Here's our chance for flattery. "Mr. Bodkin of O. E. Linck says you're the father of modern glitter. Is it true that you're the

Illustration by Wilson McLean

FATHER OF MODERN GLITTER *"You know zey bought Manhattan from ze Indians for 24 dollars' wert of glitter." He laughs. For him that seems to sum up something.*

creator of glitter? Why, that puts you in the company of the great inventors!" "I didn't invent glitter. Nobody invented glitter. It's as old as since zey bought Manhattan. Zey bought it for 24 dollars' wert." Finally Mr. Rushman, Senior, agrees to let us visit Meadowbrook Inventions.

•

Meadowbrook is in that part of New Jersey where it looks as though George Washington might still be able to sleep. A crazy place for a factory. But then what does a glitter factory look like?

MEADOWBROOK INVENTIONS is stenciled neat and clean on a dairy-farm sign pointing to a property that is all rail fences and green, green grass, venerable trees and contented cows, crocuses and dandelions and squirrels. There is a drive to a big beautiful farmhouse, which you can just see from the road, and a fork that leads to a group of barns and a building that is obviously the office and factory of Meadowbrook Inventions. The sun shines down on the gravel and the gravel glitters back in spots, all the colors of the rainbow.

In the lobby–waiting room of Meadowbrook Inventions we take a seat and look at a magnificent display case of glittering wares: a glittering motorcycle helmet, glittering candles, glittering mobiles, glittering hot-rod models, glittering candlesticks, dunes of Day-Glo glitter . . . a veritable time capsule of post-atomic tack.

Then we are shown into Rushman's office. He is a wonder to behold. A classic German with the wide girth of Emil Jannings, the kindliness of Santa Claus, and the wariness of Martin Bormann. His face is not that of a glitter inventor, but of an Inventor. We would not have been surprised to meet him if we had been investigating, say, the Volkswagen or the automatic milking machine. This man is a German Scientist. His office is rathskeller comfy. The chairs are real leather and wood. There are precision optical and electronic instruments on mahogany tables. His big desk is covered with samples of papers, a gold glitter blotter holder, and a smoker's pipe rack pressed into service as a test-tube holder.

This man is a real gentleman farmer. We understand his wariness of publicity. Glitter for him is a business, a raw material, whatever those fools out there want to do mit it is OK mit him.

He is not yet at ease with the press. He likes to look out the window at his cows. Or suddenly he makes or takes a call. What can he tell us about glitter? "It's not such a big subject, you know, though it must have a million uses."

But glitter is really in now, you know, in fashion and the arts. "*Ja?* Vell, I don't know so much about zat." But you know how it's made, and to the world it's a mystery. "*Ja*, vell, that's OK. Zere's enough competition as it is. Ven I started out, zee only competition vas Hong Kong and zat's pretty tough cause za labor is so cheap. We have to be pretty smart to make it cheaper than zem. And now zey buy it from us, but we haf competition. Now zere is two other companies in glitter. More I don't need. Since 1948 I have no publicity and I'm doing OK."

As he begins to believe we are not a scouting party from a potential glitter concern he warms up. He shows us glitter trinkets between his routine of buy-and-sell phone calls. A glitter model hot rod. A glitter pen. "I'll show you how we started out." He takes us to the board room.

Rushman is eager to point out that he didn't invent glitter, only the modern way of making it. He leans back in his chair and looks out the window, across the green fields where his cows are grazing. "Glitter," he intones, "is as old as ze pyramids. Pharaohs were buried mit glitter." But who invented it? Nobody knows. "Zey were probably walking along ze zeeshore one day and noticed ze sand glittering."

He likes to repeat what he said on the phone. "You know zey bought Manhattan from ze Indians for 24 dollars' wert of glitter." He laughs. For him that seems to sum up something.

And how did he get in the glitter business? "I vas forced into zis business. I had all zese cows and zey kept raising ze taxes on ze land and pretty soon I couldn't make a living on ze cows so I had to start making ze glitter." He says this as though one day they had found glitter ore on his land. "It's terrible. But vat can you do? Sell to a housing project?" So in 1948 Rushman began manufacturing a little glitter on his farm.

Before 1948 Austria was a big supplier of glitter. Apparently Rushman had become acquainted with the technique of making glitter in the old country. He explains that, unlike his modern method, which uses lacquer-coated nitrocellulose as a raw material, the old Austrian glitter was made from "shellatine." "Shellatine," says Rushman, "is made from oofs, you know?"

"Oofs?"

"*Ja*. You know. Cow feets?"

Of course, Rushman did not use the feet of his prize dairy cattle to make glitter. He bought sheets of nitrocellulose, from which he punched round sparkles used mostly for shoes and handbags.

"Sequins?" we ask.

"No, not so expensive. Like junior sequins."

The waste that was left when the round sparkle was cut out of the sheet had always been discarded. Rushman decided to chop it up instead and modern glitter was born. But that was only the beginning. Rushman thought of a better way of making the junior sequins. Why not make them octagonal instead of circular? Waste was eliminated from the junior sequin process and so he had to make his already popular glitter from scratch, from large sheets of aluminum and plastic foil. And he was still able to chop up other manufacturers' scrap, which he could buy for next to nothing. In 1948 Meadowbrook Inventions turned out 80 pounds of glitter a day. Today it turns out two and a half tons.

But the delivery of this fact seems to trip some protective device in the old man's personality. "*Ja*, but you know zat is not zo much in dollars. A little glitter goes a long way." He picks up a greeting card. It says HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY TO SOMEONE SPECIAL. The red American Beauty roses on the front are highlighted with silver Meadowbrook glitter on the dewdrops. "*Ja*, now zat adds a lot to zis card, but you know what zat costs? Nutting! We raise ze price and zey don't buy, zey are zo cheap!"

There are several bottles of glitter nail polish on Rushman's desk—red, blue, green, silver, gold. Yes, this is the stuff that lacquers the claws of the glitter generation, these mutant androgynes of many colors whose hypnotically drugged sensibility brought us here, and here is this fine fellow of a farmer, who has perhaps taken nothing stronger than a Schnapps-and-Lowenbräu boiler-maker in his whole life, who lives in the most idyllic surroundings and thinks the most sensible thoughts, holding up a deadly vial of bile-green glitter nail polish. And he smiles. And we smile. Does he know? Has he seen? "How do you like this stuff?" we ask.

"Vell, I tink it's pretty cute, *Ja*? But, you know, zere's no money in it. A thousand pounds glitter makes enough for ze whole female race! Zee thousand pounds goes a long way, though. You zend everybody in ze world one of zese cards mit dat. But nobody vants to pay for it. Ze glitter on ze card is less than a penny and zey get 25 cents for zis lousy thing. Now don't you think zat's a little ridiculous?

"I mean, ze glitter is ze sugar on ze apple cake, right?" Rushman is smiling as though he has proved his point. "I mean, what is ze thing mitout ze finishing touch? Nobody takes it serious. Zat's vhy ve don't call it glitter. We call it ze metallic jewels."

He hands us a sample card covered with dazzling patches of glitter. Metallic jewels, yes, they are. I mean, if Monte-

zuma had worn a robe of Gold Fire glitter from Meadowbrook the noses would have been pressed even harder against the flagstone. There is something monumentally dazzling about this totally cheap item. No wonder the Indians sold Manhattan for 24 bucks' worth of it.

"I vonder vhere my son iss? He'll show you around the factory."

Rushman, Junior, suddenly appears, as though he had been listening to the last 15 minutes of conversation. He is taller than his father and quite slim. He is wearing modernistic gold-framed glasses. His thick brown hair is styled into a longish businessman's Mod completely concealing the ears.

"How do you do?" he says with a no-nonsense handshake. "So you want to write about glitter, huh? Well, I guess you've come to the right place, all right." He looks at dad. Dad is looking out the window. "Zey, ze cows are sittin' down, a couple of 'em. . . ." His voice trails off. Rushman, Junior, is already leading us off to tour the factory.

The glitter machines remind one of giant vacuum cleaners. Brilliant foils are fed into one end; they pass through a whirling turbine of blades and are blown out in a steady shining rush at the other end. Glitter shoots down the chutes, out the pipes, into barrels. The machines are virtually unattended. A few middle-aged workers stand around smoking cigarettes on the loading dock. They watch the machines, load them, and change the barrels. So this is it? Have the glitter kids ever thought of these machines? Have the workers, New Deal–mural faces in T-shirts and overalls, ever heard of the glitter kids? Have machines somehow dreamed them up for something to do with the leftovers from shoes and handbags? Is necessity yet the mother of invention?

•

Junior leads us up out of the din of the cutters and the roar of the blowers. Rushman, Senior, meets us at the door of the office. "Vell, how you like it? Worth the trip?"

"It's beautiful! OK if we take a couple of pictures?"

"Pick-choors?"

"Well, the kids that use the stuff might be interested to see where it all comes from."

"*Ja?* Vell, zat's too bad for zem, huh? You zink I'm crazy? Pick-chourss!"

Rushman is not at all happy about the image of glitter, rock stars with glittery eyes, marshmallow shoes with glitter uppers, nail polish. . . . He continues to supply these markets, of course. You've gotta eat. But somehow he projects the impression that he is the scientist unfairly shunned by the artist. Here is an inexpensive and magical item, yet it seems to be doomed to depicting a proletarian vision of the end of the rainbow. Did you know that glitter went to the moon? Yes, in many different colors. It was used to measure light radiation. Did you know that glitter is used to gild the spires of many churches, especially Greek Orthodox? Did you know that glitter is used for tuning violins? They dump it in the Stradivarius and watch the patterns the notes make on the back. Did you know that glitter is used in fireworks and aerial displays? It's in everything from Northwest Airlines seat frames to Volkswagen Gold Bugs to Greek Orthodox spires and yet Rushman is grumbling. "Glitter hass a bad name. I wish we could change ze name to sparkle."

Junior takes over: "Seventy-five to one hundred thousand glitter motorcycle helmets are made daily, but the largest single use of glitter is in motorboat hulls; five pounds of glitter go into every motorboat hull. The second largest use of glitter is still Christmas-tree balls. But we're doing a lot of glitter candles and candle holders. And glitter aerosol. Formica kitchen tops. Nail polish. Dune Buggies. And we do a big stucco business. It's the new thing. They put our glitter into stucco for houses, especially in California. And then, oh, you'll get a kick out of this one, we do a big casket business. Yeah, a lot of bronze glitter is going into the ground these days."

Senior doesn't seem to be too pleased about the tack of our interview. He is very proud of the scientific marvels that glitter has achieved. He is proud of the part his tinsel has played in space. "*Ja*, you know we make ze diopter, you know, zat zey use for ze Shputnick. *Ja*, it's a streamer. Zey follow ze Shputnick up to space mit it.

"Zen we haf zis contract. . . ." There is a pregnant pause. Apparently "The Contract" is the current defense department project on which Meadowbrook is working, which perhaps holds some minor-league classified rating. Glances shoot back and forth across the generations. Junior says it's OK. "*Ja*, zey haf zis project called . . . and it's ze navy making zis glitter missile . . . zey shoot it up and ze warhead explodes and it shoots glitter out for miles in a big cloud. Ze glitter reflects ze light and ze heat and confuses all ze missiles and ze radar and ze heat-seekers and. . . ." Rushman takes a proud puff on his cigar. *This* is an achievement. Not like glitter shoes or glitter nails or glitter caskets . . . this is class. This is science.

We are impressed, "Gee, you wouldn't think something like glitter would be so important." Rushman nods. He is pleased. This secret project makes glitter something select and secure and confidential. It puts his work as a gentleman farmer–inventor into a highly traditional cosmic perspective. In his deepest ruminations, Rushman must feel that ultimately it could be his glitter that saves the world from Red missiles, his golden cloud glittering high in the ionosphere up over the pole where the Van Allen Belts take their dive into the heart of planet earth, where the battle of Armageddon might be won. ▣

(Continued from page 104) Taylor's hairdresser brings Sammy Davis's wife, he tells Sammy, and he brings somebody else. Eva Gabor's gay male secretary brings her, and she tells her best friends, all 1000 of them.

Sandra Alexandra is a star on the Hollywood scene, but a special kind of star. She's the performer's performer, made by the gay, hip crowd, but she's never left it for the mass audience. Onstage, she puts down dykes, gays, straights, whites, blacks: superhip rap, a gassy flow of vicious invective. People come to Lloyd to see who's getting put down. When she starts on somebody in the audience, it's a form of attention. The object of her wit becomes a star, too. He gets off on it, gets off on being verbally stomped into a small pile of protoplasm.

Lloyd is a long, narrow room with two bars. Up front you've got to sit at a table. Near the back bar it's standing room only, and that's where the action is. Gays, straights, lesbians, freaks, musicians, all mix comfortably. Gina, 24, is standing on the edge of the crowd, and after two drinks she tells me she's come to the point where damn near anything is acceptable.

Gina is strikingly beautiful—blonde, brushed-back hair, silk scarf, couple of hundred dollars' worth of clothes on her. She's one of those chicks you see across the street from you in Beverly Hills, one you know you'll never get close to. They're just there, beauty objects to be looked at and yearned for.

"If someone is here at a place like this," Gina says, sweeping her hand around the bar, "they've got to be looking for something. But I'll tell you, as an artist I can say that sexual involvement has to take second place for most, especially for homosexuals in the arts."

What do you mean? I ask. What I'm looking for is sex, raw sex. I want to know the dirt, what's going on here. I want you to let it hang out and tell me all about it.

"Well," she says, pausing, "sex has little to do with what's going on here. It's an identity thing. A lot of these people may never have a sexual encounter tonight. They just go home and get very hung up on their identities."

Then why do you come here?

"There's more joviality and fun in gay bars," says Gina.

Paul and Steven, 25 and 26 respectively, join us. Steven is a rich punk, unemployed, living off a monster trust fund his parents set up for him. He hates his parents, doesn't know if he's gay or straight. Paul is a tall, gay-appearing fellow—pretty face, delicately, daintily dressed. The four of us are standing there talking, when Paul begins to paw at Gina, carefully, affectionately.

"Paul and I are half sister and brother," says Gina, nuzzling against his chest. "We didn't know it until last year. Paul was having an affair with my ex-husband, one of them, and we met at the Garden Cafe. We didn't know each other, but we got to rapping and we discovered we had the same father! We thought that was so far-out we went home together, left my ex-husband sitting in the cafe by himself. Paul is gay, except with me. We can't figure it out. Maybe it's because we feel so close, but I'm the only chick he can get it up for."

Is Paul still going with your ex-husband? I ask Gina.

"I see him occasionally," says Paul. "I can see why Gina left him. He's a rat, but I like rats sometimes."

I wandered off in the general direction of the bar. I had talked with Gina and friends for better than an hour, and I came away with that same empty, vague feeling I would get watching Wayne County and his gobble/grovel act. Gina and friends seemed to be some sort of weird breed of postindustrial society fallout. They did nothing for a living. They hung out in weirdo bars at night. They stumbled and fell into each other's arms sexually like a gaggle of rag dolls in a drunken square dance. There was no definition to their movements, no sense of direction. No strength. No guts. No center. *Being and Nothingness*, the book by Sartre, is about that last existential step before nowhere, existing on the brink of psychic disaster but still somehow making it. It makes for pretty depressing reading. But these people had neither being nor nothingness. All they had was each other and a vague, fumbling sense of identity as a commodity in the marketplace. It was something you went looking for, like you go shopping for shoes or socks. "I'll take this style, or that color. Yes. I like that one over there. Ugh. That one's ugly." Beyond adolescence, beyond childishness, Gina and her boyfriends and ex-husbands were compulsive consumers, the sons and daughters of the dissatisfied generation, inheritors of terminal consumptive constipation, ignorant of the old adage "shit or get off the john." Do something. Function. Move.

•

New York. Back to the Continental Baths two years later. This, they keep telling you, is where it all began. This is real-life, up-front faggot-sexuality stuff. Around here, the guys don't worry about their velvet pants and tricolor shoes. They don't try to outdo each other with navel-plunge supershirts and crotch-hugging come-on pants. They don't care about the nonessentials, because here the guys don't dress. One white towel, provocatively knotted over the right hip, just so much crotch hair showing—that's the uniform at the Baths. They walk around in shower clogs and towels, eyeing each other, eyeing the straights who have come to catch the Saturday-night show. The air is thick with steam and heat and men's cologne; cigarettes held like batons, elbows crooked and propped in the palm of the other hand, they stand around and wait. Later maybe, they'll go into the pool for a swim, a pool surrounded by mirrored pillars and deck chairs, a little bit of Miami on West 74th Street, mid-Manhattan. Nobody gives a shit about anything but sex at the Continental Baths, and you better remember that the next time you stop by.

In the main room some singer nobody's ever heard of sweats in the spotlight and croons into the mike. The audience is two-thirds seminaked gay boys and one-third curious middle-class straights. The running joke at the Baths is the Westchester County "mystery tour" that runs a busful of gawking matrons and blushing husbands here every Saturday night, and they're here tonight, too. Three dollars at the door, one free drink in hand, they plunk down among the towels and pretty faces and try not to look nervous. Of course, all their friends have told them about "this weird place you go to on the mystery tour," but still, all those thighs and towels slipping and flipping and showing off. . . . *What's that? Was that a cock I just saw? A pink peekaboo, looking out from under that towel . . . Mabel. Did you see that? Look. Over there. Standing next to the one with the eyelashes. Yes, that one. Keep watching. There it is again! My God! Have you ever seen such a thing? It's just like they said it was.*

And it's more. Upstairs there are gay grope rooms, places where you can take your lover or acquaintance and close the door. We don't know what goes on up there. There's a pool, sure. And we've heard about certain things. Some of us have even read Auden's poems about the St. Mark's Baths. But this is something else! This is fantasy, New York–style. C'mon into the baths, and let your mind run free. Nothing is left to the imagination, except what goes on right through that doorway there. *Did you see the look on that one's face? That flush? Whew. And this is where Bette Midler got her start? This is where Mick Jagger came to see her? This is incredible!*

This can also be boring. Not much else to do at the Baths. It's pretty much

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Newport

Alive with pleasure!

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 21 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74.

GLITTER CIRCUIT *When the sound system at Le Jardin cranks up, people with elaborate dental work would be wise to stand clear . . . it blasts like an eight-inch howitzer.*

a "gawk at the gays" scene. It's all supposed to be shocking, but it's more like a zoo. Come and see the gay boys hold hands and kiss and pinch each other's asses. Listen to them lisp and giggle. See all the exhibitionists parading around in front of people their parents' age. The Continental Baths sags after a while.

It's time to head over to Le Jardin. New York's version of Cabaret–After Dark is over on West 43rd Street in the basement of the Hotel Diplomat, long a nesting place for weird rock groups, community dance-ins, offbeat fashion shows, and glitter groupies. Now the hotel has its own in-house fag bar and discotheque, complete with fruit flies and occasional visits by denizens on the outskirts of the BFs—the beautiful folks, in 43rd Street jargon.

Extreme. That's the word to describe Le Jardin. It's the leading edge of night life in New York, a place that's built on creating new high ground, violating trends, forging ahead in dress and drug and drink, hacking a way into new behavioral patterns with the ice pick of illusion, the axhead of outrage, the sledge hammer of audacity. Nothing is forbidden at Le Jardin except normality.

The darkness brigade will be a difficult concept to grasp for those unfamiliar with the rhythms of New York life. But here in Manhattan, there is a group of night-lifers who don't come alive until the rest of us are home settling into the late movie. The darkness brigade emerges from tenements and cheap hotels and rented rooms, blinking at the street lights, waving feebly for a cab that will take them to the back room at Max's Kansas City, the Limelight, Le Jardin, somewhere . . . comfortable. Somewhere . . . weird. Somewhere . . . loud. Le Jardin fills the bill. Two rows of Bose 901 Series II speakers line the length of the dance floor, hanging from the ceiling about six feet apart. Twenty speaker enclosures—that's 180 speakers pushing air up against the ceiling, reflecting back down on the dance floor in a virtual carpet of sound. When the sound system at Le Jardin cranks up, people with elaborate dental work would be wise to stand clear. The first note of Lou Reed's *Rock 'n' Roll Animal* hits the room like the muzzle blast from an eight-inch howitzer, a noise loud enough to break glass.

Lou Reed is very big at Le Jardin, for he is an intimate of the darkness brigade, having cut his teeth in Max's back room and honed them to a razor edge at the side of David Bowie. All around the large basement room, standing beneath the plastic palms, lounging on couches, you can see little replicas of Lou Reed and David Bowie. Over there near the bar is a guy wearing knee-length leather boots with six-inch platform soles and an incredibly tight knit sweater, decorated with—can it be? Yes—the head of David Bowie! Right there on the guy's chest, the Space Commander himself, staring blankly out at passersby as the guy shuffles ever so carefully out onto the dance floor, fearful that he should topple from his fabulous perch.

Fabulous is a word you hear a lot at Le Jardin. It seems that nothing matters unless it is fabulous, and nothing is fabulous unless it's so far out that it hurts the eyes. Fabulous is also a big word at Reno Sweeney, another of the New York darkness brigade's gathering spots. But at Reno Sweeney, the word connotes taste, togetherness, glamor, elegance. Located on West 13th Street in Greenwich Village, Reno Sweeney is the first downtown night club to open in ten years that's been able to keep its head above water.

The reason for this considerable accomplishment is simple. The guys who opened the club, on the site of a failed steakhouse, had a concept that they followed in every element of the club's total design. It could be called the late-movie concept, for the only experience any of the owners had with night clubs was what they had seen in movies while they grew up, movies that celebrated the glamor and tastefully executed atmosphere of, say, Rick's in *Casablanca*. The club's logo is a sailboat silhouetted against a full moon, with stars twinkling in the distance.

Palm trees frame a black-and-white-tiled stage on which many have performed: Linda Hopkins, Ellen Greene, Peter Allen, Holly Woodlawn, Lee Horwin, Marilyn Sokol, Melissa Manchester, Judith Cohen, Novella Nelson, Blossom Dearie, and Diane Keaton. But just as attractive as the headline act is the scene at Reno Sweeney. It's a very restrained scene, a scene that leans toward the kind of late-movie elegance the owners want to evoke. People *dress up* to go to Reno Sweeney. A couple will walk in arm in arm, smiling. She's got her hair all up in curls and twists, and his is in a shiny, slicked-back *Gatsby* style with oil. She's wearing a black velvet cape that just barely clears the floor, and he's in a vanilla gabardine suit, ice-blue shirt, and bright yellow bow tie. He's wearing black-and-white wing-tip shoes, and she's in jeweled silver slippers, dainty and soft and ever so . . . elegant. The maître d' seats them with a flourish, and all heads in the Paradise Room turn slowly, watching, measuring the appearance of the couple at ringside. There are smiles around the room, careful, proper smiles because the couple has met the taste level, the very downtown style of understated glamor that the scene at Reno Sweeney has come to represent in the Village. The scene is so distinctive, so carefully orchestrated, has such propriety that "very Reno Sweeney" could become part of the language. ▣

The Inner Man

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My briefcase crammed with thousands of dollars to be deposited in my bank.

I WILL QUICKLY TEACH ANY MAN OR WOMAN MY PROVEN "EASY MONEY SECRET" OF STARTING FROM SCRATCH AND MAKING A FORTUNE PRACTICALLY OVERNIGHT!

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As the Accountant for Unique Ideas, Inc., Mr. Ernie Tucker, Pres., I attest to the fact that he earned Thirty Five Thousand Dollars in a single day and presently averages in the thousands every week.

Personally I've always found him to be both a Successful and Honest Man. I Certify that all of these statements are true.

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ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

AN HONEST NO NONSENSE WAY TO RICHES IT ACTUALLY WORKS FOR YOU

No equipment to buy or lease, no hustling your friends to buy junk merchandise and no books or correspondence course required.

DEFINITELY NOT A CON GAME, FRANCHISE, INVESTMENT SCHEME OR GIMMICK

YOU DON'T NEED MONEY TO MAKE MONEY

Obviously you were not born rich so what? 85% of the men and women who are rich today started with very little money and had only average education, so why not be honest with yourself and stop using lame excuses, stand up and face the fact that the only real difference between you and thousands of rich Americans is that they discovered the right moves to make and you did not!

YOU GET RICH MAKING "THE RIGHT MOVES"

I've proven this to be true despite the fact that I was born poor and barely squeaked through high school. I still made a fortune in just a short period by making the right moves and I'll show you exactly how I did it.

But why am I so anxious to reveal to you my secret money making method? Surely there's more to it than because I enjoy helping others share in the rich good life as I have but frankly I expect to profit at least two hundred thousand dollars, maybe more, from the publishing of these ads in nationally famous magazines and newspapers.

STOP WASTING PRECIOUS YEARS

I should know, I wasted more good years than I care to remember, before I finally discovered the secret of making money, I stayed up to my neck in debt, bounced around from one eight hour dead end job to another. Just working, waiting and wishing for a great fortune to fall in my lap. I got married, became a proud father at a young age. I worked in a toy factory for a short time and peddled cosmetics from door to door, but everything I tried my hands at failed because I didn't know the right moves to make. This only happened to me twelve years ago. No doubt there are millions who are suffering this agonizing torment now.

REVEALING: THE RICH MAN'S SECRET MONEY MAKING METHOD

It's true that most rich persons keep their money making secrets to themselves, seldom sharing it with others, but fortunately I met several unusually fair minded rich men who were so impressed with my ambition to get rich that they agreed to teach me the secret money making techniques that their many years of making millions had taught them, providing I would virtually work for them at least one year. I eagerly jumped at the opportunity to gain this valuable knowledge and said yes to their generous proposition. So for one year I listened and watched very closely, until I learned from A to Z how these financial wizards made thousands of dollars every single day. I'll always be most grateful to these men for teaching me their fast and easy money making secrets. It didn't even matter that I was practically pennyless when I first put these methods into action.

SUDDENLY IT STARTED MAKING MONEY FOR ME

At first it was unbelievable ... I paid off all my bills and my wealth continued to multiply. Huge sums of cash poured in so fast that I was forced to employ a full time bookkeeper and retain a corporation attorney, accountant and tax expert to help manage my prosperous financial affairs.

We had investments, property, stocks, money in the bank and can afford most anything we want. My family and I enjoyed our wealth and success. We were very proud of our accomplishments and it was our secret of making the right easy moves that made it all happen.

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE DON'T BLOW IT

It's a better chance than I had. If you're really serious I'm willing to share my secret. Surely I can afford to give it to you free of charge, but I won't, why should I give you something for nothing? Instead I'm going to ask you to send me ten dollars for sharing my secret. What's more, I want you to know that I intend to make a fair profit from the information I mail you, why not? If I can show you how to make more money than you ever made in your life why should you care if I make a profit? Remember what I'm giving you for only ten dollars cost me 12 years to master. Even more important you get certified and documented proof beyond the slightest doubt that my method can make a fortune, this is why I can offer you the strongest legally binding guarantee possible!! A guarantee so incredible that you'll probably think it sounds too good to be true.

UNUSUAL $1000 GUARANTEE

This is a legal and binding guarantee from me to you. The information I'll send you can actually put thousands of dollars in your pocket. But this is my pledge to you, after just 10 days if you don't agree my secret method is worth at least $1000.00 in cash to you (one hundred times the ten dollars you pay) send it back and I'll rush a full refund, including your 10¢ postage. You take absolutely no-risk —not even the price of a stamp.

GET READY TO GET RICH

Every single day my method can bring you more cash. You'll never again need to borrow, budget or ask anyone for credit. You'll be proudly independent. You can enjoy those luxuries you've always dreamed about, but never could afford. Sound impossible? But it's not, you only need a serious belief in my proven method, very small capital and enough ambition to give it a try. Remember "nothing ventured nothing gained" and there's absolutely no way you can lose.

JOIN THOUSANDS WHO ENJOY THE RICH GOOD LIFE:

Ed K. says: "I never earned over one hundred dollars a week in my life until I made 2 thousand dollars the first month using your money making method. I'm glad I took a chance." Sincerely, Ed K., N.Y. You can easily learn what I taught him and now his money worries are over, so why not take advantage of this rewarding opportunity. Any news of good fortune travels fast, already thousands of just average men and women have benefited from my concept, you will too. But I will not promise you'll make as much money as fast as I have, yet, it's possible you'll make a lot more even faster.

YOU CAN LIVE HIGH ON THE HOG AND DO LESS WORK...

I'll show you how to stop breaking your back to make ends meet and start using your head to get easy riches. If you're seriously fed up with being treated like a hard working stiff while others enjoy the rich good life, then don't pass up this opportunity—you risk absolutely nothing—not even the price of a stamp.

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Yes count me in on your $1000 guarantee offer. I enclose $10. Rush your proven easy money method. I understand that it has been officially certified, notorized and documented. If I don't agree it can actually put $1000 or more in my pocket within 10 days I can return it for a full refund, including my 10¢ postage. There is no risk on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State..... Zip.....

BERTOLUCCI *The leader, a ten-year-old with a gold tooth, lifted her apron, flourished her dirty little hairless cut, squatted before Valentino's fabulous window, and pissed.*

(Continued from page 62) wearing tattered men's jackets and aprons, singing, chortling, laughing, begging shamelessly, they psych the expensively dressed passers-by. The leader, a ten-year-old with a gold tooth, lifted her apron, flourished her dirty little hairless cut, squatted before Valentino's fabulous window, and pissed. The gypsyettes approached us confidently, saying to Bernardo and me, "Beautiful Marlon Brandos, thank you for your generosity," and calling Fiametta "beautiful Jackie Kennedy." When I said I resented being called Marlon Brando, pushed them aside, and told them to get lost, they spat and cursed us, made the "fuck you" gesture and the horns of the evil eye, and cried, "The cunt of your mother! *Figli di puttani, vaffa n'culo!*" But when superstitious Bernardo gave them more money than they could have dreamed of, they lauded and blessed us.

In the Caffé Greco Bernardo said, "We moved from Emilia—'the meeting of the ways'—to Rome when I was 12. Father often brought my brother Giuseppe and me to this old place. Father wrote a poem about the Greco—it's here." Coming out of the Galleria ca' d'Oro across the street was Alberto Moravia with Dacia Marina, young daughter of a Sicilian duke, and Giorgio de Chirico. They joined us for *aperitivo*. No one has the Apollonian stance of near-centenarian De Chirico in his vicuña cashmere polo coat; and Moravia more than makes up for his white crop, badly crippled left leg, and toothless maw with his frenetic mesmeric ceaseless chatter about—Moravia. Bernardo has reason to call him "*maestro mio*," if only for Moravia's *The Conformist*, which Bernardo re-created and bettered as a startlingly brilliant film. Bernardo said his father regarded two artists as true geniuses, Modigliani and De Chirico. Giorgio de Chirico, above impression, was bored. I asked him whom he considered the greats of filmmaking. "Greats?" he said. "You know absolutely nothing! You fool, cinema is not art!" And he disdainfully left.

"Now, that's what I call an attractive display of window boxes!"

With the pride of a little boy, Bernardo pointed to a framed poem on a pilaster near an old gold-plated mirror. It was three stanzas in 12 lines of jeweled words, entitled *Piccolo Autoritratto (Caffé Greco)*, and it was, of course, a small self-portrait by Attilio Bertolucci. Bernardo told me that within the walls of Caffé Greco had been Casanova, Goethe, Gogol, Byron, Keats, future popes, even Orson Welles. As we were leaving a huge Fiat bus stopped, and Japanese tourists streamed out and scurried about the Greco snapping pictures.

From Clara Schiavolena's terrace, were it not for an occasional TV antenna, you would think you were beholding the tile roofs, chimney pots, and attics of Michelangelo's day. Blonde, slate-eyed Clara the Sicilian said, "Bernardo, you're going to Parma to prepare your film. Why bother to rent this place? If you suddenly find you need it, just move right in, and I'll go to the country house in Bracciano." She had leased it to *A Clockwork Orange* Burgess but had reserved quarters for herself.

Bernardo invited her to Caesarina's, which you could almost reach out and touch on Via della Croce. Caesarina has seven tables. You cannot tell from the street that it is a restaurant. High-ranking government officials and film stars feel fortunate when they find a seat.

Bernardo had chicken cacciatore, polenta, ricotta, and a bottle of Lambrusco just like a North Italian. I deliberately brought up the subject of success. Bernardo said success, having to do with quantity, was inevitably vulgar, something that had to be digested and gotten over with, so that one could go on. Clara said, "The truth about glamor and success is the whore at the altar, the policeman without his uniform, the bartender in the morning sunlight, and the body in the morgue. Art and artists are tawdry when it comes to character. As you know, I lived with Mino Paolello for 28 years. He used my flesh, he picked my brain. I was his courage, his dreams, his imagination. 'Clara, help me with the scenario. Whom should I cast? What do you think of this? And what do you think of that? He didn't make

a move without Clara. Suddenly he abandons me and marries a young woman who will not even permit him to mention my name. Now it is as though he never knew me. He is a complete stranger. Film directors are cowardly ingrates. Why can't directors be *men*?"

We listened in sympathetic silence, although we knew all about it, and Bernardo Bertolucci had that disarming faraway look of a child.

•

I rode the train from Rome to Bertolucci's native Parma. Surely nothing could shock sophisticated Parma, city of the Etruscans, Gauls, Goths, Byzantines, city of the despotic Farnese dynasty and also of the Bourbons. Parma is the temple of things rare and beautiful—theaters, musicals, ballets. Now Parma is Marxist Red, the opulent *città grassa*—fat city—of North Italy's Emilia Romagna emblazoned with Bertoluccian conquest.

It was a cold night in the Piazza Garibaldi. The warmly dressed few dozen formed the nocturnal confrontation of factions—the literary club of the ripened well-off, the apostles of Parmesan culture—self-ordained devil's advocates, critics, and judges, all eager to lock horns over *Tango*. Among the reputables were priests, atheists, zealots of the left, right, and center, an antique dealer, a hotel manager, a restaurant man, lawyers, professors, a fag hairdresser, and three doctors—a dermatologist, a specialist in rectal cancer, and Bernardo Bertolucci's very popular pediatrician uncle. A journalist said, "Censor a film, even the very worst, and the idiot masses flock to it as to a shrine of miracles."

The priest admonished, "We are not treating reality. It is only a film of fiction from Bernardo's technical fantasies. There is no need to be sacrilegious."

Lofreddo, the Fascist journalist said, "We continually say *'Vaffa n'culo!'* and finally one of our townsmen has immortalized it in a cinematic form. The phrase *'Vaffa n'culo!'* will now become as immortal as 'God wills it!' and 'I shall return!' "

"We Parmesans," said the medical student, "are noted for cheese, violet perfume, and now unpasteurized-buttered-bugging——"

The dermatologist interrupted, *"Contraception a la Marlon via Bernardo!"*

"No, seriously," continued the young man of Parma's School of Medicine. "The cinema, originally called the bioscope, is the craft of visual duplicity. Pictures move and occupy the eye and do not allow the full play of reason within the context of sensible reality."

"I'll explain," the hairdresser chimed in. "Marlon gets his erection into Maria's anus."

"The reaming is presumed," the rectal-cancer specialist corrected. "Pasolini is less refined than Bertolucci. He would

have shown you the real thing, Marlon's prick going up the old dirt road. Come on, are we thumb-sucking children?"

The medical student was off again. "All right, all right. Then under his direction she cuts her fingernails and manipulates *his* anus, without the benefit of a disinfecting, sterilizing suppository or the refreshing services of a bidet. All impromptu, yes? Of course. Where is the board of health in all this? Now, elementary hygiene tells you that without thorough colonic irrigation, the terminal area of the large intestine houses feces residue that ferments from blood-temperature heat and is replete with its concomitant noxious humors. Right? Fact. Further, Bertolucci implies Maria Schneider was a rectal virgin. Her yelling and pain under stallion Brando should have suggested anal bleeding. But anyway, *paesani*, we are dealing with scatalogical exercises by coprophiliacs! Fact!"

"I resent your vulgar values!" the antique dealer cried. "This kind of talk is enough to make one vomit! *Last Tango in Paris* is sheer high tragedy. The sodomy was symbolic of profound poetic suffering! You owe the truth an apology!"

"My wife and I perform 69 and fancy positions that make the Schneider-Brando dog act look like the efforts of novices," one of the lawyers bragged. "But, God forgive me, we do not call it art!"

A bearded queen with a female basset hound on a leash said through his eerie, battery-powered artificial larynx, "Butter to grease the ways—salted? sweet?—better than oleomargarine. I simply love Marlon. He lives the part. Marlon has a prettier rump than Roman Polanski!"

A dignified man confided to me, "Don't get the wrong impression of the local street critics. Regardless of what they say, they are extremely proud of Professor Attilio Bertolucci's sons. The boys, Bernardo and Giuseppe, were called the Gemini, Castor and Pollux. Did you know that the father is a famous poet?

"I can see Bernardino in short pants. With the least threat of bad weather they bundled him up with earmuffs, gloves, shawls, and sweaters down to his ankles. He was addicted to the cinematic world of make-believe. He buried himself in moviehouses. The tallish lad would come out of the theaters into the sunshine pale as a mushroom and blinking his eyes.

"Professor Attilio was also a film critic for the *Gazzetta*. Everybody saw Bernardo's father, his large craggy face and scholar's hunched shoulders, crossing the piazza, books under arm, wearing his wide-brimmed poet's fuzzy fedora on the hottest days. Or pedaling his bicycle fanatically like a long-distance racer in from the countryside, ritualistically stopping to admire the baptistry and mopping his sweat. I remember when he made Bernardo read all of Gide under the family mulberry tree.

"If you find Parmesans a bit strange,

it's because we are descended from the ancient Celts and still respond to the call of the Druid."

One said, "Art fights imperialism with allegorical booby traps. Deciphered, *Tango* is an utter denunciation of Western society."

A Maoist dissented. "*Last Tango in Paris* is neither polemical warfare, Parisian chic, nor a South American dance. Besides the misnomer, it is flaccid perversion, literary intimidation, and cultural terrorism. In *Das Kapital* Karl Marx never wrote that bungholing was revolutionary, nor does the *Communist Manifesto* recommend pricks in asses. The masses have been reamed enough!"

"Attilio has written old-fashioned, authentic poetry," the hotelier added, "clear streams from the Castalian spring. But his overeducated son produced false art with *Tango*. Though I am a Christian Democrat I can see Bernardo has not been true to his Moscow-Peking ideology."

"You all miss the mark," the antique dealer rejoined. "*Tango* is a beautiful film of the soul that requires preparation to absorb. But on second thought I agree that Bertolucci is a cocktail of many people, nothing original, a confused intellectual and a superb technician."

Lofreddo the Fascist thundered, "Imbeciles go to the movies! I'll tell you about real life! I had a dream of a girl in a curtained stall of the world's most expensive restaurant in Paris. She ate and drank until I thought she would burst. I put my fur-lined coat on the bench under her and was happily sodomizing her. She cried, 'Quick. Take it out. I must——!' and *Madonna mia* she backfired and covered me and the coat! Where is the movie that will show that? That, sirs, is life!"

Bertolucci's uncle, the hearty pediatrician Dr. Maurizio, appeared and they pressed him. "Of this splendid film," he said eloquently, "I cannot talk. All the critics of the universe have spoken with their best hosannas. It's a runaway success that speaks for itself. The people fly to it as to a bona fide poet and genius. Bernardo had nothing dirty or vulgar in mind."

"There are also mediocre poets."

Bertolucci's uncle was working up anger, and almost shouting said, "You only dare to attack Bernardo behind his back. History will vindicate my nephew. Go read the slander of Puccini's treacherous colleagues and see who today is thought of as one of the world's greats."

"Oh, yeah? Fellini, Antonioni, even Godard have snubbed the film. Godard ran out in the middle of the movie, 'Too much, too much,' and Pasolini is alleged to have remarked, 'I'll never greet Bernardo again!' "

Bertolucci's kinsman said, "Envy! Fellini is a school child still sniffing girls' bicycle seats. Godard is *nouveau* vague, Antonioni is a foggy roach in the woodwork, and Pasolini is old hat. Have they made millions on one work like my nephew? They are jealous. It is understandable."

With righteous indignation, though patently enjoying it, the Bertolucci relative started to walk away, saying, "My soul is free—I don't have to listen." Disappearing into the star-bright Emilian night, Bernardo's uncle roared, "Fine townspeople! Love is never chaste. Marxist or no, moralist or no, only the pigs make chaste love. Strong cowardly blows from so small an assembly! Your frothings are invidious semantics. Results count! Money talks! Are you on the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*? Have you been invited to lunch with the Kennedy women? Pigsty? By God, *Tango* spells *love*!"

We all laughed, then decided to get out of the cold and go to the bar for drinks. On a street poster of Brando standing with his hands up, waiting to be prostrate-pronged by Schneider, someone had written with brown spray paint, "We want him naked," signed, "Sex Power!"

In the bar, we made many fertile jokes about the subject and had a rollicking time. Before the Parmesans went home, they swore to me that opposite the great Giuseppe Verdi monument with all the statues of the four lions pulling a chariot, they were going to erect a 100-foot white marble statue of Bernardo Bertolucci holding a stick of butter made of 14-carat gold.

"Without clothes," said Lofreddo, "so that on hot summer days the breezes will cool and refresh his own controversial ass!"

•

The next day I returned to Rome. By the Bernini colonnade of St. Peter's I took the 62 autobus that wound up the long slope of Monte Janiculum to the street named after the Garibaldean Redshirt, Giacinto Carini, an area built for the Fascist bourgeoisie during the florid prosperity of Mussolini's comic-criminal opera, *Imperium Romanum*. On the top floor of Via Giacinto Carini, 45, is the home of the Bertolucci family. They have lived in the same brown apartment since their migration from Parma 21 years ago. Spread before the Bertolucci terrace is Rome: its haloed hills, masses of russet-tile roofs and clay-colored stucco houses, Vatican City, Castel Sant' Angelo, the Colosseum, Baths of Caracalla, Villa Borghese, the Forum, the Campidoglio, Sant' Giovanni in Laterano, innumerable squares, monuments, and palaces, and directly below, along the Tiber, the Via della Lungara with the dread prison Regina Coeli at number 29, and Bernardo's new apartment in the Palazzo Corsini at number 3.

Evalina Bertolucci, 'Ninetta,' was born in Australia of Italian mother and wild Irish revolutionary father. She met Attilio at Bologna University where she was laureate with her thesis on the pagan poet, Catullus. She is a professor of English. Attilio Bertolucci came from landed gentry and was educated in Parma, Bologna, and Rome; besides being steward of the profitable terrain passed on to him, he made himself a literary critic, art sage, film reviewer, professor, editor of eclectic magazines, and—crowningly—noted poet.

Ninetta served tea with honied pastries from the oven; all was proper: family china, silver, and ivory napkin rings. As on other visits, Ninetta was at the fore in the conversations; Attilio admires her, grinning benignly.

There was the air of studied frugality that the ethical affluent indulge (orange and lemon peels converted to marmalade). The poet's gray worsted suit was painfully neat but exploited to a shine, and the cordovan shoes seamed, worn, affectionately saddle-soaped, and newly heeled and soled.

On the coffee table was Aubrey Beardsley's book with a faded oval photo of the exotic young Englishman on the cover. Near Attilio's armchair on a low bench were a bargain-store record player and albums of Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, and Louis Armstrong.

Attilio said, "On his tenth birthday Bernardo asked for and received a 16-millimeter motion-picture camera. Ninetta and I knew he would be different from the general run of movie bugs who film jackanapes, soccer games, and meaningless things. He wrote a scenario, *In Search of Mystery*, and cast his three little cousins. His story was about four children who hunt through the forest for a '*teleferica*' that transmitted and received handwritten messages by beams of light refracted from the past, present, and future, revealing the destiny of mankind. They acted it out as though not knowing whether the *teleferica* was a remembrance from the womb and infancy . . . or a dream.

"From the savings of his five-dollars-a-week allowance he had the negative developed and ran showings for a fee. So you see I became Bernardo's first producer—which I had secretly hoped for. In his second movie he follows the semination, birth, nursing, brief happy life, and butchering of a pretty female suckling pig for market, and his camera

continues through to the meat being bought, cooked, and eaten by human carnivores.

"Our son is a dedicated celebrant of the movie camera, and the cinema has been his ordained order ever since he received his First Holy Communion and the simple Kodak gift that went with it."

From beneath beetling brows Attilio said, "Bernardo is a precise son; he figures out and plans everything backwards and forwards and leaves nothing to chance. Our Bernardo knows exactly what he is doing."

•

Bernardo was supposed to have been in the province of Parma for ten days, but it was three weeks before he got back to Rome. When I arrived for family dinner, it was raining heavily. A swarthy priest with sparkling black eyes and pronounced dimples came to meet me and have one of my books, *Tre Cerchi di Luce*, autographed.

"Father," I said, "forgive me my disease, curiosity. What made you become a priest—how and why did you decide?"

He said, "I have always been a priest, as 'God is always the same.' "

Ninetta asked him to stay for dinner. He obliged by drinking wine, thanked her, and said he had to press on to Clara Schiavolena's. Later I was apprised that he was far gone in love with a nun, and that they were wont to ritualize their agapae in a neighbor's guest bedroom (God bless!).

Ninetta came in from the kitchen.

"How is the rice?" said Attilio.

"The rice is perfect."

He took out his watch, put it to his ear, rubbed it apprehensively.

"Ninetta, why aren't the boys here by now?"

"How should I know? The boys will be here."

He said to me, "Hours ago Giuseppe called from the garage in the basement. He and Bernardo borrowed my car. I don't like driving. It's a good car, an honest Fiat, only 13 years old. You know, we keep cars going. But there's a first time for any machine to fail, possibly in a dangerous place. The traffic in Rome has become a nightmare, and when the sun goes down it is a scene from Walpurgis night. I could never understand mechanical things. I confess I am inferior to the violence of technological facts."

He fussed and fretted and walked about the smallish room. He had Ninetta check the time with the kitchen clock. Ninetta said patiently, "If either or both boys do not appear punctually as promised he immediately generates uneasiness. As minutes pass his worry increases. He never fails. I often wonder if it's a form of pleasure. In any event, Bernardo and Giuseppe are forever children to him."

"This doesn't make sense," said Attilio. "Have they had an accident? There must be something wrong. If nothing is wrong, why don't they call and reassure me?" The phone rang; the boys had been detained but were on their way.

"You see?" said Ninetta.

When Attilio heard the elevator and then his sons' footsteps, he beamed. Bernardo, 33, and Giuseppe, 30, embraced and kissed their parents, whom they had not seen for . . . hours. Ninetta Bertolucci is the queen, the great mother of the gods. But then, is there a street in venerable Rome that does not adore the Madonna in house corners and in wall shrines?

The *aperitivo*, prosciutto, pork-liver sausage, sheep's milk mozzarella, olives, and wines had come from their Parma farms. Hostess Ninetta was her own cook and serving maid. The repast was obviously Parmesan: succulent veal knuckles, yellow corn polenta, *gnocchi* made of chestnut flour, long-grained rice with pine nuts, egg dripping, raisins, and capers. A large bowl held fresh raw artichokes, lettuce, radishes, carrots, celery, and scallions to be dipped in salt-and-peppered olive oil. The Bertolucci white wine was dry and casky, but the

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red was fragrant, dark, chewable crimson gold.

Attilio speaks like his poetry—in laconic complete autonomies; lifting a glass he said, "Hail to thee, too, Dionysus, abundant in grapes! Let us rejoice in the seasons. . . . And after the seasons for many years to come!" I said his was a wonderful toast; he said it was Homer's.

My grim proletarian past does not quit; the Bertoluccis, monied by heritage and strangers to toil, are *preziosi* who remind me of fascinating lush hothouse plants. They are not the short, broad-jawed, callused, knotty-fingered Michelangeloesque peasants and bricklayers like my South Italian *paesani*, and I never cease to marvel and be concerned at how people come into this world and live luxuriously without economic harassment, sweating and breaking their asses.

They were amused by my archaic dialect from the mountains of Abruzzi, and I found their crusty, crackling, gutty Parmesan speech peculiar. With espresso and Scotch we listened to parts of Verdi's *Macbeth* and Bellini's *I Puritani*, and a record I had brought from Abruzzi, *Lament of a Widow*, and Attilio fumbled the needle and ruined it. Then we enjoyed Louis Armstrong's trumpet.

On leaving I showed photos of my sons, Peter the doctor and Dick the actor. Ninetta tossed her head and proclaimed, "And I have two glorious sons!"

I pity the girl who tries to compete with the mother of the Bertolucci kids.

•

Bernardo's place is spacious and surgically severe in chalk-white. He does not greet effusively like Fellini, Zeffirelli and Pier Paolo Pasolini. There were young folk about—like wrought wraiths. Bernardo presented and praised his cameraman, an olive-skinned hook-nosed tight youth with an unwarranted fierce demeanor and a tense attenuated desirable girl who smoked desperately and looked as though she had been dipped in acid.

I said, "Bernardo, my editor wants to know if you are a homosexual."

". . . Oh . . ." he said with the expression of a surprised cherub, "that probably comes from reading Ingmar Bergman's reference to the homosexuality in *The Conformist* and the lesbianism of la Schneider. Let me tell you, a director who makes pictures that lose money dies quickly. What they call perversion is commercial today. Just look at the attention that your American media gives to gay lib. Now, sodomy is as old as the mold and the filler. Deviation is as popular as the drive-in and is expected and demanded as much as butchery and gore and psychopathy and hot—forgive me—'buttered' popcorn."

He inclined his head to one side and suggestively tugged at his earlobe. "In Rome they wink and say sighingly of just about every director—particularly the outstanding—'Ah, but he's an *orecchione*,' and indicate that he takes it in the 'ear.' Via Veneto gossip has it that his holiness heads the list."

Bernardo is familiar with the larva, the chrysalis, the imago of the cinema. He speaks calmly of *The Great Train Robbery*, D. W. Griffith, Mack Sennett, Pudovkin, Cocteau, Rossellini, Godard, and on and on. But he always ends with a hushed reverence for "*il grande* Luchino Visconti." He relates what Marshall McLuhan designates as "the reel world" to the influence of mysteries, superstitions, ideologies, religions, dreams, ideals, painting, music, philosophies, electronics, astral bodies, the occult, fads, sculpture, humanities, madness, and his fanatic endeavors for communication and communion.

I said, "What is an immortal film?"

He said, "You die in the theater . . . you are transfigured to something better and can never again be the same . . . you transcend and leave the theater a disembodied spirit . . . soul shriveled."

We agreed on King Vidor's *The Crowd*, a French film, *That They Might Live*, *Mother*, *Open City*, and touched admiringly upon *Trash* and *Mean Streets*. I said the only recent work that dug into me was Jean-Luc Godard's *Les Carabinieres*, and Bernardo said without humor, "Yes, the two robot killers roaming the world and violating humanity were Nixon and Kissinger in *Les Carabinieres*." In talking about box-office smashes he was anxious to know how I, leading Italo-American author, felt about *The Godfather*.

I'd kiss a director's ass only if the director were a sweet-smelling young girl, so I said, "Young man, I'll put it this way. At lunch with JFK and Premier Fanfani in the White House I met a noted Washington psychiatrist. Later he took me for a tour of a private 'rest' home for the rich. I saw a patient, a former national leader, with what I thought was a big unlit Castro cigar in his mouth. Introduced to the politico, I was shocked to see that the cigar was a firm human turd. When I showed my horror and begged him to spit out the goddamn thing he got on his high horse: 'This is a free country—God's blessed democracy. Sir, who is eating this delicious stuff—you or I?' I backed off and said, 'Senator, that *delicious* stuff happens to be shit, and bad shit at that. With all kinds of good food available, why do you eat filth?'

" 'You fool!' he shouted, 'I eat shit because I love shit!'

"So you realize, Bernardo, it takes two to tango—the movie and the audience. What the people pay five dollars a ticket to swallow is their problem, not mine." I didn't have to draw Bernardo a picture as to how I felt about today's vaunted box-office hits.

"For me interviews are artificial and demoralizing," he said. "This question-and-answer business is never spontaneous, involved, and organic, particularly when my mind is preoccupied with my new film, *Novecento* (*1900*). Parma is the setting. I will probably use Robert De Miro."

He ran his long soft fingers through his hair, played with his hands while thinking, lit a Marlboro, and then spoke in vague tones as if soliloquizing, "What can I say about myself? I am a happy pessimist, a despairing optimist, a pansensualist. Women are better creatures than men. Women understand my work; they need and relish my type of film brutality for a new dialogue with the opposite sex. There's the anguish of seeking one's identity in front of the image of father—can one ever equal one's wonderful father?"

He paused, and Attilio's image filled the room. "If life is an inferno of cowards, liars, and assassins, and sex is vicious, urinal, intestinal, and anal, then the guilt, the sin, the crime, the fault is not Bernardo Bertolucci's. It is rumored that I am cunning and a pretender. I really try to be honest. I have the benefit of a combination of harmonious circumstances, background, tradition, family wealth. My home environment was full of the arts and the world's literary classics. I knew Sophocles intimately at the age of ten, and I have obviated hang-ups, fears, distortions, and inferiorities. That permits me accurate measures, values, and ideals. . . ."

He did more toying with his cigarette than smoking, and then continued. "Like Raphael, I absorbed the techniques of the greats into my crucible and fused a completely individual Bertoluccian style. There was the verism of Rossellini, the fecund endlessness of doctor Fellini, the sociorealism of Francesco Rosi, the vivid naturalism of Pasolini, the camera poetry of Antonioni—it is a shame that Antonioni's fine work of art, *Zabriskie Point*, was not understood and appreciated by Americans."

Bernardo glows under his halo of the missionary. He said, "Empathy and revolution are in my blood; the plight of the suffering poor, the disenfranchised, the oppressed has always summoned

"He's an excellent butler—attentive, hardworking, and what's more, he knows his place!"

me. Pasolini helped me with my first professional film, *Accattone—Beggar*. At 21 I made *La Commare Secca*—the story of four crude and picturesque city youths affected by the death of a prostitute. My father, mother, brother Giuseppe, and a troupe of elated relatives escorted me to its showing at the 1962 Venice Film Festival. I left poetry for the cinema and imagined my Olivetti electric typewriter a motion-picture camera."

His dark, savage-looking young cameraman had to leave. Bernardo said with a strange reverence, "He . . . he is *my* cameraman!"

I said, "I know, you told me that before." Bernardo nodded, excused himself, took the uncommunicative fellow carefully by the arm as if he were made of thin glass, and accompanied him out to the Via della Lungara.

I went to take a leak. When I came back into the room Bernardo said, "The camera became my lyric instrument. I wrote scenario after scenario and pounded many doors without results. Nothing came easy. It took me two persistent years to convince old man Angelo Rizzoli, the publishing tycoon, to finance *Prima della Rivoluzione* (*Before the Revolution*). The title is from Talleyrand, 'Only those who lived before the revolution know the sweetness of life.' It's about middle-class revolutionaries ten years before the liberation, about the sweetness of life in my Emilia, about the poplars with their heads in the mist. There is an incestuous youth who falls in love with and lays his bourgeois, pretty aunt. The boy could have been myself, an immature rebel. Drawing much from my own experiences, *Before the Revolution* was a proving ground indicating to me that I must later evolve a cultural hero. Every artist is instinctively his own hero."

The cunty-lean girl with the ratty eroded face brought Bernardo his choice Lambrusco. The kid, with her semblance of having been "distressed" or "antiqued," had insidious, overwhelming sex appeal.

"You see, Di Donato, to do the great living 20th Century alfresco chapel has been with me from the moment I pressed the button of my first movie camera. All my exertions have led to that vision. Now the millions from *Tango* make *1900* possible. Do you not agree that what we have to do has been with us from the beginning?

"In a few words the outline is this: On the same day in 1900 two babies are born near each other in the Parma countryside. We follow them for 95 years. They grow as friends, one rich, the other poor, eventually becoming Fascist and Communist and enemies. There is anarchy, strikes, patriotism, war, then fascism and the Second World War, the flight from the good earth, the catastrophe of agricultural civilization, the agony of the deserted land, the evils of our technological age, the mad pace, pollution, physical atrophy, abdication of principles, spiritual cowardly forfeiture to robot surrender, and a whole cataclysm of many, many things.

"Toynbee said recently, 'We have seen our last days of freedom. The economic siege of the West will lead inevitably to civil wars or to totalitarian governments.'

"Italy is again going to bed with fascism. Bankrupt Italy is dancing on the Titanic. It is all upside down. The intelligent rich are Communist and the miserable despondent ignorant have-nots are Fascist. The Mephistophelean CIA is all over the world like rotten syphilis. We here may soon become Chile-Italia. It will come as a drugged dream, a plague, quietly, smoothly, unresisted, accepted with open arms as the merciful anticlimax to an unendurable suspense. Social responsibility and continence seem too much of a burden for the common man.

"I'll probably end *1900* as a science-fiction spectacular. I must get this testament off my chest—before the H-bomb nullifies everything."

He had spoken resolutely with the limpid serene cadence of the crusading innocent. My first instantaneous impression of Bernardo Bertolucci recurred: an Italian Prince Myshkin with an aura suggesting the Messiah. Actually, Myshkin was not The Idiot. He just had stuff going that was far ahead of the people he dealt with—and that's like Bernardo, too. His mother had said that the morning after he had run his first film, *In Search of Mystery*, she had found written on the kitchen blackboard, "THE BEST DIRECTOR EVER BORN!"

Attilio, who knows his son better than anybody—after all, he molded Bernardo—had said to me, "Bernardo follows Chekhov's dictum, 'If a musket is hung over the mantlepiece in the first act, it has to go off and shoot a character in the second act.' Every dot and title Bernardo puts into a film has a logic, a motive, a scheme, a purpose to an end."

I thought of how the big-shot director Paolello had left my friend Clara Schiavolena after enjoying her for 28 years, and I said to Bernardo, "They say *Tango* made you dizzy, that you couldn't take it and got a swollen head, that it broke up your last relationship."

"Oh, no . . ." he said, "that simply is not true. Long ago my father and my mother instructed me to be above and beyond success. She became repressive. I became repressive. It is not good to be repressed. That prevented each of us from breathing, from bursting out, from seeking new ways."

On Alitalia to Kennedy, I was reading Professor Attilio Bertolucci's cleansing poetry. A Roman journalist was sitting next to me. He knew Attilio's work and said, "I recall Bernardo as a boy when he was an oblique curious fatted calf."

He inclined his head, reached for his ear, chuckled, winked, and said, "Do you know your precious Bernardo is. . . ." Then he suggestively tugged at his earlobe. ▣

"She's not much on looks, but I hear she's a damn good lay."

A HOLIDAY AMUSEMENT:

The Artful Device of Turning a Pullover Sweater Inside-Out with the Hands Tied

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Begin with the sweater worn correctly and the wrists tied by a length of rope running in front.
2. Pull the sweater up and . . .
3. Over the head.
4. Allow the sweater to hang on the rope, inside-out, with its front facing toward you.
5. Make the sweater right-side-out by reaching one hand through a sleeve, grasping the opposite sleeve, and pulling the entire garment back through along the rope.
6. Put the sweater back on, being sure to put the head through *before* the arms.
7. Pull the hem down, and the garment will have been turned completely inside-out!

FIDELITY *Reaction pursues revolution as sure as* paparazzi *follow starlets. Teen marriage increases, hair is short, the thermostat's at 68, and we're all cooling off.*

(Continued from page 100) fast for us. I started worrying that the times were passing me by and maybe I should have an affair. Rick started feeling guilty about his secretary. By the time the sexual revolution got through with us, I was in and out of an affair I hated and Rick was still fucking his secretary, but he was so guilty about it he was impotent with me so I wasn't getting laid at all. And Barbara started wetting the bed."

That did it. Jean and Barbara drove west and moved in with Jean's sister Nancy. "Nancy was so hip it was hilarious. She was a bachelorette, a swingle. She was living in a singles' apartment complex, and believe me, complex was the word. The place had its own encounter group. She took me down there one night and it was exactly like frat parties back at the University of Florida, except if you didn't tell your whole sex life and fuck everybody, they called you repressed. At Florida they used to call you frigid."

Jean and Barbara moved into a place of their own. "There was a co-op school down the block and I sent Barbara there and got into some part-time teaching. It was marvelous and free and we both loved it. The school song was *Big Rock Candy Mountain*. Some of the other parents were divorced or separated or single, too, and I think a lot of us got in touch with ourselves through our kids. I started a relationship with a guy who taught there, and we've had our hassles, but we like each other a lot and we're taking it slow. We both date other people but we've agreed our primary commitment is to each other. It's exciting!"

Jean feels an immense relief in having a free and open sex life with a man she trusts and admires. "You know, I used to hide my diaphragm under my undies with the best of 'em, and sure enough, mom found it," she recalls. "Just think of the warped sex advice we got from our parents—we weren't ready for a sexual revolution. I like a lot of men but I still need one special friend and lover. My life has become sort of a combination of the way mom raised me and the way the world's turned out."

Reaction pursues revolution as sure as *paparazzi* follow starlets. In the wake of the uprisings of the Sixties came Seventies reactionaries, who now occupy campus libraries to study for mid-terms. Teen marriage increases, hair is short, LBJ's acquiring a revisionist following. The thermostat's at 68, and we're all cooling off. Copy writers advise us to get back to basics.

But fidelity chic says the hell with all that. Fidelity chic goes beyond revolution and reaction, seeking a new form of human partnership—empathic love between self-reliant pals. And fidelity chic never checks your collar for lipstick.

Louie can explain further. Louie is a tall, skinny Vietnam vet who's working on his master's in philosophy at Southern Methodist University in Dallas. Louie says his thesis will announce *The End of Existentialism*. The world's too small for that individualistic jive now, he claims. "People *got* to buddy up." Louie says Western man is yielding his traditional solo soul to the ethos of Mao's homogenized masses. He says that American archetypes such as the cowboy, the capitalist, and the big-car owner are all under cultural pressures to abandon their psychic solitude, to sell out to collectivism in the guise of feed lots, federal regulatory agencies, and mass transit. "We're back to Hegel and his synthesis of the two-pronged diad," Louie insists, lit with Lone Star insight straight from the six-pack. "Going it alone is too Bogart, too Fifties, too isolationist, too *Angst*. Strength in union, that's the ticket for today."

What's it all mean? Louie isn't sure, but he's planning to get married: "Remember *The Sensuous Woman*? Remember the Butterfly Flick and the Whipped-Cream Wriggle? Everybody thought, yippee, gonna get some of that. So everybody cruised the body bars. Ever been to Daddy's Money here in Dallas? It used to be strictly grope and hustle. We all ran in trying to look like junior execs. We'd meet some Budget Rent-A-Car chicks trying to look like stews. We'd buy 'em some Harvey Wallbangers, run 'em home, and ball. Swell. Then we all got the clap. So from then on we kept a box of Trojans by the mattress, but that kind of took the fun out of it. . . . We started to settle down."

Recently Daddy's Money has all the animation of a Sominex junkie. "It's passe to vent urges," Louie explains. "And don't forget, when Linda and I get married it'll up my veteran's benefits. You see, I'm yielding to societal coercion. Going with the flow is the only way to go."

•

Phoebe remembers an Eisenhower-era girlhood in the close familial confines of a New Jersey Jewish suburb, where marital hanky-panky was out of the question and "divorce was the ultimate tragedy." Stifled, Phoebe day-tripped through the bourgeois Bohemia that was then Greenwich Village. "I thought the Limelighters were far out, but we didn't say far out. I think we said neat." Disorder arrived with the new decade and Phoebe acquired a scholarship to Cooper Union, a downtown lover in a Lower East Side loft, and heavy disapproval from Mike, the boyfriend back home across the Hudson with strict ideas about the importance of a virgin bride. "I knew he was right and I was bad, so I threw myself on his mercy and he forgave me and we got married."

Phoebe and Mike had a couple of kids, then grew restless under the scrutiny of a zillion relatives. "We read about communes out West. We decided to take a look." After a cross-country ride in the VW with the kids in the back seat, they came across a settlement of grass-growing hippies in Arizona. "We fell in love with them right away. We weren't too sure about the sexual aspects until we got laid a couple of times. We surprised ourselves a little when we liked it and weren't upset with each other—the others were very warm and loving and that helped, plus the whole thing was so strange to us that no one thing seemed particularly outrageous."

Unfortunately, much of the pleasure was that old impure adrenal thrill of adultery. "Everybody in the commune promised that all relationships would be kept free and open, but there always seemed to be more sneaking from sleeping bag to sleeping bag than honest talk and sharing. Daytimes were really better—the farm went pretty well and our kids and the other kids got on fine."

After eight months, Mike left with one of the other women. "I really didn't care too much because we weren't getting along and I was really enjoying smoking grass a lot and working on my paintings and being with my kids and sleeping with a couple of guys. Boy, did I feel liberated."

Then Mr. Right showed up, just the way middle-class mythology always said he would. "Pete and his girlfriend joined the commune and he and I got together inside of two hours. In a couple of days we were exclusive. It sort of caused a scandal, so we split."

Phoebe and Pete and her kids and one of his have been together, still exclusive, for three years now in a small frame house in the Hollywood hills. She paints and does book illustrations; he writes film scripts. "We're so close it's a little scary. Of course, we both get the old itch once in a while—Pete's original girlfriend came through L. A. last winter and stayed with us for two days—but it's just not worth it to us to have a half-hearted relationship with anyone else when we have so much together. It's partly that we understand and care for each other as artists as well as lovers."

•

In certain Haight-Ashbury circles, when dope is the question, Walter is the answer. As *(Continued on page 134)*

WHERE TO PICK UP GIRLS!

910 ACTION SPOTS WHERE A GUY CAN'T HELP BUT SCORE!

If you've always suspected that somewhere out there are bars and discotheques where a guy can't miss, you're absolutely right! And now, for the first time ever, you can visit these places yourself. Yes, NOW you can experience what it's like to walk into a swinging, rocking discotheque where luscious, horny, long-haired girls outnumber men ten to one! All you need is AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS! This fantastic 320 page book gives you the names and addresses of over 900 great places to pick up girls. In fact, this book makes it so incredibly easy to meet and sleep with girls, you'll wish it had been written years ago. Here are just a few of the 910 pick up spots you're going to learn all about:

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Every day you probably see dozens of beautiful, sexy girls you'd love to pick up. Girls with long lean legs and large rounded breasts. Girls with sparkling blue eyes and luxurious blond hair. The problem has always been, how do you break through that icy wall that always seems to exist between strangers? HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS has well over 100 answers—each one of them *absolutely fool-proof*!!! You don't have to be rich. You don't have to be good-looking. These techniques work for *all* men. All you have to do is walk up to the girl you have your eye on, use one of the incredibly simple techniques described in this book, and you will pick her up. There is simply no way she can refuse you. We GUARANTEE IT!

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Each book comes in a non-identifiable wrapper.

ALEX COMFORT *"Rough games turn some people on; they turn all people on sometimes. They enable people to try other sexual roles for size: weaker, stronger, masculine-feminine—the lot."*

(Continued from page 76) tend to see play as functional, very much as psychoanalysts see dreams as functional.

OUI: One might have thought that you stressed S/M and bondage because you personally prefer them.

COMFORT: No. Our own bias would have been a little the other way. I honestly think I've got virtually no sexual preferences—I enjoy playing any sexually effective games provided they feel good. We did try to keep our own choices out of it. I haven't an overwhelming desire to dominate women or to let them dominate me. They do sometimes or I do sometimes in the course of ordinary play—as always happens in sex—but it doesn't fill all my waking thoughts. Nor do I experience even rough sex play as domination. Some people do feel this need, and we tried to meet the hang-ups of which we are most aware, because those are the ones on which counseling has to concentrate. The feedback we've gotten has shown us that we did pick the things that trouble people most. The tenderness equation is one of them. We found that people were being more "tender" than they wished to be. They were treating their partners as if they were made of glass because they had intense anxieties about their own dangerousness. Rough games turn some people on; they turn all people on sometimes. We put them in the book because some of them are very good turn-ons and enable people to try other sexual roles for size: weaker, stronger, masculine-feminine—the lot.

OUI: You wrote that there are no women who like to swing whips.

COMFORT: I didn't quite say that. What I said was, if you get a woman who is conscientiously acting this out, she is usually doing it because she's meeting a male fantasy. No women or men like to be beaten up for real. Some women quite enjoy playing those games, but when it gets to being really sadistic, women tend to do it much more by nagging and saying no. The social version, incidentally, gets much nastier, because it's for real. Men fantasize women who are, you know, the "bitch goddess." But real ball cutters aren't always like that. They never let it get to the stage where it could conceivably be fun. Most of the women I've known who've put on that sort of act have done it because they think their particular lover, or men in general, liked it, or—oddly—because they were trying a fantasy male role for size. It's men who tend to bring elaborate games and playthings into sex. Women can be turned on by them, but they don't usually initiate them, not in our culture. There are other sorts of games. I've known of at least one woman who was madly turned on by danger and insisted on people making love to her when her husband was about to come home because she hoped there'd be a fight.

OUI: Are many women aroused by this "element of danger"?

COMFORT: That can turn some women on but usually men have to set it up for them. A lot of women have fantasies of this kind, like the lady in *Belle du Jour*, but they're a little shy about expressing them. We encourage women to express their fantasies.

OUI: The lady you mentioned, though—isn't that essentially what she was doing, livening up an otherwise dull life?

COMFORT: No. What is often behind it is that some women have residues of guilt and can't respond unless they have the illusion that they're being compelled to. Obviously you mustn't compel somebody who doesn't really want it, but if you compel somebody who wants to be compelled, often the turn-on is fantastic. Also, women condition their stimuli more easily than men and tend to go along with something that pleases their partner.

OUI: The illustrations in your book are quite a departure from the "scientific" line drawings of the previous generation's marriage manuals. They're quite explicit and some people find them erotic. Was there any other function for them?

COMFORT: We decided that there's no point in haranguing people about tenderness. It sounds like Billy Graham. You can't teach it, but you can suggest it. So we tried photographs. They were horrible, they came out hard and garish. So we took a real couple and they spent a whole day making love while they were photographed by the man who did the line work. Then he did his drawings. My original intention was that we should not only have white people, we should have black people. We should not only have young people, we should have couples of all kinds and all ages to show that love doesn't just belong to the young. But it wasn't feasible in view of the six weeks we had to do the illustrations. And we had to have a real couple—we didn't want models. We wanted people really making love, not making like they were doing it. I think the result justified it. The only complaint that we've had was that the guy looked a bit hippy—his beard, not his derriere—but I'm really pleased. Those artists did a great job.

OUI: Unlike many other marriage manuals, you treat masturbation as a sexual game. Why?

COMFORT: It's particularly important for women because in our society it's a good way of educating their responses if they're at all frigid. All clinics now start an anorgasmic woman by teaching her to manipulate her own body, then to do it in front of her lover, then to do it with her lover, and finally to put it all together. That's how all of this counseling is done. It's often very hard to get lovers to masturbate together, and yet this is a turn-on. It's a thing that people do need to learn, because if they don't watch each other's responses they don't learn to manipulate each other's bodies. We advised this in the book specifically. If you're put off by it, obviously, don't do it. You may be satisfied in other ways. But I think it has real uses.

OUI: Do you, as a biologist, approve of Masters and Johnson's clinical work?

COMFORT: They're enormously sincere people, and I fully endorse what they've done. They use behavior theory because they've found it's faster to improve people's sex lives than to change their heads. There are two approaches: You can give somebody years of analysis, and he may get a bit wise to himself, but he may still be stuck with a problem like impotency. Whereas you can, like Masters and Johnson, cure the impotency in short order, and it makes him feel twice the guy, and he's usually in a better position to deal with his sexuality. I think depth psychology tends to be more instructive than it is beneficial. I would favor behavior therapy for sex, because things like impotency, frigidity, and premature ejaculation are functionally autonomous. They started with something in your personality and then simply became bad habits. If you get rid of them, you find the situation that gave rise to them is over and buried.

OUI: You've advocated sex-legislation reform, haven't you?

COMFORT: I did campaign against one or two of the more lunatic laws—censorship certainly, and the gross mistreatment gay people have suffered in England. It wasn't a prime objective, or the prime thing I've done, but it was impossible to work in this field and take the existing laws seriously.

OUI: What kind of legislation regulating sexual conduct would you recommend?

COMFORT: Well, I'm an anarchist, and I don't think that laws are a good way of doing things in any case. But I can think of a lot of laws that shouldn't be in existence. I think, generally speaking, the law should not interfere with any sexual relations that don't involve gross abuse of other people's rights. Obviously there are some sexual behaviors that are not tolerable. One can't allow rape and one can't allow seduction of children.

OUI: Such laws seem to imply that children are nonsexual beings. Don't they have their own sensuality?

COMFORT: I'm sure they have, but I don't think they want to have adult

"God bless us, every one. . . ."

ALEX COMFORT *"People who have a satisfactory and affectionate sex life tend to become much less zealous to accept civic duties like bumping off the Vietnamese or the Hungarians."*

sexuality foisted on them. Sometimes the children are the seducers, I know, but simply on the crude level, adults tampering with children or with other adults is undesirable. People shouldn't coerce anybody, certainly not in the sexual field. For kids it's particularly frightening. But, you see, it doesn't matter a hoot what I advocate. These things grow, they're not prescribable. Although one might say, "I think so and so is a good idea," one doesn't attempt to prescribe. You don't even prescribe the sort of revolution you'd like to see. It's got to grow up, it's got to be organically produced. If society does change it will have to do so through the consent and experimentation of people, not because some guy wrote a book saying it would be a good thing to change it.

OUI: On the other hand, there is a vociferous group of people who feel that human sexual conduct needs to be regulated. How does the anarchist—as a non-advocate—resist those who are bent on guiding or controlling others' behavior?

COMFORT: One of the greatest enemies of power is pleasure. I don't suggest that it's a revolutionary act to turn people on sexually, but it's on the way to being one. People who have a satisfactory and affectionate sex life tend to become much less zealous to accept civic duties like bumping off the Vietnamese or the Hungarians or somebody. They tend to combat interference with their civil liberties.

OUI: We've heard analogies made between modern America and Imperial Rome by individuals who identify the current sexual revolution with the hedonism of Rome during its decline.

COMFORT: Rome was hedonistic, but the status of women was very poor. The main entertainment was watching sort-of Metro Goldwyn Mayer epics in which people got killed for real, and none of this seems to me very relevant. I don't see that in our society.

OUI: So you don't equate the recently popular orgies with Roman bacchanalia?

COMFORT: There's all the difference between that sort of orgy, when the people involved were either paid prostitutes or slaves, and what people do among themselves as friends. I think the whole Roman outlook was different. The Romans were a most unpleasant lot, much more like the Nazis. I don't see any ancient Roman in the younger generation here. As far as public spectacles go, we ought to thank God for MGM and catsup, because at least if people have bloodthirsty fantasies we don't need to kill people for real. The Romans did.

OUI: One of the significant factors affecting our culture today is the increase in the human life-span. And that is actually your primary field, isn't it?

COMFORT: For the last 25 years I've been researching human biology with special reference to the process of aging. My main occupation in life is working on slowing down the human aging process. It's mostly literary research—a matter of putting together information that other people have extracted. You now, I'm pleased to say, have an American National Institute of Aging Research and I believe we could slow down human aging now. We know how to do it. The reason that we don't try these things directly on people is simply that if I give you pills to make you live to a hundred, it's going to take 80 years to see if they've done it. We can't have that sort of an experiment. What we need now is a systematized method of measuring the rate of aging in the short term. The point of the institute, which was voted by the Congress and which Nixon vetoed, would be to have a major attack on this whole question in the same way they did for the moon shot. And this will happen. Now you have the institute; it needs only funding.

OUI: What actually could be accomplished now? What age can people live to?

COMFORT: We think it should be possible to add 15 to 20 percent, judging from mouse experiments, onto the vigorous life-span, which means it would take about ten years longer to reach a given age, but this is a conservative estimate. In other words a guy of 70 would have the same physique and the same illnesses as he would have had at 60. We just slow down the taxi meter so you should get more miles for your dollar. It won't make old age last longer. It'll just make it longer for you to reach a given stage of decrepitude.

OUI: Do you mean that people will die at the same age?

COMFORT: No, they'll probably die about ten years later.

OUI: It's been suggested that the

"Waiter . . . may I have a table not so near the dart board?"

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increase in the human life-span—the tremendous increase we've already seen in this century—may be having a chilling effect on cultural and political progress. Some have pointed out that an increasingly large amount of power is now wielded by older, more conservative individuals who tend to stifle reform movements. Won't your work exaggerate this trend even more?

COMFORT: Arthur O'Shaughnessy said "each age is an age that is dying or one that is coming to birth." Things may stagnate in one respect, but they bubble up in another. I don't think California's stagnating—look at all this frantic experimentation with lifestyles that we were talking about. In any case, one girl said to me that I was too old for her and I said, "I'm not any older than you are, I've just been around longer." You don't have to be old because you're old.

OUI: I hope that convinced her.

COMFORT: It did.

OUI: As both a gerontologist and a sex researcher, perhaps you can tell us whether screwing keeps a person young.

COMFORT: There is some evidence, particularly in the woman, that it does. Let's put it like this, you don't run out of steam with age. On the other hand, if you stop, the physiology is hard to restart. Men who have given up sex often find it difficult to restart. Also, people who are sexually active are more active in all respects; like Bertrand Russell, who was still feuding with Lyndon Johnson when he was 90—and people say, "This is what kept him young." But if he weren't in pretty good mental trim he wouldn't be conducting public controversies at 90; he'd be too senile.

OUI: You knew Russell, didn't you?

COMFORT: I was in jail with him. He was a marvelous storyteller. Bertie told me once, "I had some correspondence with the bishop of Woolwich, not the incumbent, the *late* bishop of Woolwich. He told me that he reached the opinion that everything I ever wrote was inspired by sexual lust." After a large pause, Bertie put a huge piece of coal on the fire and continued, "I suppose he'd been reading *Principia Mathematica.*" He was an amazing old man! He took life seriously, he was responsible and deeply concerned, but he was never humorless. You shall not see his like again.

OUI: We began the interview with a question about negative reaction on *The Joy of Sex* from publishers or censors. In what way has the public responded positively?

COMFORT: The odd thing is that on 3,500,000 copies I've had only 150 letters. I've heard from individuals who have never considered sex in quite the light we presented it. For the first time, they tell me, they've been trying things they've heard about. What we're doing is permission giving. We're telling people to stop worrying about behaviors and fantasies that most of them have nourished. This is the opposite of pornography, because pornography encourages the anxieties behind the fantasy. Most pornography is basically anxious. It either depicts people frantically enjoying themselves, in a way that people don't really do, or it depicts people acting out all sorts of symbolisms that emphasize anxiety. Although these things can be play, it's the anxiety and not the resolution that pornography emphasizes. Whereas if you play these things for real, the original fantasy is converted into something tender. A lot of people in our culture worry about violence in sex, but the response to our books proves that sex is the one thing that can convert negative impulses—anxieties, aggressions, and so on—into tender play, into something positive that is a bond between the parties.

OUI: The ads for your new book *More Joy* say it "picks up where *The Joy of Sex* left off." Is that a fair description of it?

COMFORT: Yes, but it isn't "Son of *Joy*." Whereas *The Joy of Sex* dealt with physical techniques, *More Joy* deals with relationships between people and the significance of their sexual behavior. *More Joy* serves as a way for people to make use of the things they enjoy in sex. The two books make a package in a sense, but we didn't divide it up to sell more books. Having done one, which was rather limited, I felt we left out so much that we should do a second book covering more difficult topics. *More Joy*, for example, discusses in much greater length problems like disability, alcoholism, and so on. Also, we've included a consumer guide to resources, the various types of treatments or counseling available.

OUI: Do you plan another book in the series?

COMFORT: We discussed it but there are no plans at the moment to produce one. I don't think there's any point in it, because I think we've exhausted the subject. However, if there's more information or if we find that people have further questions, then of course that would open the possibility. We had only 150 letters or so about *The Joy of Sex*, and very few of those were counseling inquiries. So I think, at least for the moment, we have answered most of the questions people have about sex. ▣

BRITISH BOOGIE: BIRDS *Gilda moves with a chic clique.*

(Continued from page 96) Garyglitters, "and even I don't know their real ones. It's all so unimportant. So trivial. Names. Names are games."

Left eyelash (false) flutters. No mean feat.

"Games are names everybody uses." Her right eyelash bats once under the strain of profundity.

She plays the scene—her phrase—six nights a week like Russian roulette in reverse: one empty chamber for the one night of the week she doesn't sleep with anybody. On the seventh day, like God, she rests. And has dinner at home with her family. That's the price you pay for being 17, out of school, with no plans and plenty of money.

She moves with a chic clique. Wastrels. But, oh, the delights of outfront overindulgence, a term she picked up from an American boyfriend eons ago; three months at least. So much under the bridge since then, that she can't remember his name. His father was big in oil is all she *can* remember.

Her own father is big in The City. Which is something like being very rich. Her mother is a professional chairwoman. Straight-backed model. Then there's the older sister studying Manchu or some such thing off in the colonies, if there still are any colonies. It all leaves Gilda with a lot of free time.

Her sister used to dally with the occasional rock group. The big Mick and his rod. "Fuck a star, fuck a star, fuck a . . ." But that was ages ago. "Besides," Gilda maintains, with the force of a mote plashing into a vial of mercury, "those people are all middle-aged now. David's the only one with any panache and he's given up performing. The only thing left is Donny Osmond simply because he's such a bloody imbecilic twit." And? And because there are so many girls mad about him it makes her snakeskin bedspread crawl.

Follow Gilda around and watch composures wilt. Keep the tape recorder running all the time, though, so you don't miss any mundanity or banality. Her forte. Profundity is so *outré*. That's why she thinks David (Bowie) being interviewed by William Burroughs in *Rolling Stone* was a minor masterpiece. (That last phrase was cropped from the active vocabulary of a professional film critic, one of her many-too-manys.)

Life turns out to be an endless round of "events." "I was at a party the other evening in St. John's Wood, a hundred or so of the *most* interesting people in London were there. It was a swing party [she got that one from her Hollywood actor], but I didn't get there until after one in the morning. So things had been going on for quite a time. When we got there, whatever-his-name-was and I, we were surrounded by a group of nude people who took us to one end of this huge living room and had us strip. I took his clothes off while he stood there in front of this L-shaped couch. Pulled his pants and underpants down to his ankles and left him there. While everybody laughed at the poor sod hobbling over to a chair, I stood up on this aluminum and glass coffee table and kicked my shoes off. First. Then everything else followed. Slowly. Till all the men and half the women wanted to fuck with me immediately.

"Which was when the host called for quiet. He dimmed the lights until only the very middle of the room, a square, was spotlit. Two of the most beautiful women I've ever seen stepped into the light. Nude. When they brought out the greyhound, I got dressed and left. I've seen that movie before [See Dylan, Bob]. I wanted to do something interesting."

You could have waited just a little longer, Gilda. If only for this writer. Grist for the mill. Come clean now, Gilda—even with a greyhound you're bored?

Fade out, then, on two golden girls petting dog. All nude. Fade in to your bed-sit. You sit in your one-room apartment, sink and stove along one wall, and fantasize.

It won't happen that way tonight though, will it? You'll go to the local and come spilling out at 11:00 P.M. with everyone else when it closes and make for the plump blonde ahead of you. Who's making eyes at the cute boy in the university scarf.

You think of suicide with Occam's razor. She'll go home and pare her toenails with a bowie knife.

Veni, vidi, vici. —STEVEN FULLER

BRITISH BOOGIE: JOLLY DROOGS *A sense of vague, directionless, sex serendipity pervades these venues, but one gets the strong impression that there is far more conjecture than activity.*

(Continued from page 83) hardly get to the bar without having a finger or two lodged up one's bum. The clientele consists mainly of lorry drivers and bricklayers. Equally, in the candidly named Gigolo (situated in the bowels of the flash semiqueer Casserole restaurant in King's Road), the hopefuls, all for hire, slouch between tea-and-coffee-dispensing machines. The illusion that these arenas are also places of entertainment is not very assiduously maintained. Even the classier homo hangouts—Mandy's in Covent Garden, The Escort in Pimlico Road—are little more than butcher shops, peopled as they are by a glum selection of precarious queens and strutting hustlers. As one moves up the monetary ladder, the climate of ferocious availability lessens; it's always there, though, no matter how discreetly attired.

One need scarcely add that homosexuality is a bit *outré* these days, as indeed is heterosexuality. For we are in the era of the sexual omnivore, and the cant of the new culture is nowhere more disconsolately in evidence than in these shadowy margins of bisex. People who have had no homosexual dealings of any kind whatever will either stay silent when the subject is broached or stoutly claim to be basically bisexual on the weedy grounds that everyone basically is. In Yours and Mine (Kensington High Street) they are mostly yours, with male smoochers tenderly cupping each other's buttocks on the dance floor. In The Valbonne (Kingly Street), no one really knows where to look when the two resident lovelies frolic topless in the sunken swimming pool. In The Count Q and Suckle Club (Praed Street), originally a middle-class all-black enclave, more bizarre interchanges can be witnessed since celebrated sex-change personality Amanda Lear has sanctified the place with her custom. A sense of vague, directionless, sex serendipity pervades these venues, but one gets the strong impression that there is far more conjecture than activity. In fact, these particular trail blazers of the proud dawn of liberation seem now to be merely the listless toys of a jaded fashion.

This is sex decadence, and it would take a reporter of appropriately catholic sexual interests to document it fully. Its most striking general feature, perhaps—apart from its sheer quantity—is its heartlessness, the way it has freed sex from emotion and reduced it to sensation. When cool people go to bed together for sexual reasons (as opposed to financial or social reasons, or simply because they can't be bothered not to) they go there to *press buttons*. From their studies of *Forum* and *Cosmopolitan*, they know your erogenous zones like the backs of their hands; they are learned on the clitoris, widely read on the prostate, and hip to the hypothalamus. However carnal it may be, this kind of sex is rarely erotic; it is to do entirely with performance, measured by nothing more subtle or ambitious than the mighty orgasm. It is technician sex, meat sex.

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On the drug scene sex seldom rears its ugly rear. The reason for the inaction is probably nothing more mysterious than a dearth of hard-ons. The vogue drugs—speed, heroin, mandrax—all have marked detumescent side effects and induce a bland myopia quite at odds with the modern Romeo's brisk athleticism. Furthermore, absurdly unglamorous though it sounds, the new-wave ravers, having been brought up on spirits rather than beer, are heading for massive alcoholism, and brewer's droop looks all set to bestride the present generation like Colossus.

Most of these drugs can be obtained at most of these clubs, but with the least fuss, expense, and vacillation at Julie's Wine Bar (Portland Road), the aforementioned Last Resort, and The Speakeasy. So long as you are on cordial terms with the right people, the goods can be bought and consumed on the spot. In Julie's the kids rattle bottles of pills like maraccas, boomingly negotiate deals from one end of the bar to the other, and pour capsules into their mouths with all the un-self-conscious zest of an M&Ms advertisement. The atmosphere is velvety, intimate, and enclosed, the conversation broken, free-associative, and fairly vacuous, with none of the pensive introspections of the old marijuana monologists. If there are plenty of stimulants and enough cash to defray them, the butterflies remain amiable and relaxed. The minute one or the other commodity runs out, the mood changes with disorienting speed; things get cold and intense, impersonal and predatory.

The drug of the moment, you understand, is cocaine, a drug perfectly suited to the London ambience. It gives an immediate sweet rush of pleasure to the brain. If you mainline it you'll want another shot ten minutes later, but it's a need without body or feeling and lasts only as long as the brain is stimulated (just as well, since it is startlingly expensive—another attraction, these days). Above all, cocaine banishes anxiety and paranoia: It has none of the searching, ambiguous effects of the hallucinogen, effects that the fun people of today are getting more and more eager to do without. No one wants flower power any longer, nor the lugubrious philosophies that orchestrated it.

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Cocaine is the one drug to make it into the big-money circuit, and here it is only a gamesome diversion. The patrons of the elite night spots obviously have other things on their minds, though you'd need a clairvoyant to tell you exactly what they might be.

A miasma of affluence hangs in the replete, underlit air of Annabel's (Berkeley Square). The Parnassus of the moneyed in the late Sixties, it now has a slightly superannuated feel. The bright young things have either switched to its junior counterpart, Mark's (£100-a-year all-male membership scrupulously vetted by the dapper Mark Birley), or belong to the racier haunts of Jermyn Street. Yet Annabel's remains one of the most aristocratic night clubs in London, its canopied door undarkened by the fish-and-chip-shop-owning parvenus and Mediterranean arrivistes who somehow gain entry to those of its rivals. The decor has the heavy, soundless, underwater opulence of a luxury crypt or bank vault; the doormen are courtly and well informed about their guests, the waiters almost spectrally imperceptible; the food is very good, and it cost me a week's wages for two.

Out on the dance floor there mills a curious assembly. The generous behinds of wheezing oldsters bob side by side with the dinky derrieres of escort-agency hostesses. Wizened celebrities twirl teenage models beneath limp wrists. A posh young couple might see their grandparents weaving by in a cardiac quickstep. In the anteroom, which could pass for a Versailles salon in the last days of Louis XV, the tanned, expertly preserved faces of the great wear frowns of well-bred misgiving. (It's always like this, apparently, after a Labor government has wormed its way to power.) Gloomy talk of a wealth tax mingles with the cigar smoke, and a sense of beleagured camaraderie gathers in this last citadel of grace and civility. Once everyone has successfully forced down some food and drink, the first devil-may-care smiles appear. By midnight they are oblivious and impregnable as they ever were, afloat in a slack lagoon of languid largess.

Tramp (Jermyn Street) is, by comparison, a moving tribute to our meritocratic system. Here, Irish footballers, Northern pop-group drummers, cosseted Etonians, film stars, callgirls, East End entrepreneurs, and noble swingers jostle promiscuously. For this is the playground of the BP—the people, that is to say, who beautify the London

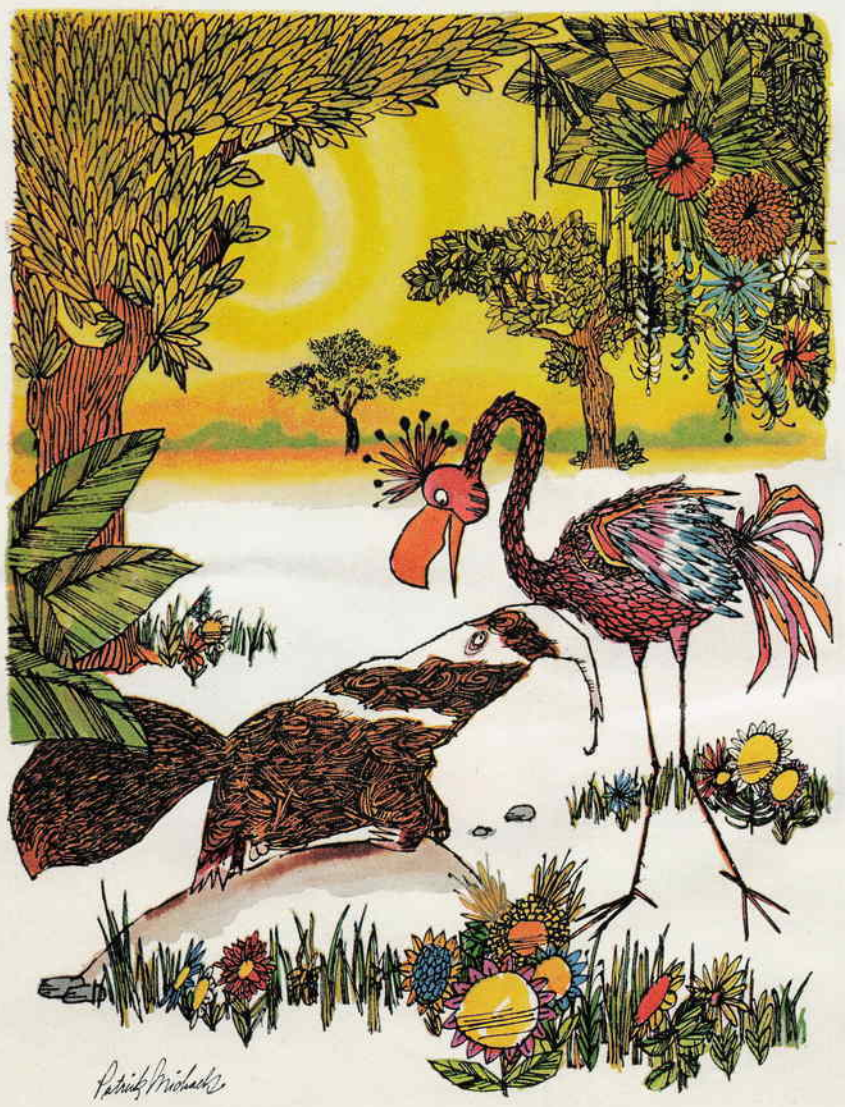
"Do you think they'll get suspicious if you keep falling off at the same spot?"

BRITISH BOOGIE: JOLLY DROOGS *The girls tend to be harrowingly attractive and the men deliciously rich at Tramp. It's a pulling (scoring) place.*

scene. Things start late here because the BP have to complete their sluggish dinners in the marbled, conservatorylike cool of the premiere BP restaurants—Drones (Pont Street), San Lorenzo (Beauchamp Place), and Odin's (Devonshire Street). On arrival at Tramp, the BP either hang a left into the dancing-and-drinking area, or hang a right into the eating-and-drinking area, or stay at the foot of the stairs in the pulling-and-drinking area. Since no one is allowed in without some kind of consort, the pulling gets done on a trade-in basis, new models for old. The girls tend to be harrowingly attractive and the men deliciously rich, so no one seems to mind.

Exuding goofy good will, Keith (The Who) Moon glides through the dining room with his bullet-headed chauffeur. Marisa Berenson is sandwiched between two importunate young men. Georgie Best is in the process of being discarded by Marjorie Wallace, the scapegrace beauty queen who is soon to be relieved of her duties as Miss World. Bianca Jagger dances dreamily with Ryan O'Neal, but Mick looks too smashed to care. "Don't they know who we are?" asks actress Maggie Smith's young escort in mock mock indignation as the harassed, unintelligent receptionists flip through the membership book—and as we make a precipitate exit.

Maunkberry's, a hundred yards down the road, is failing. A man who resembles a pensioned-off Securicor guard throws back the iron bolts and examines us warily; this official isn't holding back the hordes, just keeping himself informed on what Homo sapiens looks like. Because no one's there. A chubby Greek and his heavily robed, witchlike girlfriend dance alone with their backs to each other in the center of the small floor. She gets bored halfway through a number and flops onto the nearest seat, leaving her beau to finger-bop ecstatically until he notices she's not there. The manager, a nervous, hunted little man, gazes dejectedly around the club. The decor is just as cool as Tramp, the music better chosen, the tequila sunrises more artfully prepared. Why, the manager beefs, doesn't anyone come? The club owner, Mr. Chow, is apparently too busy with his American projects and won't bless the club with his own presence and the charismatic relaunching it needs. If only footballers had bust-ups with beauty queens here, if only this were the place film stars did their pulling. . . . We pick our way through the plush gloom, over ankle-deep carpet, past sculptured tables, beneath soft, flickering chandeliers, emptying the club as we step into the night air.



"It's a sweet proposition, honey, but is the world ready for a flying anteater?"

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In a private show at the Zarach furniture gallery in Sloane Street, a woman was to be seen with a seven-week-old baboon nestling on her bosom. She was feeding little Susie from a champagne glass. A passing homosexual dipped a manicured pinkie into his champagne and offered it up to the baboon's flattened snout. Meanwhile, in the intervals of chewing and pinching his mistress's throat and neck, little Susie grasped with geriatric fingers at the glass, gagging horribly as its two-hour feeding deadline went by. The baboon looked to be the most advanced case of premature senility imaginable, its hairy wrists tapering into spindly four-jointed fingers, its long tail flapping weakly from the improvised diaper on its purple backside. Little Susie's face was as wrinkled as a dead prune, interminably old.

Permissiveness is catching up on its children.

For all their extremity, American trends have a cyclical, self-corrective quality not to be found here: Already the fist-fucked degenerates of 1973 are cooling off, taking their work and their interests more seriously, condensing their lives into fewer friendships, getting straight. The English decadence is more one-directional, more one-color, and when it exhausts itself there will be no inner resources to fall back on. If there's nothing to do, people will do nothing. The vapid, indolent, and narcissistic denizens of the London night aren't threatened by cheap sex, bad drugs, and lazy money as much as by boredom, the terminal boredom of nowhere to go.

—MARTIN AMIS

BRITISH BOOGIE: CANING *The belt rules in Scotland.*

(Continued from page 84) Indonesia, are wrapped around heating elements to form a rounded handle that's easy to get a good grip on. After setting for 20 minutes they are cut to length, trimmed, and stacked ready for packing. The canes are made to strict Home Office specifications, not more than three feet long and three-eighths of an inch in diameter. The tips are rounded to prevent accidental injuries. There's also a two-and-one-half-foot size for school children ages five to eleven. Canes such as these sell for about 15 pence each. More than 10,000 are exported each year to former British colonies from this workshop alone.

Scotland's official school weapon, however, is not the cane but the belt. This fearsome-looking object, sometimes known as the strap or the tawse, is made of two feet of stiff leather dividing at the end to form two or three flexible thongs. A corporal-punishment log kept in Edinburgh shows that in 1972 the belt was used about 30,000 times on a school's population of about 80,000.

"Basically it's a matter of convenience," says a Glasgow schoolteacher. "When you're faced with a class of 15-year-old boys who don't even want to be there, the quickest, surest way of getting attention is to belt someone. Then you can get on with the history of U-boat warfare or why the UN is a good thing."

The best belts, renowned throughout Scotland for their ability to cause pain and keep classes quiet, come from a factory in Lochgelly, West Fife. The boss of this establishment rejoices in the name of John J. Dick. His family has been making belts for more than 100 years and business has never been better. Mr. Dick and his son turn out about 3000 belts a year in five different varieties, from the 21-inch two-tail Medium-weight retailing at £1.37 to the 24-inch two-tail Heavyweight at £1.98. The Extra-Heavyweight line has had to be discontinued because Mr. Dick's source of extra-thick leather has dried up. However, he is hoping that a secret process now being developed will enable him to reinstate it before too long.

Both the Dicks are wary of publicity and rarely give interviews. This is due to the fact that every time their name appears in the press they are plagued by inquiries from people wanting belts for what they describe coyly as "other purposes." However, the general feeling in Scotland is that belting is altogether healthier than caning, and few people there seem concerned that this youthful introduction to the pleasures of corporal punishment may lead to a positive hunger for it in later life. Meanwhile, in the back streets of Soho, Miss Kane continues to do a roaring trade. ▣

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BRITISH BOOGIE: FINGS 'AVE CHANGED *There are perhaps 12 people in the country ready to bother making a revolution.*

(Continued from page 84) really be expected to exert himself too much. "When my car is repaired and it's late, badly done, and I'm overcharged, I don't feel inclined to complain about any of it," says another playwright, Tom Stoppard. The country has become accepting to the point where even few lords complain. There is a lack of alertness, vivacity, and quick interest about daily life that sometimes leaves visitors wondering whether people are numb or dumb, or both. British service, once a standard for the rest of the world, has become listless and inattentive. London shops now sell other people's goods rather than make their own. Most food runs to instant, canned, tinned, frozen, and prebaked.

In private, the British do not generally spend much time worrying about how to reverse things, if they talk about them at all. The upper classes resent this turn in their fortunes as awkward if not insulting. The working class seems to have no better idea of what to do than ask for 20-percent raises every year. The mood of most Britons makes a rare, if not unprecedented, combination: They feel powerless to do much on their own, but neither are they able to trust anyone else. There are perhaps 12 people in the country who are ready to go through with the bother of making a revolution. To quote Harry Roxburgh, a sheetmetal worker from the Midlands, "It's all too big. In the end, you just live day by day and hope it will all come out all right. It is easier for people to go after a wage raise than deal with issues they can't understand."

The country has an industrial system that still allows anyone to strike for almost any reason at any time and reopens most wage contracts for the country's 26,000,000 workers every year. The results have been havoc. The mass movement to get protection by joining your own union has been epidemic: Last year even postgraduate students organized over tutorial pay. In six years Britain's annual rate of industrial disputes has risen 1100 percent. At Oxford, William McCarthy, a professor of industrial relations and a former laborer, sums it up: "There's a pervasive feeling that no one can run this country anymore without buggering it up. They don't believe in the system—and they're dead right. They've had strike after strike, crisis after crisis for years and from both governments. From their view, it's been a series of bloody cock-ups. We've become home-centered, privatized people who want enough from work so we can afford to get away from everyone else and be alone with our families."

The effect is that of watching a country in extremis whose parts have all become variously unrelated to one another if not totally detached. George Steiner, the American thinker who had taught at Cambridge for nearly a decade, resigned this year after feeling that he was fighting a losing battle. "All I taught all day long," he said, "is the Aristotelian definition of an idiot—the man who does exactly what the British are doing, going back home to the intimate and the familial and leaving the marketplace to the thugs, the mediocre, and the corrupt. This is a country that absolutely knows what it must do to survive in the new economic world, but it also knows that the price for doing the right thing may be too high in terms of its lifestyle. I believe it is pretty near immobilized between these two equally valid feelings. But Britain has 52,000,000 people and a world language. It cannot opt out, which a good many intelligent people would like it to do."

Of course, from the British view, neither does the world offer much to opt into. We are all either in or approaching a decline in one way or another, they reason, and, in what they regard as an eminently sensible moment, they have concluded it is perhaps better not to try and resist the inevitable. After all, a number of other countries are soon to come tumbling down the same slope; the fate of the British was just to have reached the bottom first. There is even a tendency to turn such happenstance into another stroke of national genius. In both the young and intellectual circles of London, there are a not inconsiderable number who believe that their next appointed role among the industrialized nations will be to advise them on how to sort out their similar fates and adjust to the dramatically altered circumstances of a miserable world. Besides, cheer up, what Englishman would want to be a success in the world that wasn't led by the British? Much better, after all, to be among the rest of the noble company in the basement. One afternoon late last fall, author Rebecca West sat in her London apartment, looking out over a courtyard of browns and grays and trees with thinning branches, all the metaphors of a long winter coming, and remarked, "Tell me, where is the good party going on?" The Italians are still playing *la dolce vita* until dawn, the French are making yet another try at national purity and reform, the Germans are looking for a plan that will still make things work. Terrible parties all. But consider ours.

Life in Britain has become, for one thing, a remarkably and, especially considering its history, uncharacteristically pleasant if not sanguine affair—wistful

and even oblivious at times, rarely discourteous, with many of the old fierce social hatreds abandoned, like the intermingling reunion of R.A.F. and *Luftwaffe* pilots in a pensioner's wing well after the war is over. The roar has long since gone, and the mannerisms that are left are like those of an old lion on Valium. The nation at last intends no offense, is no longer capable of doing much harm, and, in its present distracted state, sometimes seems as fumbling, potty, and even lovable as something the Disney studios might have created for "The Absent-Minded Major Power."

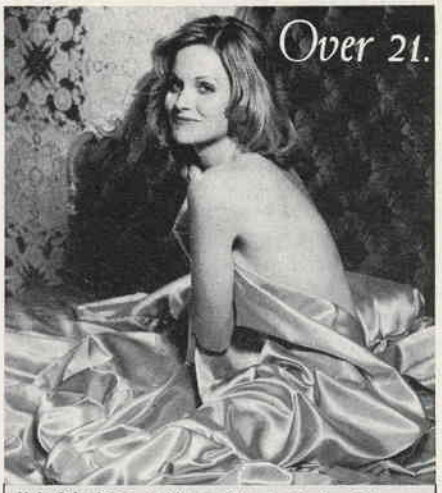
From the rest, not much is asked and certainly not much is given. Circumstances seem to already disprove most of the assumptions of this century about the social order that represents the future. It was to be somehow youthful, socially cohesive even to the unpleasantness of an idealized and probably enforced conformity, and clinically modern on all fronts. What appears instead is a growing distaste for the young, all of whose energy and revolutions are increasingly seen as absurd, self-deluding, and extremely bothersome. Nor, heaven forbid, is anyone the slightest bit optimistic: Any expression of faith in the country is socially unacceptable. Physically, there is also this fatigue, this tremendous longing for sleep felt everywhere. London coffee shops, for example, can rarely get their own staffs stirring for the early breakfast trade before 9:30 or 10:00 A.M. and even then there is a heavy-lidded resentment toward the unwary customer, invariably a tourist, actually wanting to put someone to work at that hour. The British are, by this point, almost entirely overeducated for their jobs, so that few people are ever really blamed for not taking them seriously. Likewise, what is purported to be modern is mostly amusing: Things that look new seldom work and during their brief, unguaranteed lifetimes perform so badly that everyone assumes such a state of material advancement is really intended as some sort of prank. The British are too knowing about themselves and too skeptical about their neighbors to accept that anything they had a hand in making should have too much expected of it.

But it is not an unpleasant life for all that. Unlike the trends within those bustling and prosperous dictatorships, Britain tolerates and encourages individual liberties and lifestyles to a degree rarely found elsewhere. You may do almost anything here—openly declare yourself king of the world or announce a worldwide movement to preserve toadstools—provided your own scene doesn't interfere with someone else's. The pace is relaxed and safe, except for an occasional Irish bomber representing everything the British loathe, being young, fanatic, ideological, self-justifying, and dangerous. Britain still excels in the kind of murder that doesn't seem to happen anywhere else—wives who do in their husbands with pinking shears or with Plant-Gro in the soup, or, last spring, one who simply dropped her mate through a hole in the kitchen floor, covered it back over, put down linoleum and then carpeting, replaced the furniture, and let him starve. Still, a year's crime rate for the entire country is about what any good-sized city in the U. S. uses up in a single month.

Because the general belief is that whatever is coming is only going to be worse, there is no confidence in anything resembling social change, progress, or reform. Traditions, no matter how discredited, still tend to hang on. No one believes in the perpetuation of class, but then neither can the British bring themselves to behead the aristocracy. On the other hand, the country has not suffered from the massive social convulsions of the upwardly mobile carting their families from city to city in search of the next promotion. To a large extent, the British live not only where but *as* they were brought up. Stagnant, perhaps undynamic and unfair, the system has accidentally produced some advantages. The British have not yet smoothed and molded themselves into that plastoid, 20th Century man, effortlessly moved beyond all recognition of his own past. They have kept their neighborhoods, friends, accents, games, and local identities, for there is no reason or reward for abandoning any of them: the pub, whippet and pigeon racing, Saturday football, even the same jokes that amused their fathers. As a result, the British are much more stable as a society than they often look. Every Englishman, at least, knows what his stake is. Imperfect though it may be, the British would vote overwhelmingly to keep their lives almost exactly as they are today.

The signs that it is not holding together are what frighten Britain. Little by little, the cracks are appearing. The trains, the post, the schools, and cheap food, all the staples of an orderly, civilized life are no longer dependably there. Teachers, trainmen, and postmen cannot be recruited, and food in abundance, which must be imported, is no longer willingly handed over by a bountiful commonwealth. It is a life lived on borrowed time and the British know it. In a way, they cannot be blamed for trying to postpone the day when they must take themselves and their problems seriously again, when the country must return to the tiresome business of trying to find a way to support itself. In the meantime, pass the Valium, Leo.

—WILLIAM MCWHIRTER



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FIDELITY *Jealousy is a tangled megabummer, tight as the knots in victims' stomachs, the one emotion completely devoid of value or utility.*

(Continued from page 120) a successful dealer and constant consumer of illicit herbage, he's developed stonily sensitive antennae tuned to the reception of subtle shifts in social attitudes, as well as police-radio calls. Walter's social life once involved a wide assortment of one-night women, a variegated collection as extensive and exotic as his gunny sacks and spare tires full of Oaxacan Blonde, Acapulco Gold, Black Biafran, Panama Red, Colombian Kayo, and the $100-a-lid volcanic hybrid from Hawaii known simply as Maui Wowie.

But fashion changes, and Walter adapted like a heliotropic houseplant swiveling with the shifting sun. In the past year he's had Sassoon carve his fright-wig hair down to inoffensive moderation. His massive beard has been replaced by shaped sideburns. Today Walter shares his waterbed solely with Sandra, the dulcet leading leaper in a modern dance troupe. "I really want to be an actor, not a dope dealer," Walter explains, "and I found I just couldn't get myself together to work on it." For a depressing couple of weeks he suspected the heavy dopery might be to blame. But it wasn't. "It was the sex. I found out that everybody comes equipped with a certain level of psychosexual energy, and I was spreading mine thin over the whole damn Bay Area." Walter says he gets tired just thinking about those busy days of yore. "I've learned how to focus the energy now, instead of wasting it. There's plenty for Sandra and for acting class and for running around downtown with those crazy Wall Street guys. But there's not much left over."

•

Your idea of fidelity is not having more than one man in bed at the same time. You're a whore . . . a bloody whore . . . and I don't take whores in taxis.

—Dirk Bogarde to Julie Christie in *Darling*

It's jealousy, of course, that poisons countless otherwise relaxed and happy friendships. *Jealous* is an etymological cousin of *zealous*, and it shares that word's obsessive implications. Both emotions tend to be a sort of soul cancer, souring sweet reason. Jealousy is a tangled megabummer, tight as the knots in victims' stomachs, and it's the one emotion completely devoid of value or utility. As one authority, John Wren-Lewis, puts it, "The reconciliation of sexual drive with commitment-in-relationship remains a major human problem, which neither psychological analysis nor countercultural permissiveness nor backlash conservatism have yet succeeded in solving."

Jealousy's antidote is undeniably elusive, as a friend of mine learned when he challenged the male half of a European husband-and-wife sex-research team who profess an open marriage. The dialogue went like this:

"C'mon, doctor, doesn't it ever bug you just a little when your wife's balling another guy?"

"No, never."

Fashion footnotes

(from pages 87-89)

Car scene: Yellow Excalibur ($17,500) available from Vintage Car Dealers, Inc., Nyack, New York. Make-up and hair by Franklyn Welsh; make-up from the Make-up Center, New York. His tie in burgundy and beige silk ($17), available at saint germain boutique. His brown leather Charles Jourdan shoes ($76). Her brown "Country French" Vassarette slip is trimmed with beige lace ($16), her cashmere beret ($15) is by Don Kline, Charles Jourdan shoes ($65), Scott Barrie earrings ($7) and bracelets ($15 each).

Blindfold scene: His silk tie ($17.50) from DeNoyer, Charles Jourdan shoes ($76). Her blindfold, an Echo black chiffon scarf ($6), white Lily of France nylon bra ($8), Donald Stannard rhinestone pin ($15) and earrings ($10), Scott Barrie green felt hat ($30), and David Evans boots custom-made for Sant' Angelo.

Carrying scene: His black silk tie ($30) from St. Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, shoes ($80) from DiMitri of Italy. Her black leather boots ($135) by Charles Jourdan.

Knife scene: His black silk tie ($30) from St. Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique. Her shoes ($65) by Charles Jourdan.

Raking his cheek: His tie ($30) from St. Laurent Rive Gauche, shoes ($76) by Charles Jourdan. The deep purple Doro scarf around her head is trimmed with beige lace ($15).

Link fence scene: His blue cotton shirt ($45) from DiMitri of Italy, St. Laurent belt ($35) and DiMitri of Italy shoes ($80). Her scarf ($15) by Doro.

Skirt-grabbing scene: His hot pink silk shirt ($100) and blue silk tie ($30) from St. Laurent, shoes ($80) from DiMitri of Italy. Her blue felt hat ($28) by Scott Barrie, black silk camisole ($30) by Fernando Sanchez.

Running scene: His brown leather shoes ($76) by Charles Jourdan. Her maroon leather shoes ($65) by Charles Jourdan.

OTHER CREDITS Cover: Candy, photographed by Giacobetti. *10 Worst Undressed* photos, pages 58–59. Princess Anne, Keystone; Carol Channing, Pompeo Posar; Valery Giscard D'Estaing, Daniel Simon/Gamma; Carol Doda, Eugene Anthony; Charlton Heston, Ron Galella; Bianca Jagger, Wide World Photos; Mick Jagger, Globe Photos; Henry Kissinger, *Harvard Lampoon*; Arnold Schwarzenegger, George Butler; Raquel Welch, Pat Morin. Photography for *The Great British Boogie*, pages 78–86, by Bill Arsenault, other photos by Michael Berkofsky, *Daily Telegraph* Color Library, Brian Hennessey, John Kelly, Red Saunders, Roger Stowell, Leslie Turtle. Steppenwolf photo in *Prevue* by Fred Harnes. Sketch of Langlois in *Satellite* by Pascalini.

"Really? Never? Not even once? Not even a little?"

"Well . . . there was a party once, given by a most obnoxious superstud type—you know, tight pants, bronze skin, shirt unbuttoned to the waist, and a goddamn ocelot who followed him around on a chain."

"The guy hit on your wife?"

"And she went for it. They disappeared and a little later I happened to wander past the bedroom. The door was open and they were humping away furiously on the bed and the ocelot was sitting on a chair watching."

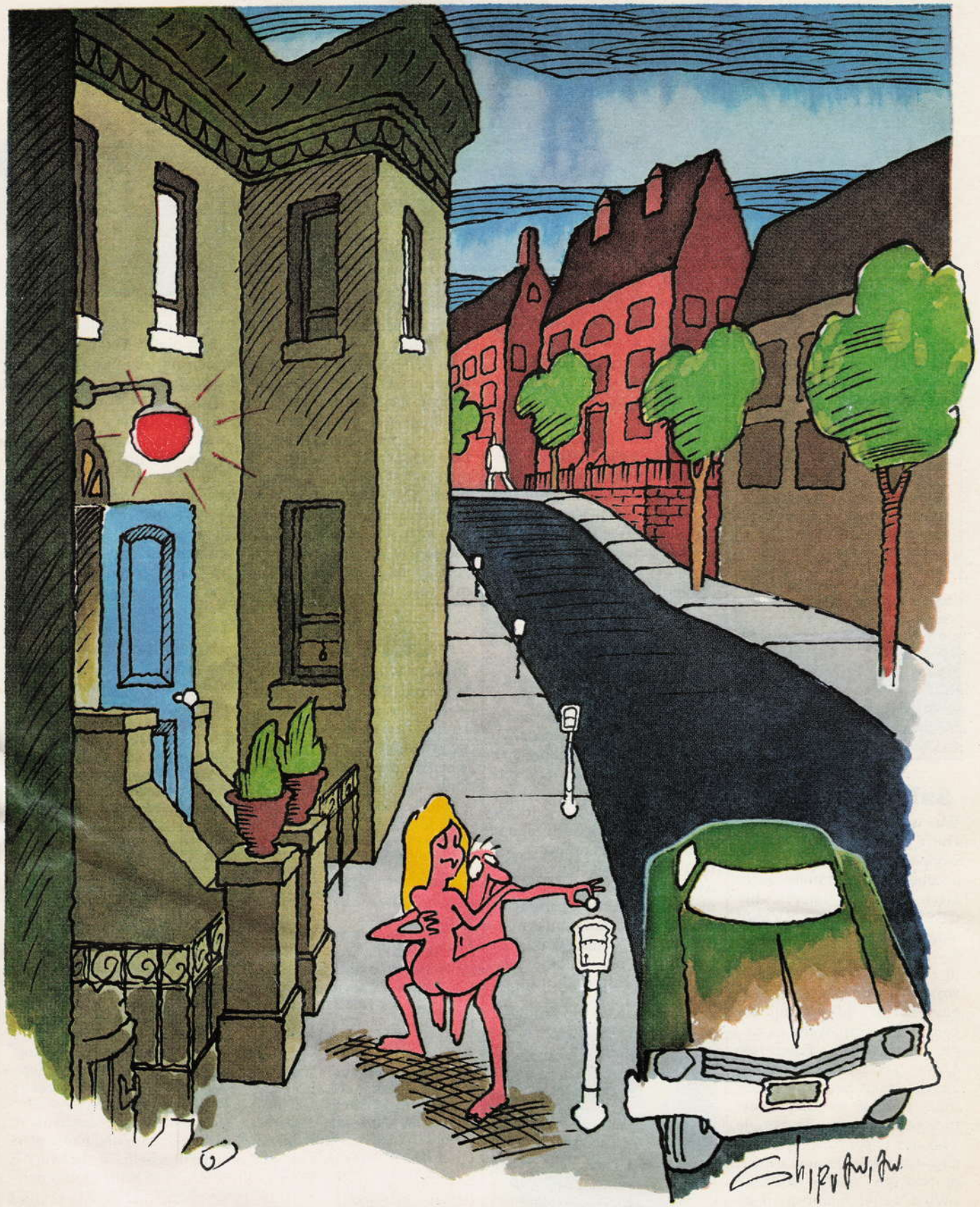
"And?"

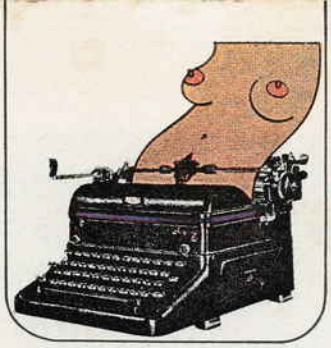
"I couldn't resist. I stuck my head in the door and the ocelot saw me and gave a most menacing hiss. Brought things to a complete halt. And I apologized, but I must confess that I enjoyed it."

It may appear that there's a degree of anthropological inevitability about jealousy and sexual possessiveness. One tome, *The Family, Society, and the Individual* by William M. Kephart, reports that only five societies out of 250 condone adulterous relationships—which is only natural, the author notes gratuitously, "since adultery strikes at the very heart of marriage."

But fidelity chic has noticed that jealousy contains a self-destruct capacity, since in fine ironic fashion it is seldom true to itself. Few jealousy victims observe the absolutist rules they impose on their partners. Joe Namath reportedly expects his steady girlfriend, model Randi Oakes, neither to smoke nor to swear, always to be properly dressed for all occasions, and never to accept a date with another man, no matter what the circumstances. Needless to say, none of the above applies to Joe. Fidelity chic thinks that kind of deal is doomed to social extinction for two reasons. First, although there is surely a place for absurdity in the lives of all of us, it probably lies elsewhere than at the heart of our serious commitments to each other. Second, women are wising up and they aren't going to stand for it much longer. "O curse of marriage!" Othello rages, "that we can call these delicate creatures ours, and not their appetites."

Fidelity chic can learn to live with it. Once the double standards have gone the way of chastity belts, there will be three options left. One is the closed partnership, in which neither screws around because neither wants to. Another is the open partnership, which has room for a little sport fucking by both parties. The third is trouble because one partner wants to screw around a little and sanctions the other, who wants no part of it for either of them. Fidelity chic advises: Stay out of trouble. ▣





WE

Those jaded sophisticates among you, tired of endless inches of naked human flesh, will want to look forward to our upcoming pictorial featuring the exciting —and *distinctive*—Fly couple, Super and Spanish. *Everyone* knows the Flys—you've seen them flitting around the most fashionable resorts, playing walk-ons in countless major motion pictures, and being splashed all over your newspapers every summer. Now, in this exclusive OUI shooting, they show you what all the buzzing has been about.

Salanted News

We were browsing through the Chicago *Tribune* and stopped to read the paper's excellent TV columnist Garry Deeb. He was interviewing CBS News president Richard Salant on that network's policy regarding appearances by its newspeople on other networks' programs. One program Salant said he would *not* permit his employees to appear on was NBC's *Tomorrow Show*. "It's tabloid sensationalism," said Salant. "Every time I look at that show they've got kooks or people who are experimenting sexually—two women and a man, or two men and a woman." (What would Salant say if he knew there'd been reported cases of *four* people "experimenting sexually"?) Then, from out of nowhere, comes this quote from Salant: "I would be very distressed if one of our guys wrote an article for OUI magazine. That's just the way I feel about *Tomorrow*." Well! (It *had* once occurred to us to ask Walter Cronkite to write one-liners for the contents page.) Moreover, a few days later there was a note in Deeb's column saying Salant had changed his mind about *Tomorrow*. But not a word about OUI. Apparently OUI does not yet live up to Salant's standards for Bill of Rights coverage. After all, how much freedom of speech should you allow employees in a magazine full of people "experimenting sexually"?

Comforting

Alex Comfort, this month's interview subject, has these words of advice to pass along in *More Joy*, his instructive sequel to the best-selling *Joy of Sex*: "Magazines are getting franker about sexual behaviors, but contain a lot of fantasy and hogwash about rejuvenation remedies, potency pills, etc. The most realistic source of sexual comment is often the cartoons in *Playboy*, OUI, and similar publications." Thank you, Dr. Comfort. Your lifetime subscription notice should be along any day now.

The fellow in the photo above —Mr. October in the 1974 *Ladies' Home Companion* male pinup calendar—is, by sheerest coincidence, the very same fellow who helped gather the objects and information for this month's *Collectibles* service gift feature. He is also David Stevens, senior editor of *Playboy* magazine, a wine connoisseur (hence the setting of his calendar shot), a collector of French automobiles and countless other arcana, a member of Chicago's Adventurers' Club (he once trekked the Sahara), and a wonderful person in his own right. Just the sort of guy you might expect to find squatting naked in a wine cellar.

OUI People

Rodney Williams says he's 22 years old. "That's it, 22 years is all I got," says Rodney, looking innocent. Rodney *always* looks innocent, even when he is preparing a young lady for an exclusive OUI photo session. Just a humble art/design person, cog in a wheel, butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Cool-tongue Rod. Most nights Rodney is the last one out of the office, and there are those who suspect that from 6:00 to 7:30 every evening Rodney puts out the magazine. These are just rumors, you understand. Others are given credit. Rodney has been at OUI for two and a half years (which is longer than OUI has been here), and we must assume that this is either due to the fact that Rodney is a very good designer or because he possesses some embarrassingly candid pix of someone Higher Up. We are certain it is the former. Cool-tongue Rod is keeping mum.

The OUI Readers' Men's Choir will meet for rehearsal next Tuesday, not Wednesday, as previously announced. Box lunches will be served by the organ.

GOODBYE, DECEMBER— HELLO, JANUARY

Oyez! Oyez!

As this drudge of a year lurches to an ignominious close, OUI looks resolutely to the future and decrees that 1975 will be hereinafter known as . . . the Year of the Rampant Giggle. And to show that we mean what we say, OUI starts this "year" by offering the world the following: *Fixing Up Ert*, a short story by the grand master of modern humor, Terry Southern, in which a stockbroker falls victim to an elaborate practical joke; *Lash Larue Whips It Out*, by Grover Lewis, an astounding profile/interview with the former movie cowboy, who has gone through some amazing changes since he hung up his rawhide bullwhip; *Better Bets Than Sex*, miniinterviews with your favorite celebrities on what *really* turns them on; *Casing the Bank at Monte Carlo*, Robert Weider's witty appraisal of the Rainier kingdom that is but one of several articles on European gambling; *Aphrodite's Little Helpers*, Anne Beatts's humorous personal survey on which reputed aphrodisiacs *deserve* their repute. And when you get done with all that, you can move on to the superb Günter Grass short story, *The Left-Handed Duel*; the frank and revealing interview with Wilt Chamberlain; the couple pictorial featuring TV actor Robert Culp and his wife Sheila Sullivan; the nostalgic look at jukeboxes, including *Kiss That Box Goodbye*, by Albert Goldman (author of *Ladies and Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce*) and the 100 all-time greatest jukebox singles in OUI's *Ultimate Jukebox*.

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